July 23, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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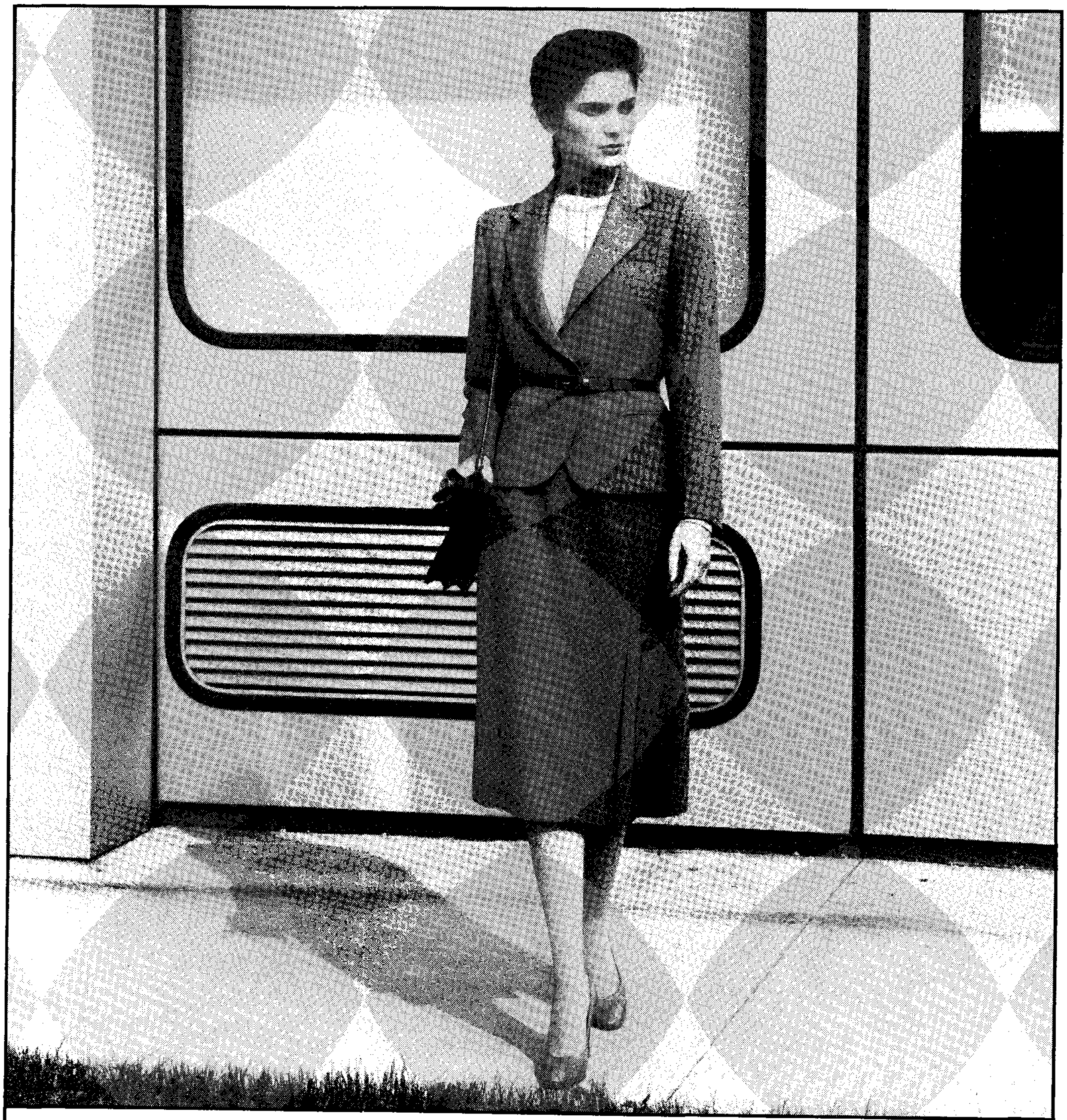

BONWIT TELLER

CHICAGO OAKBROOK PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS MANHASSET SCARSDALE . SHORT HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. Now with Mildred Natwick, John Lithgow, and Robert Coote. Directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broadway Opry '79: A Little Country in the Big City—A country-and-Western musical. The performers (each of whom will appear only a couple of times) include Conway Twitty, Waylon Jennings, the Bellamy Brothers, Donna Fargo, Vassar Clements, and Ronnie Milsap. Opens Friday, July 27. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, BURIED CHILD. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coriolanus—This free production—the second of Joseph Papp's Shakespearean ventures with black and Hispanic actors—has gained tremendously in sureness and strength since its original opening at the Public some months ago. Morgan Freeman plays the title role, and Robert Christian, Michele Shay, and Gloria Foster are among his stalwart supporters. All of them are splendid. Wilford Leach directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glorious Monster in the Bell of the Horn—A play by Larry Neal, with music by Max Roach. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 22.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who spo-radically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Impossible H. L. Mencken—A selection from the glorious writings of Mencken, as delivered by John Rothman. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material—the strongest and funniest and most exhilarating since Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain"—more than carries the day. The program is an offering in the American Humorists series. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Sundays and Mondays at 8; Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1 P.M.; Wednesdays at noon; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

I Remember Mama—Liv Ullmann is the star of this sentimental chromolithograph of a musical laid in San Francisco in the early nineteen-hundreds. There are a few old-fashioned songs, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. The thin book is by Thomas Meehan. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill perform splendidly in this not very plausible melodrama about life among the Italian-Americans in Hoboken. The author is Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesday and Thursday, July 18-19, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, at 7:30 and 10:45. Thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 29: Victor Herbert's MLLE. MODISTE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lone Star and Pvt. Wars—Two extremely funny one-act comedies by a new young playwright named James McLure. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller reports on his generation, now in its thirties. As one might expect, its members are getting ahead, as

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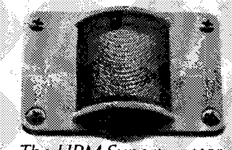

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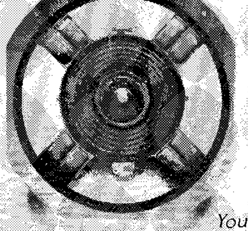

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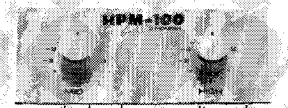

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well as along; as one might also expect, this doesn't bring happiness. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline play the leads with exceptional grace and strength. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman in what is billed as a musical comedy. It's really a one-woman self-pep-talk, full of comic chatter and some very well-delivered songs. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer. Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EUBIE!**: A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,992 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, Wednesday, July 18, and Friday, July 20: "West Side Story," with Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer; Monday through Friday, July 23-27: "Night and Day," with Cary Grant and Alexis Smith. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

BALLET NACIONAL DE CUBA—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, July 18: "Swan Lake."...¶ Wednesday evening, July 18: "El Güije," "Grand Pas de Quatre," "Song for a Strange Flower," "Time Out of Mind," and "La Peri."...¶ Thursday evening, July 19: "Flower Festival," "Leda and the Swan," "Blood Wedding," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Friday evening, July 20: "Giselle."...¶ Saturday matinée, July 21: "El Güije," "Grand Pas de Quatre," "Spartacus," "Time Out of Mind," and "Swan Lake Pas de Deux."...¶ Saturday evening, July 21: "Les Sylphides," "Blood Wedding," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Monday evening, July 23: "Les Sylphides," "Time Out of Mind," "Muñecos," "Rara Avis," and "Remembranza."...¶ Tuesday evening, July 24: "Pulsation," "Flower Festival," "Canto Vital," and "Carmen."...¶ Wednesday matinée, July 25: "Grand Pas de Quatre," "Blood Wedding," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Wednesday evening, July 25: "Prologue for a Tragedy," "Flower Festival," "La Peri," and "Pulsation."...¶ Thursday evening, July 26: "Prologue for a Tragedy," "Tarde en la Siesta," "Paso a Tres," and "Carmen."...¶ Friday evening, July 27: "Pulsation." "Rara Avis," "Muñecos," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 28: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, July 18, and Thursday evening, July 19: "Transfigured Night," "Symphony in D," and "Stoolgame."...¶ Wednesday evening, July 18; Friday evening, July 20; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 21: "Children's Games" and "Glagolitic Mass." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NUREYEV AND THE JOFFREY BALLET—A two-week return engagement of "Homage to Diaghilev." The program: "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Petrouchka." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sunday, and Wednesday, July 25, at 2. Closes Saturday, July 28.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. On Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, pianist **NINA SHELDON** will work with a bebop-oriented quintet; saxophonist Jeff Hittman and his fivesome will be here on Wednesday and Thursday, July 25-26; and on Friday, July 27, pianist Barry Miles will bring in his quartet for a two-night visit. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will be onstage on Friday, July 20; country singer Delbert McClinton will be present on Saturday and Sunday, July 21-22; rock singer Tim Curry will show up on Thursday, July 26; and rural-blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND** will appear on Friday and Saturday, July 27-28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist Lou Levy, a longtime accompanist for Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald, will be here through Sunday, July 22. Bassist **SAM JONES** and pianist Hugh Lawson will take over the premises on Monday, July 23. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** has taken over the piano on the stage for the summer. She can be heard Sundays through Thursdays at ten and midnight. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a pianist who lives in New Orleans, has come up to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

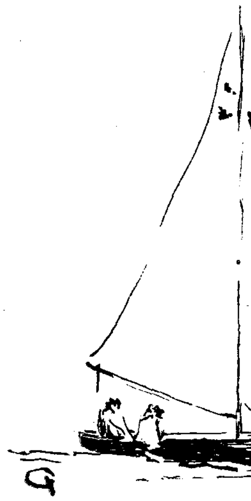
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer new-wave (formerly punk) rock club, and still one of the most important outlets. The bands: On Wednesday, July 18, the Casuals and the Editors; on Thursday, July 19, Paul Vanase & Baby Bones, the Latest, and the Coachmen; on Friday, July 20, Honey Davis, Maroons, and Super Dude Party; on Saturday, July 21, the Marbles and the Penetrators; and on Sunday, July 22, the U.S. Ape. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The summer entertainment is **LARRY ADLER**, the harmonica virtuoso—although he has always called his instrument a mouth organ. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays belong to bebopping pianist Joe Albany, who performs from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white-tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. **MARTY NAPOLEON** is playing solo piano for diners. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. Mondays through Thursdays, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, **DICK WELLSTOOD** acts out with both hands the history of the jazz piano, from ragtime up to the swing era or so. On Sunday, July 22, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will front a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The entrance comprises a green-tinted Plexiglas door that leads to a very narrow hallway with corrugated-metal walls, a line of narrow mirrors, and a floor that looks like the embossed-metal kind built for battleships. A perfect setting for an early-sixties French film. Downstairs, where the jazz is, is a comfortable-verging-on-plush room. Pianist Richard Sussman will head a quintet through Saturday, July 21. Tuesday through Saturday, July 24-28, strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his band will play. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.



GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Wednesday through Saturday, July 18-21, guitarist **AL GAFA** will substitute for Puma. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Pianist **DILL JONES** leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave and old-wave rock, and dancing to both. The live bands: English singer John Otway and Ruby & the Rednecks, Wednesday, July 18; Richard Lloyd and the Werewolves, Thursday, July 19; the Fleshtones and the Neighborhoods, Friday, July 20; the Bizarros and the Lubricants, Saturday, July 21; and Max Romeo and Judy Nylon, Tuesday, July 24. Live music nightly after eleven; taped music from nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere: One just stretches out while the musicians perform on the bandstand. Various jazz players turn up to jam Fridays through Sundays from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

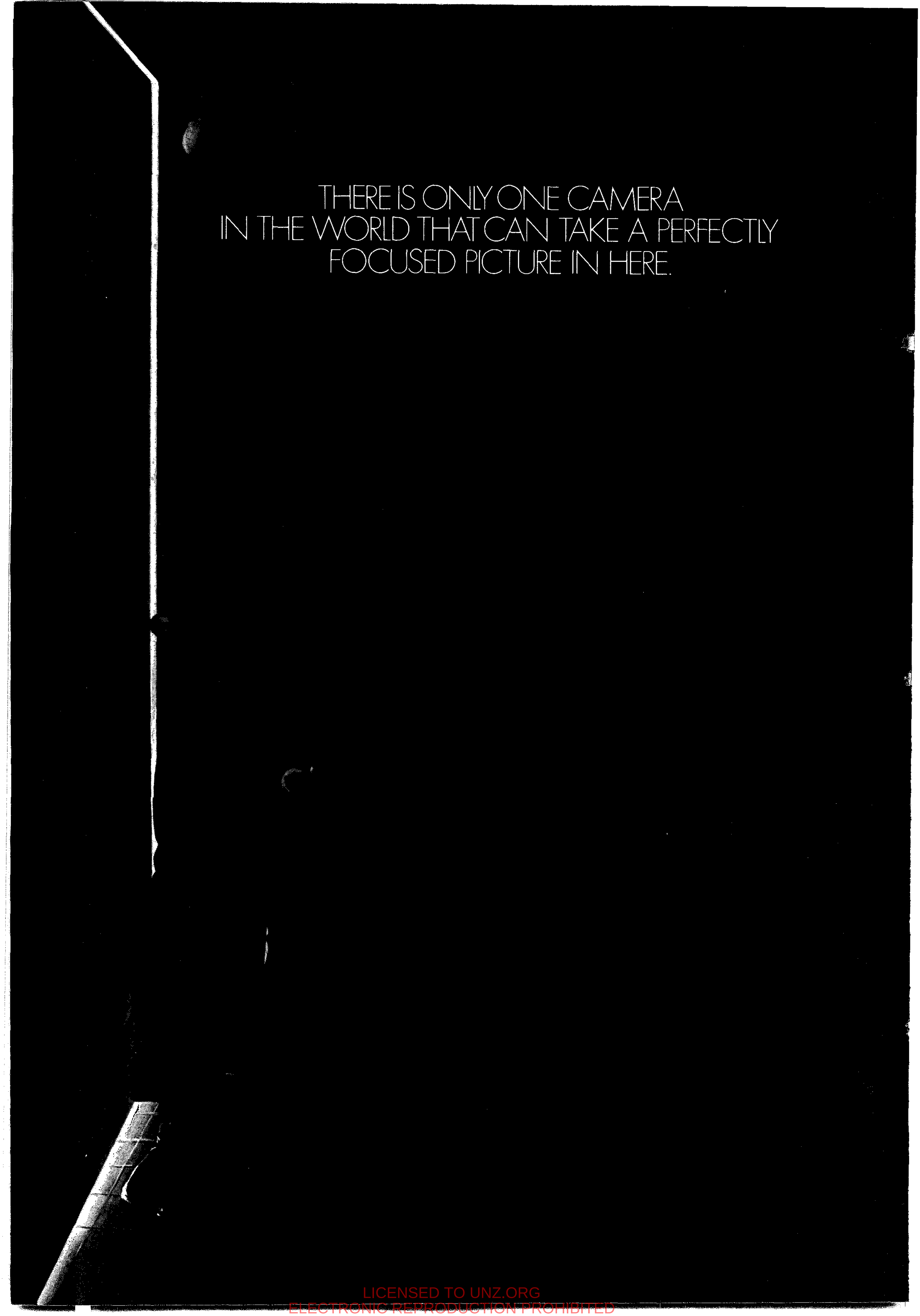
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Cornettist **JIMMY MCPARTLAND**, who is filling in for Roy Eldridge through Saturday, July 21, performs with a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Tuesday, July 24, **ROY ELDRIDGE** will return. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, a Kansas City legend and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, plays with bassist Milton Suggs Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; the Lone Star is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The performers include on Wednesday and Thursday, July 18-19, **JOHN LEE HOOKER**, whose urbane country blues was an inspiration to rock musicians in the sixties; on Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, the North Star band; on Sunday, July 22, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON**; on Monday and Tuesday, July 23-24, country singer Johnny Paycheck; and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 25-26, Nektar, a British rock quartet. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Singer **ANITA O'DAY** is present through Saturday, July 21. **THELMA CARPENTER** will move in for a week on Monday, July 23. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Wednesday, July 18, Teenage Head and Mods; Thursday, July 19, Senders and Billies; Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, Sylvain, Sylvain; Sunday, July 22, Visitors, Wild and Trendy Few, and Wade Barkey; Monday, July 23, Elliott Murphy and Voodoo Shoes;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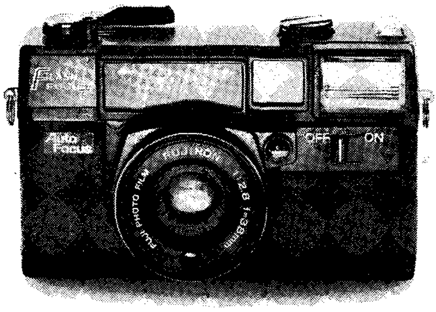

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Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10001 and Tuesday, July 24, Von Lmo, Mad, and Features. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARY MAYO** and **BERNIE KNEE** perform songs from "No, No, Nanette" Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric R. & B. violinist, will perform with his quartet Thursday through Saturday, July 19-21. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—On Thursday, July 19, folk singer Raun MacKinnon will be onstage; Grover, Margret & Za Zu Zaz, a swing quartet, will come in on Monday, July 23; Tuesday, July 24, the Pousette-Dart Band, a rock outfit from Boston, will be on hand; and two important bluesmen—**ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD** and **JOHNNY SHINES**—will perform Thursday through Saturday, July 26-28. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. Richard Maltby directs a band Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays by Barbara Cook, who sings at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Flugelhornist Mike Lawrence and his combo play on Wednesday, July 18; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will head a quintet Thursday through Sunday, July 19-22; and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will be leading a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find trumpeter **JONAH JONES** and his foursome in performance at nine and eleven nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** co-pilot a quintet through Saturday, July 21; on Tuesday, July 24, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will bring in a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's quartet will drop in on Wednesday, July 18; on Thursday, July 19, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will head up a foursome; and drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will perform with his group Friday through Sunday, July 20-22. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, drummer **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** octet trade sets with trumpeter Hugh Masekela's quintet nightly, except Mondays. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **BARRY HARRIS** heads a quartet through Sunday, July 22; on Tuesday, July 24, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** will arrive with a quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his band concentrate on Ellington and Strayhorn compositions nightly, except Mondays, when pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his band sit in. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Roy Ayers and **Stephanie Mills**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, July 18, at 8 and 11.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, July 19-21, at 8.

Renaissance—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 19, at 8.

Allman Brothers Band and **Dave Mason**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 21, at 8.

Devo—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, July 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Rickie Lee Jones—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, July 22, at 7:30 and 11.

Kiss and **New England**—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25, at 8.

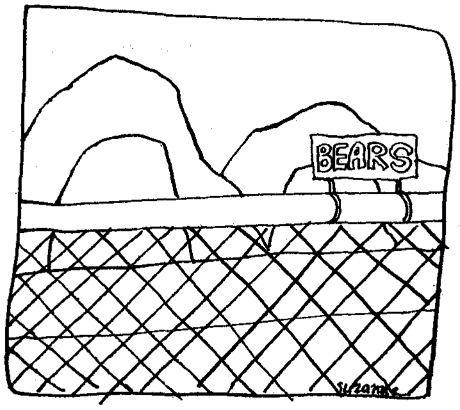
Joan Armatrading—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, July 26, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Chryssa—Typefaces are a major concern of this artist, and here she devotes a dozen large paintings to Chinese ideographs painted in various colors on various grounds. Silk screens on the same subjects are also shown.



Through Saturday, July 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

James Collins—Huge color photographs of interiors, set up as murals for other interiors, by an English-born artist who left his easel for a camera. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Saturday, July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Friday, July 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Finkel—A structure, twelve feet in diameter, loosely based on the shape of a birdcage. The sound coming from the work is the song of a nightingale, and the whole endeavor is a tribute to Jenny Lind, who performed on the site in 1850. Through Aug. 12. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Aline Fruhauf (1907-78) / **Dean Cornwell** (1892-1960)—Caricatures of some of the leading lights of the twenties and thirties—Katharine Cornell, Lillian Gish, Lilly Daché, Valentina, Raphael Soyer, Reginald Marsh (q.v., at the Whitney). / Oil paintings by this celebrated illustrator—square-jawed heroes, proud beauties, wicked pirates. Through Friday, July 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Heizer—A disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all. The sculpture was commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum (the only work the museum has commissioned in a generation) and is titled "Guennette," after the Canadian town the granite came from. It is being shown all summer on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

Margie Billstein Katz—Abstract wall pieces—knots, bows, furbelows—made of canvas soaked in a stiffening agent, painted with acrylics, and arranged in Plexiglas boxes. Through Friday, July 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Friday, July 27. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Story Mann—An environment called "Possumhead." One room, decorated with Ku Klux Klan regalia, animal skulls, and backwoods art work, contains an "official" pit for dogfights, with a sawdust floor; on a video, a savage two-hour dogfight is going on. In another part, a dark room, one stares through a chicken-wire fence and a grove of scrubby trees at a frightening film of a house burning down in the night. Through Saturday, July 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.)

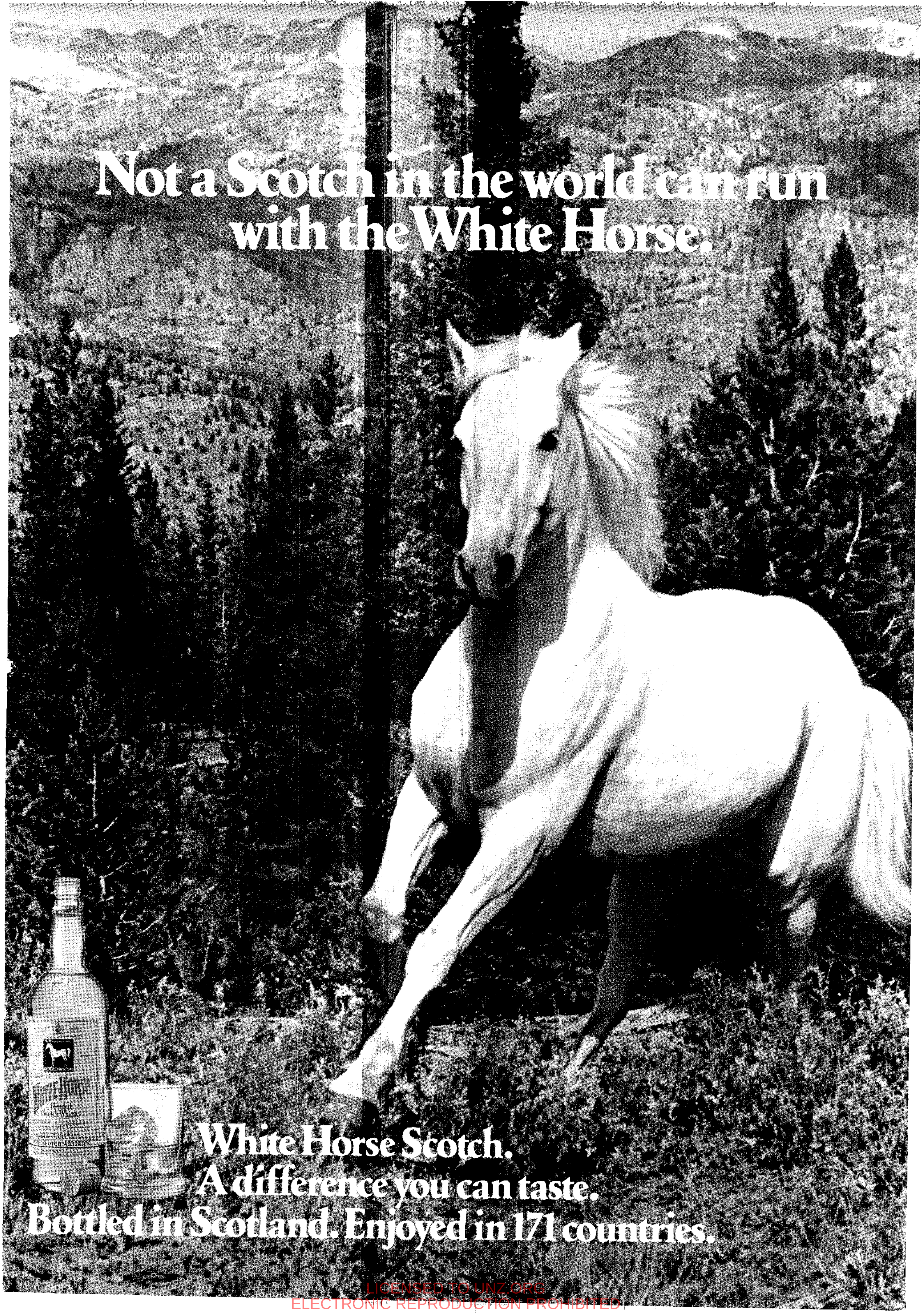
Harold Reddicliffe / Francis Cunningham—Superrealist still-lifes. / Rural landscapes. Through Friday, July 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Rudolph—A survey of the architect's conceptual sketches and large-scale drawings for projects ranging from his earliest houses in Sarasota to a work-in-progress on Beekman Place. Through Saturday, July 28. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Eric Staller—A dazzling (literally) installation of tiny green Christmas-tree lights (eight hundred strings of them) arranged in patterns dictated by the striations of the building's walls. Through Aug. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. A larger retrospective is currently at the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ Also, etchings and lithographs. Through Friday, July 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Old Master Prints—Two hundred etchings, en-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Renault

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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gravings, and woodcuts by more than fifty artists. Of particular note is the Rembrandt landscape "The Three Trees." Through Aug. 3. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.; and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. (closed Mondays; open Saturdays). Both shows through Aug. 3.

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Through Saturday, July 21. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a diorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **THE ELEMENTS**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Handmade baskets by eighteen craftsmen from New England, the West, and elsewhere. Through Saturday, July 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: Nature studies—pastels of wild flowers by Bill Sullivan, watercolors of plates of cherries by Polly Kraft, and lacquered fibre-glass apples by Donn Moulton. Through Aug. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through Aug. 17. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson; small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through Friday, July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract art from 1930 to 1940 is the basis of a show of drawings, constructions, and paintings by Gorky, Reinhardt, and others. Through Friday, July 20.

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St. (Open Mondays through Thursdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St. (Opens at noon.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.

Sculpture—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish and Joan Danziger. Through Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Philippe Halsman (1906-79)—A hundred and fifty portraits by a photographer who died last month. Through Sunday, July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily except Mondays.)

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through Friday, July 20. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through July 31. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Peter and Bernis von zur Muehlen—His are SX-70 Polaroid prints, and hers are black-and-white photographs of male nudes. Through Friday, July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: Eighty photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color prints by ten photographers. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Four California photographers. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Examples of Civil War photography, including an album by military photographer Andrew J. Russell and cartes de visite. Through Saturday, July 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Manipulated prints by Pierre Boogaerts, Benno Friedman, Bill Jones, and Gerard Marx. Through Aug. 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ European and American drawings, by Balthus, O'Keeffe, Johns, and others, recently acquired through gifts to the museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal performances of dance Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ An acquisitions show of thirty per cent of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, functioned as ceremonial cloths, wearing apparel, and decoration. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon), which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours:

Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through Saturday, July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of close to eighty paintings of the American West in the nineteenth century and the twentieth by George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Duke Ellington's career as seen in some of his original scores, manuscripts, sheet music, records, photographs, posters, and personal memorabilia, including notations jotted down on menus and paper towels. Through Aug. 18. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 18: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Mr. Zukerman, violin and viola; Shlomo Mintz, violin; Yo-yo Ma, cello; Yefim Bronfman, piano; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, in an all-Mozart chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 20-21: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with the Messrs. Bronfman and Ma. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23, and Wednesday, July 25: Charles Dutoit conducting the orchestra, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 24: The Messrs. Entremont and Spivakov, with Ralph De Sousa, violin; Yuli Turovsky, cello; and Leonard Raver, organ. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26: A chamber-music program with the Tokyo String Quartet; Mr. Entremont; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 27-28: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Jessye Norman, soprano, in a lieder recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Haydn recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Wagner concert, with Miss Norman. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein directing a Koussevitzky Memorial Concert, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach and Justus Frantz in a program of music by Mozart for two pianos and one piano, four hands. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in Mozart's Serenade. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Frantz. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a performance of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

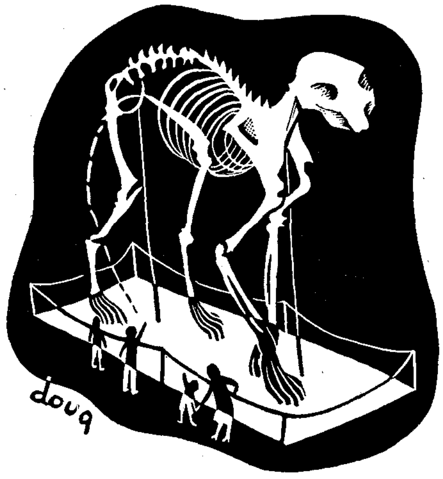
Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 5:30: Erick Friedman, violin, and Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 12. On Saturday, July 21, a bus will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday, July 18, at 8:15: "Chaconne," "Orpheus," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 2: "Ballo Della Regina," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:15: "Scarlatti," "Opus 19," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering," "Orpheus," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 2: "Ballo Della Regina," "Chaconne," and "The Four Seasons." . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, July 22, at 8:15: Lou Rawls and Melba Moore. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23, at 7: Renaissance, with Tim Weisberg. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 24, at 8:15: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 25, at 7: Chicago. . . . **ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE.** Thursday, July 26, at 8:15: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 8:15: "Gazelle," "Butterfly," "Solo for Mingus," and "District Storyville." . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 2: "Streams," "Myth," "Flowers," and "Revelations." . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:15: "Night Creature," "Cry," "District Storyville," and "Revelations." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 21: Asakawalker Dance Company, Francesca Corkle and Winthrop Corey, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 24-28: Soloists from the Houston Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3: special matinée Wednesday, July 25, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, July 21, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Roger Maris, Joe Pepitone, Bill Skowron, Clete Boyer, Joe Collins, and other old Yankee warriors). . . . ¶ Seattle, Sunday, July 22, at 2, and Monday, July 23, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25, at 8, and Thursday, July 26, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 28, at 2:05.



Racing—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 21; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 22; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 25; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 21; the Longfellow Handicap, Tuesday, July 24; and the Sorority, Saturday, July 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Aug. 11. The Marylander Handicap, Saturday, July 21.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Minnesota. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 25, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Meadowlands Pace, Thursday, July 19.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 21.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **CORIOLANUS** by a new Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors will be given through Sunday, July 22. . . . **OTHELLO**, with Raúl Juliá and Richard Dreyfuss, will be the second production of the season. Opens Friday, July 27, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Monday through Thursday, July 23-26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and/or Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of five performances. Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Puccini's "Tosca." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 8:30: Verdi's "Nabucco" in concert form.

Washington Square Park—Paul Dunkel conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 24, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 18: The Tubes. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and Rachel Sweet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 25: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and Carolyne Mas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27: Johnny Winter. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: B.B. King and Spyro Gyra. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE MUSIC MAN**, with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 19: "The Yakuza."
July 20-22: "Enter the Dragon."
July 23: Theatre closed.
From July 24: "Saludos Amigo" and "Milestones for Mickey."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 19: "Teresa the Thief."
From July 20: "Fedora."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 19: "The Deer Hunter."
July 20-26: "Hair" and "The Last Waltz."
From July 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Wanderers."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Moonraker."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The In-Laws."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Meatballs."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 19: "The Wanderers."
From July 20: "Moonraker."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Main Event."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 19: "The Kids Are Alright."
From July 20: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Dance of Death."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Frisco Kid."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through July 19: "A Little Romance."
From July 20: "The Kids Are Alright."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Muppet Movie."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Moonraker."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The In-Laws."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bloodline."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 19: "Prophecy."
July 20-26: "Fedora."
From July 27: "Hair."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through July 19: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From July 20: "A Little Romance."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jaws."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 19: "Lost and Found."
July 20-26: "The Villain."
From July 27: "Just You and Me, Kid."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 26: "Meatballs."
From July 27: "The Amityville Horror."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Wanderers."
Theatre 2: "Alien."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 26: "Rocky II."
From July 27: "The Amityville Horror."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "Jaws." From July 27: "Nighthawks."
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From July 20: "A Little Romance."
Theatre 3: Through July 26: "The Innocent." From July 27: "Rocky II."
Theatre 4: Through July 26: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs." From July 27: "101 Dalmatians."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 26: "Love at First Bite."
From July 27: "101 Dalmatians."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Dracula."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Muppet Movie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 22: "Down and Dirty."
From July 23: "Why Not!" ("Pourquoi Pas").

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Little Romance."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through July 19: "The Main Event."
July 20-26: "Saint Jack."
From July 27: "Down and Dirty."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Prophecy." From July 20: "The Kids Are Alright."
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "A Little Romance." From July 27: "The Amityville Horror."
Theatre 3: Through July 19: "Norma Rae." From July 20: "Players" and "Heaven Can Wait."
Theatre 4: Through July 26: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever." From July 27: "101 Dalmatians."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 19: "The Deer Hunter."
July 20-26: "Players" and "Heaven Can Wait."
From July 27: "101 Dalmatians."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Main Event." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Game of Death."
Theatre 4: "Prophecy." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wanderers." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Meatballs." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through July 19: "Lost and Found." (†)
July 20-26: "The Villain." (†)
From July 27: "Just You and Me, Kid." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Bloodline." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Moonraker." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through July 26: "Jaws." (†)
From July 27: "The Amityville Horror."

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Good Guys Wear Black."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 18: "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Kimmel; and "Is There Sex After Death?" (1971), directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel, with skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, Marshall Efron, and others.
July 19: "The Fox" (1968), directed by Mark Rydell, with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood; and "Ecstasy" (1933), in German, directed by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr.
July 20: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Boccaccio '70" (1962), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini, and Luchino Visconti, with Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, and Anita Ekberg.
July 21: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by

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Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.

July 22: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

July 23: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976), directed by L. Q. Jones, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Zardoz." (†)

July 24: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sun Above, Death Below" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Hiromichi Horikawa.

July 25: "She Done Him Wrong" (1935), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Mae West and Cary Grant; and "Female" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

July 26: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969), both Russ Meyer films.

July 27: "The Story of O" (1975), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin; and "Maitresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

July 28: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Lisztomania" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 18: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson; and "Inside Daisy Clover" (1966), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Robert Redford, and Ruth Gordon.

July 19: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming.

July 20: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

July 21: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

July 22: "Lola Montès" (†); and "Liebelei" (1932), in German, directed by Max Ophuls, with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magda Schneider, and Luise Ullrich.

July 23: "A Generation" (1954), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda, with Zbigniew Cybulski.

July 24: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (†); and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

July 25: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†); and "The Great Man Votes" (1939), directed by Garson Kanin, with John Barrymore, Peter Holden, and Virginia Weidler.

July 26: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara." (†)

July 27: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

July 28: "Conversation Piece" (†) and "The Stranger." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 19: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building; and "The Queen" (1968), directed by Frank Simon, a documentary of a transvestite beauty pageant.

July 20-21: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason, and Evelyn Keyes.

July 22-23: "City Lights" (1931), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey.

July 24: "The Lion in Winter" (†) and "Anne of the Thousand Days." (†)

July 25-26: "Cría!" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

July 27-28: "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Karl Sylwan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

July 18: "Fillmore" (1972), directed by Richard T. Heffron, a record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

July 19-21: "Pink Floyd" (1974), directed by Adrian Maben, a filmed concert; and "Rock and Roll Your Eyes" (1975), Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert.

July 22-26: "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed concert with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire; and "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film.

From July 27: "Tommy" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 18: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964), directed by John Huston, with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

July 19-21: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, and Ann Dvorak; and "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Henry Daniell.

July 22-24: "Three Comrades" (†); and "A Yank at Oxford" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maureen O'Sullivan.

July 25-28: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 18: "The Murderer Lives at '21'" (1942), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair; and "Jenny Lamour" (1947; "Quai des Orfèvres"), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Suzy Delair, Bernard Blier, and Louis Jouvet.

July 19: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, Brock Peters, and Robert Duvall; and "The Rat Race" (1960), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, and Kay Medford.

July 20-21: "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry; and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman.

July 22: "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort; and "The Big Clock" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Elsa Lanchester.

July 23: "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "The Hard Way." (†)

July 24: "Sons and Lovers" (†); and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959), in French, directed by Marc Allegret, with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn.

July 25: "The Blood of a Poet" (†); and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962), in French, a Jean Cocteau film.

July 26: "Maniac" (1934), "Chained for Life" (1955), and "Terror of Tiny Town" (1939).

July 27-28: "The Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 18: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "Chained" (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger, and Stuart Erwin.

July 19: "Five Fingers" (1952), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie; and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

July 20: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

July 21: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

July 22: "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise." (†)

July 23: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†) and "It Came from Outer Space." (†)

July 24: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "High, Wide and Handsome." (†)

July 25: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina." (†)

July 26: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 27-28: "Some Like It Hot" (†) and "Niagara." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 19 at 2:30: "Chronicle" (1970), directed by Mark Rappaport; and "Critical Mass" (1971), directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "The Text of Light" (1974), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:30 and July 20 at 2:30: "The Flicker" (1966), directed by Tony Conrad (the film's optical fidgets may cause mild physical distress in some viewers); and a movie simply known as "←→" (1969), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "Chronicle" and "Critical Mass." . . . ¶ July 21 at noon: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Lionel Barrymore, and Maureen O'Sullivan; in English, with Czech titles. . . . ¶ July 21 at 3: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1976), reels 1 through 6 of Jonah Mekas's "Diaries, Notes and Sketches" (1949-63). . . . ¶ July 22 at noon: "David Copperfield." . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30: "Frank Film" (1973), directed by Frank Mouris; "Fuji" (1974), directed by Robert Breer; and "Rainbow Bridge" (1975), directed by Vicki Z. Peterson. . . . ¶ July 22 at 5: A program of short abstract films. . . . ¶ July 23 at noon: "Les Levine Movie" (1969), directed by Les Levine; "Soft Rain" (1969), directed by Ken Jacobs; and "Premium" (1970), directed by Edward Ruscha. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: A program of short abstract films. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6: "Frank Film," "Fuji," and "Rainbow Bridge." . . . ¶ July 24 at noon: "Les Levine Movie," "Soft Rain," and "Premium." . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "Lost, Lost, Lost." . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "The Fast and the Furious" (1954), directed by Edward Sampson and John Ireland, with Ireland and Dorothy Malone. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "Beach Party" (1963), directed by William Asher, with Bob Cummings, Dorothy Malone, Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, and Morey Amsterdam. . . . ¶ July 26 at 8:30 and July 27 at 2:30: "Wild in the Streets" (1968), directed by Barry Shear, with Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Diane Varsi, Hal Holbrook, and Richard Pryor. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "11 x 14" (1977), directed by James Benning. . . . ¶ July 28 at noon: "Master of the World" (1961), directed by William Witney, with Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, and Henry Hull. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "Beach Party." . . . ¶ July 28 at 5: "Panic in Year Zero" (1962), directed by Ray Milland, with Milland, Jean Hagan, and Frankie Avalon. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

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IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion.)

The Amityville Horror—With James Brolin, Margot Kidder, and Rod Steiger; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting July 27.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless; it's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence, and her readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained; one admires her as an actress but one does not really warm to her performance. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne Henry would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. And at the end we're left with Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* know, goes off to beget a male heir. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott; with Irene Papas, Michael Hordern, John Colicos, and Anthony Quayle. (Cinema Village; July 24.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—The title suggests a banal Western, but this film was actually the first to bring up the wartime outrages committed against Japanese-Americans (treated also in 1960 by Phil Karlson's "Hell to Eternity"). The story is set in the mythical southwestern town of Black Rock, where the inhabitants are bound together by the guilty secret of their mistreatment of a Japanese farmer; on this bad day, a one-armed stranger (Spencer Tracy) arrives and begins to ask questions. Though the script, by Millard Kaufman, is crudely melodramatic, the film is a stunning example of movie craftmanship. The work of the director, John Sturges, is exact and economical, and the cinematographer, William C. Mellor, uses the wide CinemaScope frame so that there's an unusual amount of graphic tension in the compositions. With Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, Anne Francis, John Ericson, Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Bird of Paradise (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near-miracles on this outdated story (an adaptation of a stage melodrama) about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

Bloodline—Audrey Hepburn marries Ben Gazzara to secure her inherited position as a pharmaceutical magnate, but he may be the one who killed her father and is out to get her as well. The international cast of suspects also includes James Mason and Omar Sharif, as an adulterous Italian husband with bloodshot eyes. Directed by Terence Young, extracted from the novel by Sidney Sheldon. (7/16/79) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later, in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been enormously influential. In French. (Thalia; July 25.)

Breaking Away—With Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Peter Yates. (Coronet.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Conversation Piece (1975)—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As Konrad, the Tadzio figure, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano). In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it is spirited and very likable. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedi-

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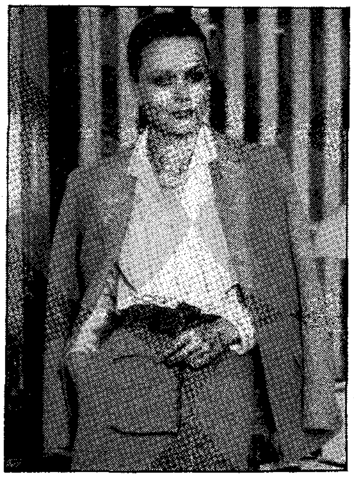

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cated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine. (*Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.*)

The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

Cría! (*1977*)—*A moving Spanish film, set in* Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema Village; July 25-26.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—With Laurence Olivier, directed by David Giles. (D.W. Griffith.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through July 19.)

Down and Dirty—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Paris; through July 22. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 27.)

Dracula—With Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier, directed by John Badham. (Ziegfeld.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of shlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 20-22.)

Escape from Alcatraz—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Donald Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Art; starting July 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; July 20-26.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Cinema I.)

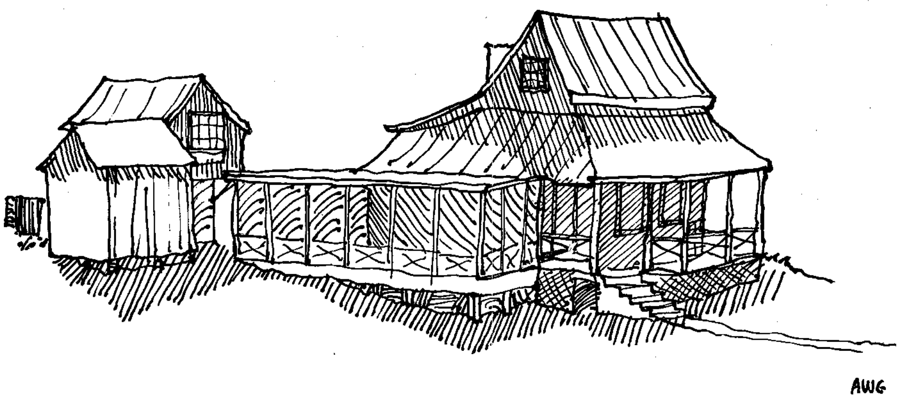
Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like an other species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 26.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 26.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Quad Cinema; through July 19.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (St. Marks Cinema; July 20-26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting July 27.)

The Hard Way (1943)—Sharply observed and well acted; it doesn't rise to any heights, but it's well paced and holds one's attention. Ida Lupino plays a classic stage-mother role, except that it's her younger sister (Joan Leslie) whose career she's pushing, as a way of lifting them both out of grimy, Pennsylvania mill-town poverty. Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel wrote the script, from a story by Jerry Wald (who also produced), and it has unusual authenticity and vitality for two-thirds of the way; then the film gets lost in a series of compromises. What's essential is to establish the fresh-faced younger sister's complicity in Lupino's ruthless scheming and sleeping *with anyone who can be useful, but (perhaps* on orders from the Warners brass?) Joan Leslie is given a pure, outdoor-life romance, and the picture goes flabby. Ida Lupino's English accent comes through at times, but she



gives one of the best of her intense, hyperaware, *overcontrolled performances* (she seemed to relax only in comedy); the conception here justifies much of her tightness, and she suggests desperate, self-pitying layers under the calculation. The male leads, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, who play small-time vaudeville hoofers, are very well directed by Vincent Sherman; Carson, as a dumb lug who lets the two women walk all over him, is surprisingly touching and convincing. With Gladys George as a beat-out, trampy actress, singing in a whiskey alto, and Paul Cavanaugh, Roman Bohnen, Faye Emerson, Julie Bishop, Joan Woodbury, Ann Doran, and Leona Maricle. Well photographed (especially the first sequences, in the mill town) by James Wong Howe. (Inexplicably, both sisters frequently wear fancy little over-one-eye hats, like papier-mâché cream puffs.) (Thalia; July 23.)

Heaven Can Wait—We *all* can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (Cinema Village; July 20-21. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting July 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; July 20-26.)

High, Wide, and Handsome (1937)—Irene Dunne (*in musicals, the Julie Andrews of* her day) at her wretched primmest, singing alongside a farm horse, when Randolph Scott isn't around. This long, lavish, musical Western, set in the mid-nineteenth century, was written by Oscar Hammerstein II and has music by Jerome Kern, which is, however, of widely varying quality and is sung mostly by the ever-noble Miss Dunne. (Her demonstration of how to belt out beer-hall songs is surely on a par with José Iturbi's demonstrations of how to play boogie-woogie.) Dorothy Lamour has a few numbers, and the cast includes Ben Blue, Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Alan Hale, Raymond Walburn. Rouben Mamoulian is the appallingly guilty director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately *drawn, with beautiful* graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; starting July 27.)

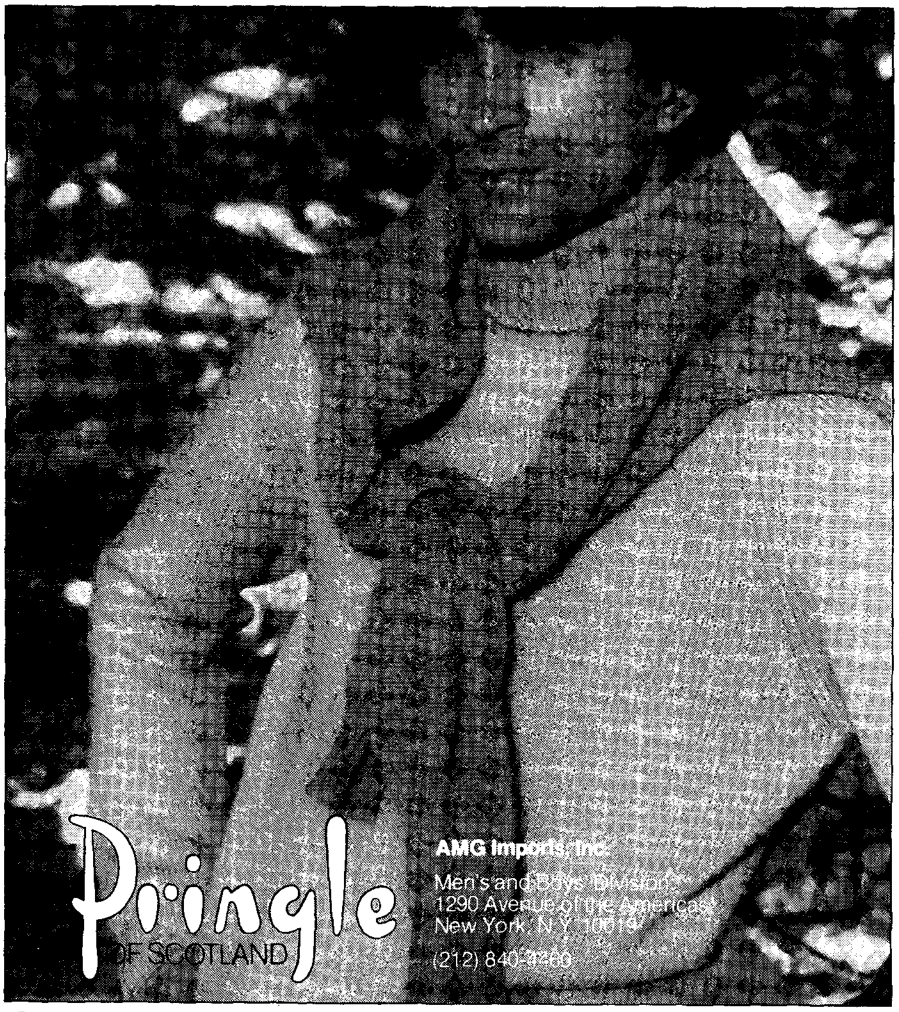
The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 26.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of sci-fi. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

Jaws (1975)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through July 26.)

Just You and Me, Kid—With George Burns and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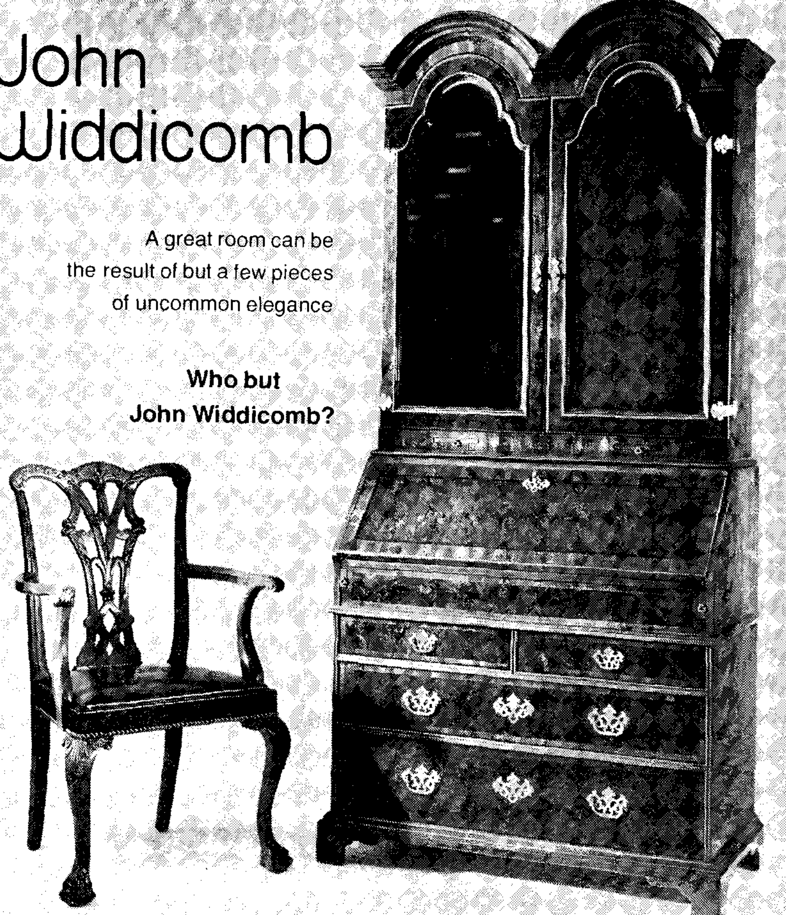

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Brooke Shields, directed by Leonard Stern. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; starting July 27.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Quad Cinema; through July 19.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza; through July 19. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting July 20.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as latter-day—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (5/1/78) (St. Marks Cinema; July 20-26.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Cinema Village; July 24.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through July 19. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; starting July 20.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail elevates the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—to a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

Lost and Found—With George Segal and Glenda Jackson, directed by Melvin Frank. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; through July 19.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Guild; through July 26.)

The Main Event—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (Sutton, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 19.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Meatballs—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (34th St. East, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through July 26.)

Milestones for Mickey (1976)—A compilation of Mickey Mouse shorts. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 24.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

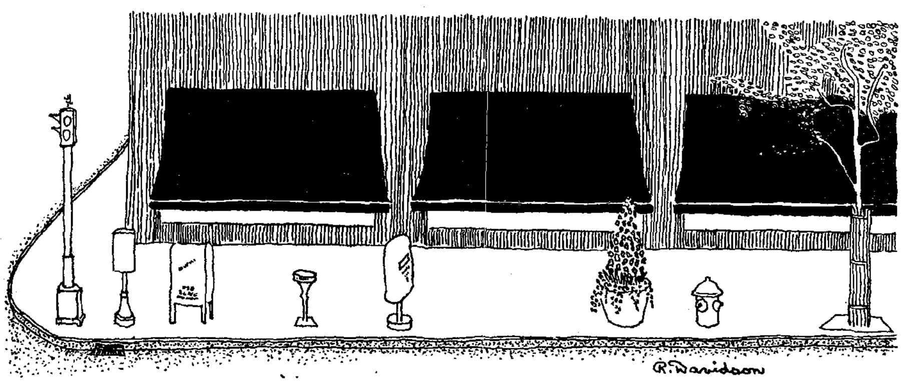
Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, 86th St. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting July 20.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. Yayyyyyyy! (7/2/79) (Gemini 1, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27-28.)

Nighthawks—With Ken Robertson, directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam. (Quad Cinema; starting July 27.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the hero-



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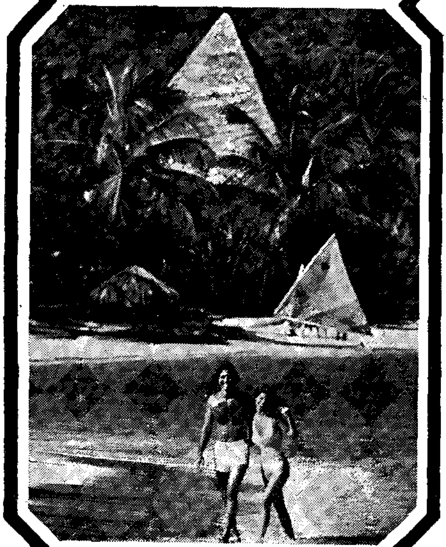

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ine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 19.)

Peppermint Soda—With Eleonore Klarwein, directed by Diane Kurys. In French. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Players—A young tennis player seeking glory on the center court at Wimbledon is also remembering, by dint of innumerable flashbacks, how he got there. Dean-Paul Martin is the tennis player, and an "older woman" he falls in love with is Ali MacGraw. No acting in this movie, but some good tennis. (6/18/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; starting July 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; July 20-26.)

Prophecy—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 19.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 27.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; July 20-26.)

Saludos Amigo (1943)—Walt Disney's forty-five-minute report on South America, with Donald Duck, Goofy, and others. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 24.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 26.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27-28.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Thalia; July 24.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made, that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

El Super—With Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Teresa the Thief—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Art; through July 19.)

Three Comrades (1938)—Scott Fitzgerald worked on many films, but this is one of the rare ones that actually retain his influence (though he was bitter about the changes). Bits of the dialogue are elegantly romantic, and the atmosphere has his distinctive chivalrous quality. Margaret Sullavan, slender and special and with her ravishing huskiness, is an ideal Fitzgerald heroine—a perfect Daisy—and she brings her elusive, gallant sexiness to this First World War romance. It's conventional M-G-M stuff, taken from a Remarque novel but with something better rising out of it. Frank Borzage directed; with Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Monty Woolley, Lionel Atwill, and Guy Kibbee. (Regency; July 22-24.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza; starting July 20.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Villain—With Kirk Douglas, Ann-Margret, and Arnold Schwarzenegger; directed by Hal Needham. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; July 20-26.)

The Wanderers—With Ken Wahl, directed by Phil Kaufman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through July 19.)

Why Not! ("Pourquoi Pas")—With Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo; directed by Coline Serreau. (Paris; starting July 23.)

The Yakuza (1975)—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. A swaggeringly meretricious fairy tale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 19.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23.)

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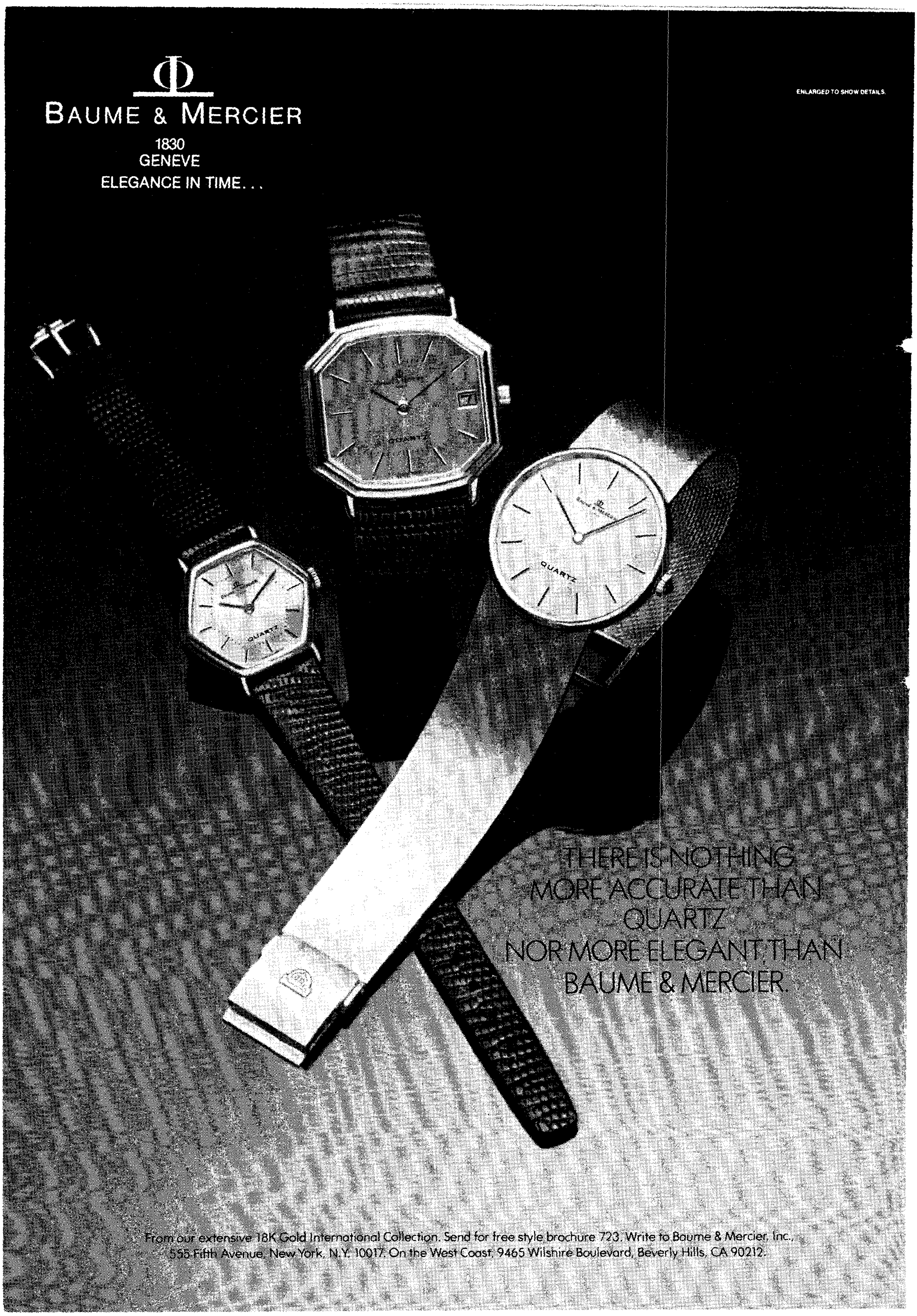
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THE NEW YORKER

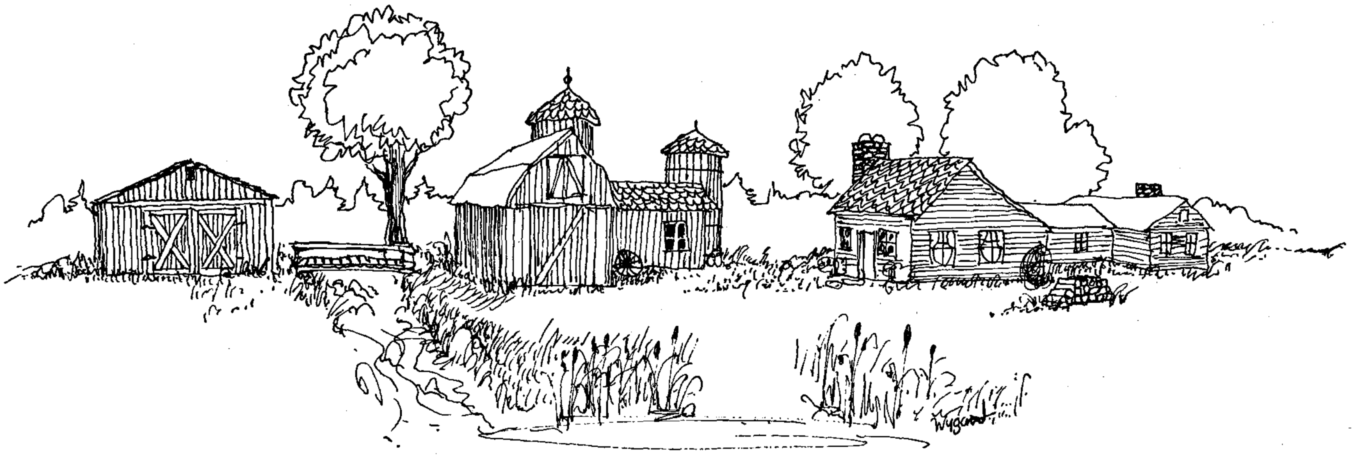
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have taken to musing recently upon the fate of fallen rulers. This is not surprising, since we have been hearing about so many of them. In Algeria, for instance, former President Ahmed Ben Bella, who has been under house arrest for the past fourteen years, is being permitted to receive visitors and to move about in part of the town where he now lives. His crime was his popularity; it exceeded that of the man who deposed him, Houari Boumedienne; but Boumedienne is now dead, and so Ben Bella is free. Much the same can be said of the charges against Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the former Prime Minister of Pakistan, though his case had a less fortunate outcome: he was executed in secret one morning in April. Bhutto, it was alleged, had been involved in a conspiracy to murder a minor political opponent. His real transgression was that, alive, he constituted a threat to the government of General Mohammad Zia ul-Haq, who had ousted him. The fate of these fallen rulers seems to bear little relation to either their accomplishments or their misdeeds. In Ghana, after seizing power last month the regime headed by one Flight Lieutenant Jerry Rawlings proceeded to execute no fewer than three former heads of state. All three, according to the new government, were guilty of "corruption," and, for all we know, that may be true. Yet Idi Amin Dada, the former dictator of Uganda, whose government was responsible for the deaths of tens of thousands of Ugandans, is living comfortably in exile in Libya. It is said that the Libyan leader, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, was a bit reluctant to have him around, since Amin's presence would serve as a constant reminder both to Qaddafi and to his countrymen of the several hundred Libyan soldiers who were lost in the vain effort to keep Amin in power. But in the end Qaddafi must have decided that he had little choice. Amin had been his ally and now had, almost literally, nowhere else to go.

The most illustrious fallen ruler of the moment is, of course, the Shah of Iran. Since he went into exile in January, the Shah has visited Egypt, Morocco, the Bahamas, and, now, Mexico. He has said he would like to come to the United States if he were welcome to do so, and there are a number of influential Americans who are urging that he be invited. Richard Nixon, who last week paid a courtesy call on the Shah in Cuernavaca, said earlier, "If the United States doesn't stand by our friends when they're in trouble, we're going to end up without any friends." An even better friend of the Shah is Henry Kissinger, who has been lobbying for months on his behalf and is said to have prevailed on the Mexican government to let him in. Some weeks ago, Kissinger spread the word that the Carter Administration was behaving shamefully toward the Shah by implying that it could not guarantee his safety if he were to visit this country and by being concerned about what effect such a visit might have on the new government in Teheran. Kissinger's charges against the Administration were not altogether convincing; as the *Times* pointed out at the time, Kissinger himself had once refused to have lunch with the exiled Alexander Solzhenitsyn lest the gesture offend the leadership of the Soviet Union. It is also interesting to note that though Nixon and Kissinger have had a lot to say about the problems of the Shah, neither has had much to say about the predicament of the approximately three hundred and fifty thousand refugees from Indochina. It can be argued that the plight of the Vietnamese refugees, most of whom are ethnic Chinese, is not directly the fault of Nixon or of Kissinger, or even of the United States. The Cambodian refugees, now huddled in camps in Thailand, are another matter entirely. The American interference in the affairs of Cambodia beginning in the late nineteen-sixties was responsible to a large extent for the political convulsions within that country and for the succeeding waves of refugees.

Still, it is true that the Shah has been a good friend to the United States; that is to say, his country and ours were military allies and commercial partners,



so he used us and we used him. He invited hundreds of American citizens to his extravagant celebration at Persepolis in 1971, and over the years he has apparently given Persian rugs to a number of our countrymen. So his credentials of friendship are well established. And now, it appears, the portly figure of General Anastasio Somoza Debayle, the President of Nicaragua, whose family our government has supported for decades, is knocking on our door. The civil war in his country, which Mr. Kissinger perceives to be between the "radicals" and the "moderates" (the same groups that in his view seem to be the combatants in most of the struggles of the Third World, never mind the particulars of those struggles), is just about over. General Somoza managed to postpone his downfall for a while by ordering his air force to bomb the barrios of his cities. But now, it is said, he is ready to withdraw from Nicaragua and will gladly accept retirement in the United States. He will be leaving a good deal of property behind, to be sure (half a billion dollars' worth, according to some estimates), but, on the other hand, he has quite a bit of real estate in Florida.

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Experience

THE New York Stock Exchange reopened its Visitors Center the other morning—the Center, on the third floor of the building at 20 Broad Street, adjoining the Stock Exchange, had been closed nine weeks for renovation—and we went down to observe the ceremonies. The Center, which was a creation of the nineteen-fifties, had previously been somewhat somnolent. Now it startles the visitor with color and enthralls him with technology while—in theory, at least—educating him in the ways of capitalism. Once off the elevator, we were afloat on a sea of cranberry-colored carpeting. From the entrance area, we walked past electronically controlled display panels with titles like "HOW TO READ A STOCK TABLE," "WHY INVESTMENTS?," and "YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED," and entered an irregularly shaped room known as the Experience Theatre, much of whose décor was cranberry.

Together with about fifty other ribbon-cutting-day visitors, we took a seat in the Experience Theatre. We sat on a long, curved, cranberry-carpeted bench and gazed at three contiguous movie screens. Beside us was a small individual control panel in burnished brass. At about ten-thirty, four officials of the N.Y.S.E. took seats just beneath the triple screens. One of the officials was the chairman of the Exchange, William M. Batten; he was wearing a gray suit. "This is a very important place," Mr. Batten said. "Since 1957, the Center has had ten million visitors. The old Center was more static. It depended on people—on guides—explaining everything to you. This newly renovated Center isn't just a passive experience. It provides for visitor participation."

When Mr. Batten had finished speaking, the three screens lit up. On the center screen, two gentlemen in gray suits appeared, and introduced themselves as Dan and Bob. They talked enthusiastically about the workings of the stock market. Then they said that the audience was going to be divided into two teams—the red team on one side of the room and the blue team on the other. They said that each member of the audience was to answer multiple-choice questions by pushing one of three buttons—A, B, and C—on the control panel. A computer would record the answers and determine which team won. The questions and answers would be given by Dan and Bob and also flashed on the side screens.

Dan: "In terms of dollars, how much did the United States produce in goods and services last year? A—Four hundred and thirty million? B—Nine hundred and seventy billion? C—Almost two trillion dollars?"

Bob: "The correct answer is C—almost two trillion dollars."

Dan: "It's hard to imagine, Bob. How can we grasp the idea of two trillion dollars?"

Bob: "Well, two trillion dollar bills end to end would stretch to the sun and back, with some to spare."

From the Experience Theatre, we walked on cranberry-colored carpeting to a balcony overlooking the floor of the Stock Exchange. Below us we saw—beyond panes of plate glass—hundreds of brokers, specialists, and couriers bustling about while a huge illuminated ticker flashed the latest quotations and while bits of paper (buy and sell orders) fell in flurries to the floor. From a device in front of us, we picked up a telephone that could provide explanations of the workings of the market in English, Spanish, French, German, and Japanese. We switched to the French voice and listened to the story of a hypothetical Mme. Brown, from Milwaukee, who wanted to buy a hundred shares of General Motors common stock. Mme. Brown succeeded in doing so.

d. ehrenberg

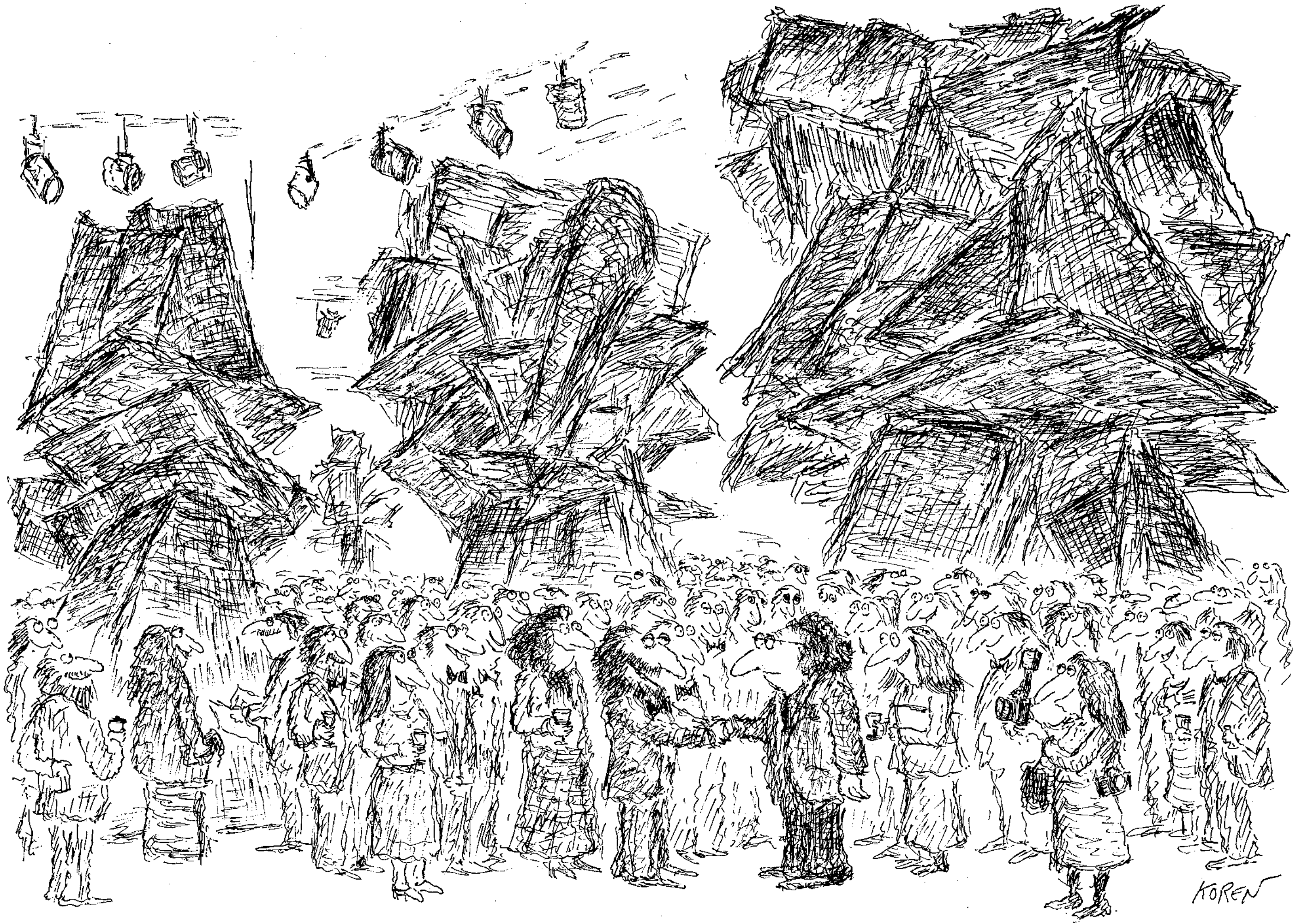
At about eleven-thirty, the visitors assembled on some cranberry-colored carpeting just off the balcony. Secretary of Commerce Juanita M. Kreps, a former director of the Exchange, arrived, wearing a plum-colored dress. Next to her stood City Council President Carol Bellamy, wearing a blue blazer, and Representative William Green, wearing a gray suit. Mr. Batten introduced Secretary Kreps, and she said, "It's a joy to be here. I think, to most of us, through most of our lives, the operation of the financial market is a great mystery. . . . This is a great new step toward the education of the American public on the whole mystery of the capital market." Flashbulbs went off as she cut two ribbons—one of white fabric and one of yellow ticker tape. People applauded.

After the ceremonies, we walked across more cranberry-colored carpeting to a souvenir stand that sold such things as N.Y.S.E. T-shirts, N.Y.S.E. towels, N.Y.S.E. shopping bags, N.Y.S.E. tote bags, bull-and-bear neckties, bull-and-bear scarves, bull-and-bear pendants, bull-and-bear cufflinks, bull-and-bear tie bars, bull-and-bear paperweights, and money clips shaped like dollar signs.

Thirty Years Ago

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

Thirty years ago, Russia got the bomb; the Polaroid Land Camera was introduced, and sold for $89.75; the Methodist Church in the United States and Cuba had eight million six hundred and fifty-one thousand and sixty-two members; Tyrone Power married Linda Christian the day his divorce from a French film actress came through; Mickey Rooney married Martha Vickers the day his divorce from Betty Jane Rase came through; Lucille Ball remarried Desi Arnaz; Lady Astor said women should make the world safe for men; a survey found women in London too tired for social life; Dr. Benjamin Pasamanik was given the Lester N. Hofheimer Research Award (fifteen hundred dollars) for a study showing that Negroes had the same mental capacity as whites; Bill W., co-founder of Alco-



"It's such a thrill to meet the modern artist's modern artist."

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holics Anonymous, told some psychiatrists that he had stopped drinking after accepting God; one of the five copies of the Gettysburg Address in Abraham Lincoln's own handwriting was sold to a Cuban at an auction for fifty-four thousand dollars; Emperor Hirohito of Japan wrote a book about sea slugs, "An Illustrated Study of Opisthobranchiata in Sagami Bay;" a Gallup Poll found that the funniest American comedians were Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, and Fibber McGee and Molly; the lost city of Peshawarun, Afghanistan, once used as a garrison by soldiers of Alexander the Great, was found; a broken plaster statuette of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, wept when Shirley Anne Martin, eleven years old, kissed it; Princess Margaret Rose of Great Britain and Northern Ireland was appointed head of the Girl Guides Sea Rangers; the Detroit Symphony cancelled its season because its musicians wouldn't take a cut in pay; Ruth Williams, an ex-stenographer from London, joined her new husband, Seretse Khama, Chief-designate of Bechuanaland's Samwangwato tribe; George Bernard Shaw said, "It is useless to go on ignoring the patent fact that Stalin is obviously the ablest statesman in Europe;" I was born.

That I was born thirty years ago doesn't seem to matter to anyone except my mother, my father, their families, and their friends. When I say to someone, "Thirty years ago, I was born," I can almost hear this running through their minds: "Yes. Yes. So you were born."

Public Appearance

"THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW" is a television program broadcast weekday afternoons on WTVG, in Newark, New Jersey (Channels 60 and 68). It began in November, 1974, as a low-budget "kiddie" show—the sort of rough-at-the-edges production that is typical of independent local television stations outside the New York metropolitan area—but, by some antenna fluke, "The Uncle Floyd Show" found its way into TV sets in New York City, Long Island, and parts of Connecticut and upstate New York. Consequently, "The Uncle Floyd Show" has been discovered not just by innocent New Jersey kiddies but by an amalgam of this metropolitan area's neglected wise guys, who enjoy its loose format and loud tone, and who have been charmed by the opportunity to direct the proceedings of a television program through their own letters and drawings, which are read or displayed on the air daily by Uncle Floyd. This two-way transmission has spawned over four hundred Uncle Floyd Fan Clubs in the tri-state area, whose members support an industry of "Uncle Floyd Show" paraphernalia that is actively bought and sold through the clubs or through the show's sponsors' outlets. These clubs have also created a demand for Uncle Floyd to make real-life, extra-TV "personal appearances."

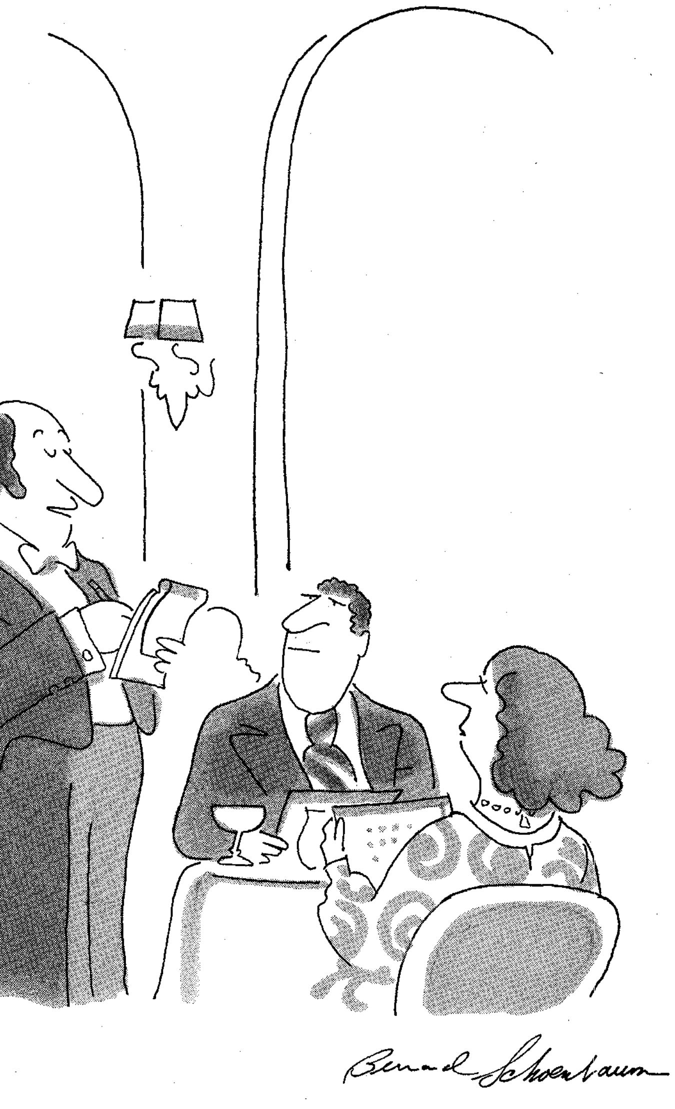
Uncle Floyd's personal appearances were limited mainly to shops, shopping malls, schools, and street festivals around north Jersey until recently, when the First Annual Uncle Floyd Show Convention was held at the Masonic Temple in Elizabeth, New Jersey. We ventured out to the convention early on a Saturday morning, at an hour when the main street of Elizabeth—North Broad Street—was still quiet, with one exception: outside the Masonic Temple, a square and sober-looking structure at the head of a tree-lined residential strip, a group of about eight people were furiously unloading from a van and two automobiles boxes crammed with photographs, flyers, T-shirts, buttons, strange-looking theatrical props, and musical instruments. The crew rushing in and out of the building consisted of the cast of "The Uncle Floyd Show" and a few friends, and was being given instructions by a man in his late twenties wearing a pink-beige-and-yellow plaid sports jacket, a yellow shirt, an oversized figured bow tie, and a multicolored round hat with a turned-up brim: Uncle Floyd Vivino.

"Hey, careful with that stuff," Uncle Floyd warned a young man called Netto, who was balancing a crate and a guitar case. "Those are all one-of-a-kind items in there." Floyd appeared bemused as his supporting cast scurried around him. "You know, my main purpose here is to watch the shoplifters—I'm not kidding," he told us. He has a clear, ringing tenor voice. "They're very enthusiastic," he continued. "My viewers consider themselves almost an ethnic group. They've developed their own costumes and their own lingo from bits on the show. I'd call them a cult following, except it scares parents to use that word." He picked up a box and headed into the Temple.

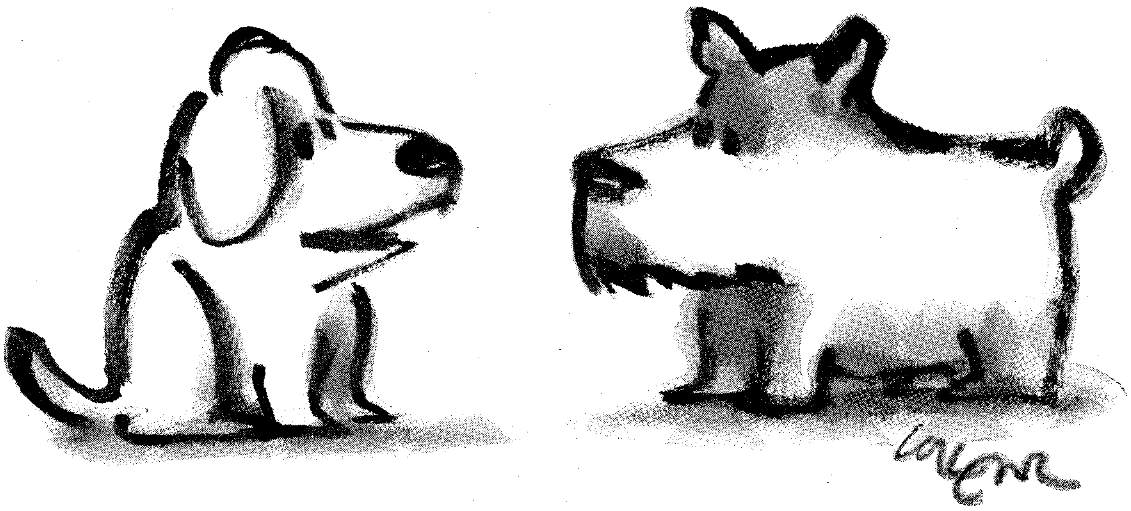
Inside, the Masonic Temple's main auditorium was being decorated for what looked like a high-school dance. Paper bells and twirls of colored crêpe paper were being affixed to several rows of wrought-iron chandeliers, and eventually formed a festive-looking waffle that covered the ceiling. Both sides of the room, which had walls painted industrial green, were lined with white-Formica-topped folding tables. On one side, the tables stood in individual booths, in which each of the members of the show's supporting cast could sell his or her own T-shirt iron-ons, buttons, rubber chickens, and eight-by-ten glossy photographs. Half of the opposite side of the room was devoted to a display of selected viewer art work and half to a display of Floyd's personal collection of artifacts and props. The viewers' display consisted of previously televised contributions: gleeful drawings of the cast members in alarming states of distress, like being boiled in oil or launched into space, and drawings of a cross-cultural nature, including some devoted to punk rock, Ayatollah Khomeini, the New York Yankees, strange monsters, current events, like Three Mile Island, and "Welcome Back Connie Francis." Uncle Floyd's special display spanned three tables, and included a small pink metallic toy oven he uses in his "Julia Stepchild" skits; a can of "Martian Paint," the supposed sponsor of his Joe Franklin takeoff; a straw hat and a leisure jacket worn by Jerry Jersino, Floyd's "militant New Jerseyite;" a goatee belonging to various characters, including Chuck Manicotti, the hip musician; a vaudevillian's beat-up Gladstone that houses Oogie, Floyd's smart-talking hand puppet; framed and mounted photographs of Floyd posing as Strongzini, in satin shorts and a U-shirt, and as Rocky Rock 'n' Roll, a greased-up fifties failure; a 1972 photograph of Floyd in a suit with large black and white checks and wearing a Chico Marx-type hat; and a photograph of a scene in a 1968 Glen Rock (N.J.) high-school play, starring Floyd.

Near the prop table, a young woman with curly blond hair knelt down on the floor and began taping dozens of newspaper clippings onto a large accordion-pleated cardboard backdrop while Floyd dashed first to a set of amplifiers and musical instruments in one corner, then to a refreshment stand in the rear, and then to a booth he was stocking with boxes of eight-by-ten glossies of himself in his various roles. The young woman glanced up at Floyd, shook her head, shrugged, and returned to her chore. We read some of the headlines over her shoulder: "UNCLE FLOYD: THE NEWEST CRAZE IN BLOOMFIELD AND GLEN RIDGE," and "UNCLE FLOYD MEETS MAYOR KINDER," from the Bloomfield (N.J.) *Independent Press;* "LOCAL TALENT APPROACHES TV CLOWNING SERIOUSLY," from the Passaic (N.J.) *Herald-News;* "TELEVISION NEEDS HONESTY MORE THAN STARS," from the Fair Lawn (N.J.) *News-Beacon & Dispatch;* and a large, bold "UNCLE FLOYD COMES TO HO-HO-KUS," from the Franklin Lakes (N.J.) *Suburban News.*

We asked the young woman kneeling on the floor how she had come to be involved with Uncle Floyd, only to discover that we were meeting Debra Vivino, Floyd's wife. For the moment, she appeared to be exasperated with her husband. "We keep all this stuff at home, in the attic and the basement," she said. "We just moved into a big



"Shall the water be domestic or imported?"



“I attribute it to human error. But then I attribute ~~everything~~ *to human error.”*

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old Colonial house. We were really jammed in our old apartment. The way we’ve worked it out now is that I have the furniture and he has the toys, but this time he took some of the pictures right off the living-room walls.”

At that moment, Floyd returned again, to help arrange rows of slatted wooden folding chairs and to make certain that a rope line intended to keep avid fans at bay from his personal effects remained taut and secure. “Fifteen minutes to go,” he announced to the crew.

“Skip’s not here!” someone yelled back, pointing to an empty table set aside for the show’s resident buffoon, Skip Rooney.

“I don’t care,” Uncle Floyd said. “We open at ten. This is show business!”

Punctually at 10 A.M., a crowd of nearly a hundred people burst into the Masonic Temple and immediately started buying “Uncle Floyd Show” trinkets. Then, having made their purchases, the Floyd fans queued up to take their own snapshots of Uncle Floyd, to meet him and talk with him, and to receive his autograph. The flow seemed steady for hours. We were amazed to see that Uncle Floyd was able to identify a majority of his fans, either by name or by neighborhood. By the end of the day, Floyd had greeted over six hundred fans, including Tom Pagurek, a short, enthusiastic man from Bayonne, who had brought two of his three children with him, so that they might meet their father’s favorite television personality; the Saepia family, consisting of two brothers, aged twenty-nine and twenty-two, and two sisters, aged twenty-five and seventeen, who had driven in from Bayside, Queens; Steve Bieber, from Brooklyn, who heads the Uncle Floyd Fan Club at N.Y.U.; Joe Balitzski, a twenty-year-old fan from Linden, New Jersey, who attends all of Floyd’s personal appearances, who is habitually dressed in a gray flannel suit and a gray felt porkpie hat, and who is often accompanied by his mother, who on this occasion sat patiently with Joe’s leather portfolio of his “Uncle Floyd Show” contributions while Joe paraded around in his skull mask, which he would put on every so often instead of his hat; and Mark and Ron Papa, of Cranford, New Jersey, who arrived with their friend Charlie Stelzer, a fan of Uncle Floyd’s permanent straight man, Scott Gordon. “I like his brown jeans and his good taste in eyeglasses,” said Charlie, who was similarly dressed.

By late afternoon, everyone in the Masonic Temple had met Uncle Floyd, and when a musical entertainment provided by the “Uncle Floyd Show” cast drew the fans to the folding chairs, we were able to sit for a moment with Floyd Vivino. We asked him how he had come to be the creator and host of “The Uncle Floyd Show.”

“Well, he said, “I started when I was a teen-ager, as a sideshow barker for Manzini the Escape Artist. That’s Mario Manzini, who was from Manhattan. We followed the Anatomical Wonders in the James E. Strates Show, a popular touring carnival act on the East Coast at the time. When we were hit by the gas crisis of a few years back, I couldn’t afford to keep touring with the carnival, so I said, ‘I’m going home to New Jersey.’ ” Floyd recalled that he couldn’t find much work for his kind of performing talent in New Jersey, so he accepted a job as a waiter at Catch a Rising Star. He began performing there, and also at the Improvisation, and later he signed up with the Dick Richards agency, which booked acts into the few remaining burlesque houses in New York City, and got bookings as a burlesque comedian. “I worked the Princess Theatre, the Follies, the Broadway Burlesk—up until ’74 or ’75, those houses were still doing business, you know. A lot of foreign tourists came in to see the strip shows. But the work for comedians was a little strange, so even though the money was decent, the houses couldn’t find enough young comedians to keep going. So I was out of a job. I applied everywhere. Finally, I went to a cable-TV station in New Jersey and I lied—I told them I had a kiddie show on the cable in Albany. It happened that they were looking for *just that.* They asked if I was ready to go—I said sure. I didn’t know what to do. I winged it. Ad-libbed. I had fun. I discovered that with TV you don’t have to worry about material. I’ve done more than thirteen hundred half-hour shows, so I know. In any case, our budget was zero. Our props came from the Salvation Army and from stuff left out on the sidewalk for the trash collector, and our bits have pretty much come from our props. Even my cast walked in off the street. That’s it. I have to supplement my income from the show with a little cocktail-lounge piano work. You know, I play ‘Send In the Clowns’ for the sophisticated New Jersey steak-and-lobster crowd. It’s a nice piece of change, easy work, but soon I hope to be living off ‘The Uncle Floyd Show’ exclusively.”

He loosened his bow tie and waved to several fans who were leaving. “This convention is the eighteenth personal appearance I’ve made since November, and we’ve got more lined up,” he said. “I love show business. I’ll tell you something. Nowadays, the philosophy is ‘Pack the Garden once a year, and that’s it.’ Well, I’m from the old school. You play the Palace until the manager says to you, ‘You’re not drawing.’ That’s the way I am.”

MR. AND MRS. BABY

Mr. and Mrs. Baby Wake Up

IT is morning in California. The sea, parading its troughs, flashing its foamy crests, keeps heaving itself onto the shore. And the sky sends its delicate, inexhaustible spread of transparence into every atom of air so that the warm dome of promise, of caressing light, can discover the place where the Babys lie buried in the sheeted, blanketed world of slumber. How innocent they are in their easy recumbency. How lucky that the difference between sleep and wakefulness can be so blurred, diminished, and finally erased without pain. The waking of the Babys is a lovely rising from crumpled linen and its odors of cologne into lazy, tentative antemeridian amorousness. Yet in an hour's time how close to sadness they will be in the world of light, its ordeals of fixity, of ornament, of responsibility: Baby Hades.

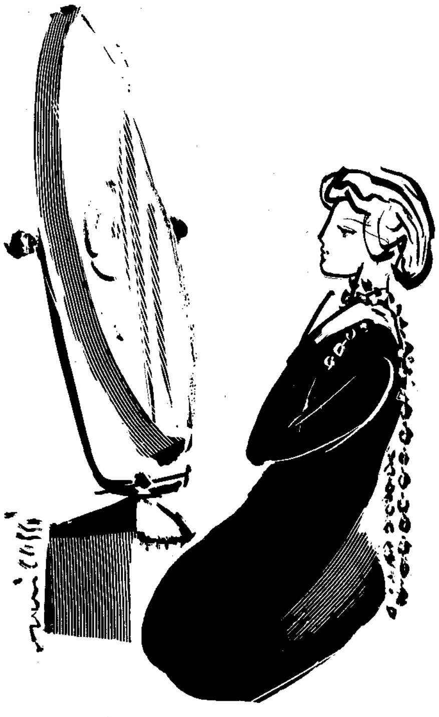
How Mr. and Mrs. Baby Looked

Mr. and Mrs. Baby looked familiar. Bob Baby had the wide but serious mouth of Alan Roscoe when he played in "The Last of the Mohicans," and his blue eyes were like Bing Crosby's in "The Bells of St. Mary's," with the same soft, otherworldly look; yet at times they took on the stern, no-nonsense gaze that was Bing's in "Going My Way." His black hair fell down over his right eye the way Gable's always did. His cheeks had the fallen firmness of Ronald Colman's in "Lost Horizon" or Richard Egan's in "Khyber Patrol." But the marvellous jaw was straight Cooper—the Cooper of "Beau Geste." His nose was Heston's, with the same tip and the same slant of nostril. His walk and his air of purpose were just a cut below Kenneth More's in "The Admirable Crichton"—he always dreamed of going tuxedoed to the beach. His ears were unmistakably Herbert Marshall's, and his eyebrows were perfectly peaked, with just the right amount of hair; in other words, they were Errol Flynn's—the great Flynn of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." His body, alas, was undistinguished, with the same bleached rubescence of Walter Slezak's in all his movies since "Once Upon a Honeymoon."

Babe Baby's face had the transcendental sweetness of Laura La Plante's. But her eyes had the softness, the downward slant of Vilma Banky's in "Son of the Sheik." And yet there was a touch, especially in her left eye, of Dolores Costello. Her cheeks were high but several notches lower than Garbo's, and they had the fullness of Claudette Colbert's, especially when she smiled. Babe had a wholesomeness, too, that was given its imprimatur by her nose. It was not perfectly shaped like Gloria Grahame's, not barren like Betty Hutton's, not swaybacked like Ingrid Bergman's, nor with oversized nostrils like Donna Reed's or Joan Bennett's; it was a nose like the radiant Janet Blair's. It was perky without being prying, it was cute without being cheap, it was noble without being undemocratic. Babe wore her light-brown hair swept back and short, the way Norma Shearer did in "A Free Soul." Her walk was pure assurance, pure Lauren Bacall. And she was as poised, when occasion dictated, as Celeste Holm in "Gentleman's Agreement" or Lilli Palmer in "The Counterfeit Traitor." Best of all, she had the robust aquatic self-possession of Esther Williams in "Pagan Love Song."

Mr. and Mrs. Baby at Breakfast

The ease they felt in each other's presence, though tinged at times with regret, even unhappiness—deep unhappiness, even; irreversible misery, it could be said—allowed them to share some of what was on their minds. And like so many who have spent years together, they could anticipate each other's questions as well as answers. Thus, at breakfast, Bob knew what Babe was thinking when he said, "So you want to know where they came from. And you want to know how they came. They came from Poland and Russia, from France and Germany, from Turkey and the Congo, from Iceland and Italy; they came from China and the Philippines; they came and they came, and they brought their aunts and cousins, sisters and brothers, mothers and fathers; they brought them by boat, by train, by plane; they walked and they ran and they came with satchels, trunks, suitcases, boxes; they kept coming in waves, in droves, in trickles, but they kept coming; they came at night or in bright day; they came in the wrecking storm, they came in the calm of noon; they came waving their arms, stamping their feet, speaking Dutch, Rumanian, Serbian, Czech, Urdu; they came with hats or without—it made no difference to those hearty people; they wore dark suits and long dresses; many were overweight, but they came and they came. Some were professors, some were bricklayers, some were chicken farmers, but they came, and they went to Arizona and Iowa and Illinois; they came and they went to Nebraska and Alabama and Maryland; they came and they went to Pennsylvania, Montana, and Hawaii. They were the Smiths, the Goldbergs, the Rodriguezes, the Babys. Yes, the Babys were part of it, were half of it, were all of it. Everyone was a Baby and the Babys were everyone."

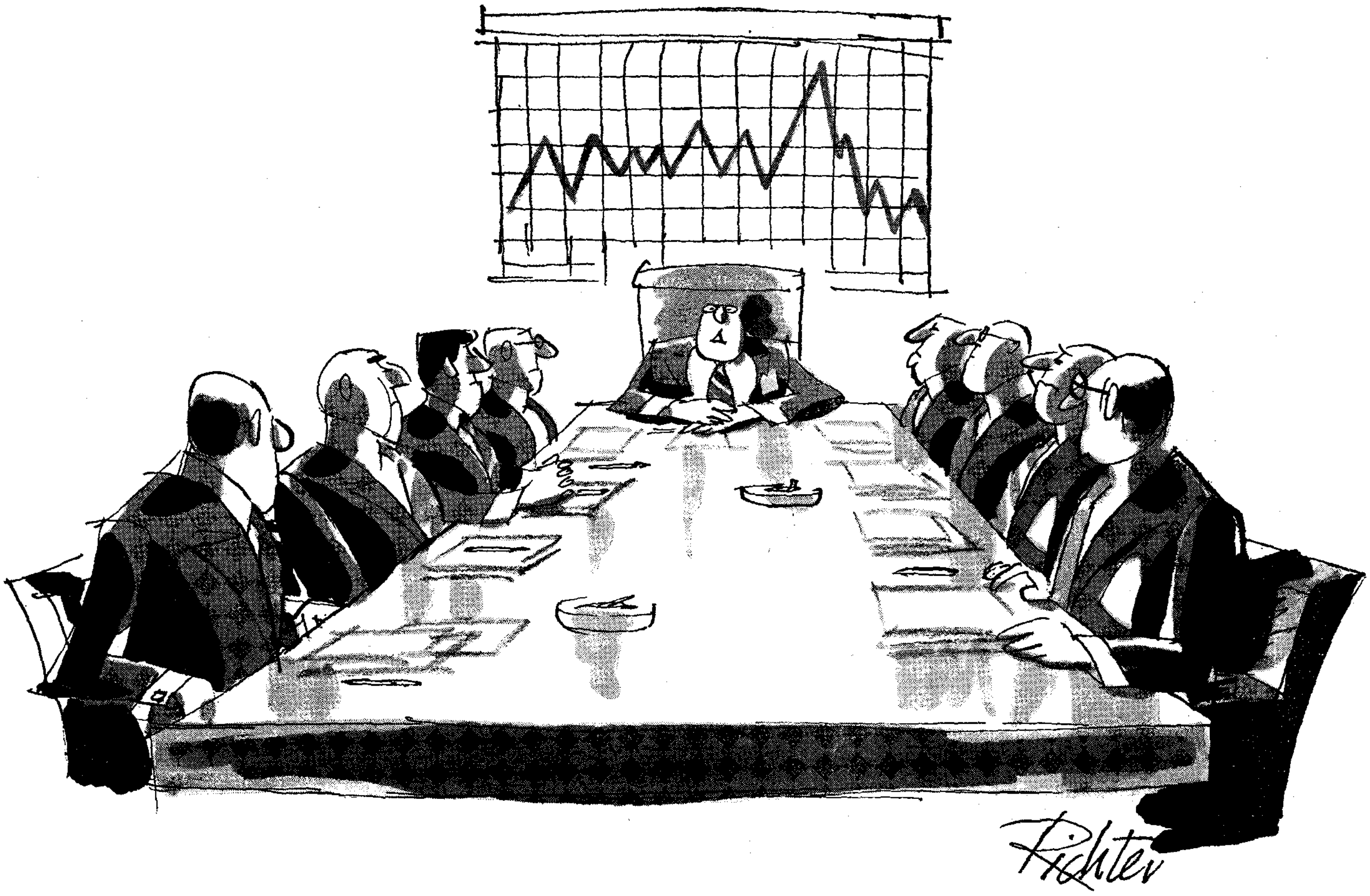


Babe was silent, then slowly began to laugh in nervous acknowledgment of the vistas that opened before her, and behind her in case she unexpectedly turned around. Out of control, her laughter increased in tempo. She shook and snorted, and even howled, in tribute to what she had heard. Bob, taken with the unexpected sweep of his speech, could not have been more pleased by her response.

Mrs. Baby Has an Experience

Babe pulled herself together and went to the beach, some books of poetry tucked under her arm. She thought more about the future than she did of the past. And she believed the daily unfolding of events was oblivious of her needs. What were her needs? And who needed them anyway? She sat on the sand, read a little, then drifted into thought.

How did I get here if not below the surface, allowing the deep you-know-what to figure things out? How did I get here, if not in Bob's blue Mercedes disappearing down into the canyon, then into this vanishing light? Fix your eyes on the sea and its lunging; lounge, as you will, in semi-coma, remember-



"Our recommendation, then, is that we all take a little under the table."

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ing the hand trucks of opportunity, the boatloads of promise that were exchanged for this distant now, its plungings, its watery walls, its towers of bubble! Lie back and be stirred by the glitter of sense, as if you were the maker of the words you heard, heard almost as medleyed sound, a maker of the words you might utter; for you are the maker of the words you heard, and if there is another maker he is nowhere near.

This sudden rush of thoughts scared Babe, scored itself deep into her vision of self—scarred her, in fact—so she decided to say nothing to Bob of the mysterious turn her mind had taken.

MR. BABY ALSO HAS AN EXPERIENCE

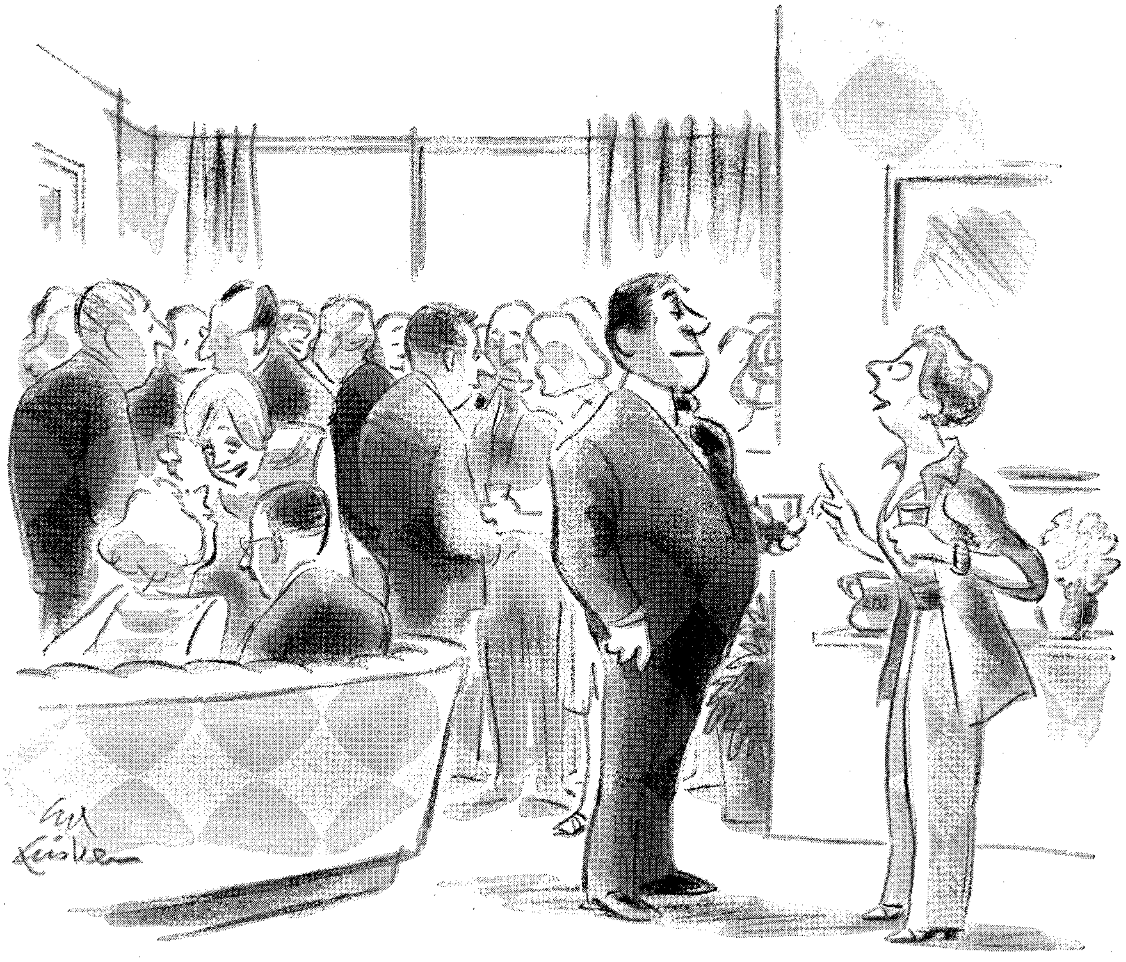
There is a time of day when quietness invades the landscape and takes up residence in all the things one sees. Every leaf, every cloud is suddenly still and is viewed with unusual clarity, and in that moment it is as if the destiny of each thing were revealed. This awesome ascent into consciousness, into luminous, crystalline recognition was not lost on Mr. Baby, who stood alone on the lawn in front of his house. Brought outside by a restlessness whose source was obscure, he was likewise brought out of himself into a spacious aura of epiphanous light, into an openness of being that took him by surprise. With a knowledge almost too deep for tears, he saw all things ablaze with the glory of their own mortality. He lingered until the world around him suddenly resumed its normal aspect, then he went inside and began to pace on the green living-room rug. He wondered why he was here and not there, why he had chosen the life he had instead of the life he hadn't, why he felt as he did and, sometimes, as he didn't. Thus it was that Bob Baby wrote his first poem and decided to say nothing about it to Babe.

THE BABYS SKIP LUNCH

At making do or doing without, the Babys wished to think themselves accomplished. So at lunch, when neither of them took the time to sit down and have a bite, it was done with a grace bordering on the regal. They felt the glory of self-abnegation because they understood too well the degradation of fulfillment. There would be no linen tablecloth today, no silverware, no succession of dishes each with its own bouquet of steam which seemed to ripen in the hazy sunlit air of the dining room. There would be no *tonnarelli alla ciociara*, those thin linguine-like noodles in a sauce of fresh *funghi*, no light, smoky Gavi dei Gavi to wash it down with, or even a *pasticcio con melanzane* so reminiscent of Sicily; no *mozzarella in carrozza*, no beef tongue with green sauce, no grilled zucchini with Sardo cheese, no *pissaladière provençale*, with its hefty aroma of anchovy and onion, no *clafouti* of Bing cherries touched with ginger. There would be no bare table and paper napkins even, no sandwiches, odorless and sterile in small dishes, no gaunt glasses of apple juice, no stopgap noshes of any sort. The dining room would be empty, and the Babys would bask in the image of its foodless clarity and silently applaud the splendor of its austerity, the clean denial of its destiny.

MR. AND MRS. BABY HAVE A GOOD CRY

It was as if the exertion of denial had proved too much, and the ache of emptiness had become more than a meal put aside. They sank into listlessness, each of them slumped in a chair, staring outside, emitting weak, barely



"Now I know what makes you seem so out of it, George Cranford. Somehow you've managed to retain your masculine complacency."

• •

audible sighs. The restorative power of consciousness that had worked its magic on them only hours before was now lacking. Each of them felt defeated by a motif that missing lunch was only the most obvious sign of. They were not speaking. It was as if they had forgotten how. They were estranged even from each other. It was this, perhaps, that made them seem now smaller and more frail than ever, and why their sighs gave way to tears and sniffles. They looked at each other pathetically, their eyes seeming to ask: Why, why do we feel this way? The answer came with a volley of sobs and a downpour of tears. The Babys wept without shame.

Mr. and Mrs. Baby Have a Talk

Bob and Babe dried their eyes and looked at each other with an intensity that had been lacking in the moments preceding their cry. And the way each of them sat—Babe with her legs crossed, Bob with his hands clasped behind his head—seemed to suggest that life was good.

"Life *is* good," said Babe. "It's crazy for us to feel the way we did."

"Say," said Bob. "How about we have a bite?"

"Do you think we should?" said Babe. "Don't you think that'd be gilding the lily? I mean, we don't have to eat just to prove life is good."

"I know what you mean," said Bob. Conscious of how much they had been through, he felt mellow. The stillness of the room, its warm, sunlit air contributed to a feeling of having arrived. Everything seemed balanced, complete. It was easy to give in to the benevolence of fate; life was not only good, it was worth waiting for.

"We are such fools," said Babe.

Somewhere up the street a dog barked, and gave up, and barked again. The sound was forlorn and seemed to measure the silence instead of breaking it. Bob didn't mind. He liked the way the afternoon was winding down, the gradual lengthening of shadows everywhere. A small breeze entered the room, barely shaking the sheer muslin curtains. "I know what you mean," he said.

"I'm so happy at this moment I could cry," said Babe, and she jumped up, went quickly to Bob, and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Bob smiled, his hands clasped behind his head.

Mr. and Mrs. Baby Go to a Party

Sometimes on summer evenings, when the light is almost gone, when everything has taken on a heavy, exhausted aspect, there can be felt in the air a restlessness, a furtive rustling, a burgeoning of desire. This evening, while the Babys prepared to go out, the urgency of promised adventure was so palpable that the neighborhood seemed to murmur with pleasure. And when they walked to the party they were almost overcome with the magical intimacy of leaves saturating the air with the odor of green, the sweet seasoning of summer. Furtive above them, above the motionless canopy of maples, was the open gaze of the moon.

Everyone at the party, drifters and flitters, merged willingly into the amiable flow. Round and round they went with round after round of drink, their voices, muted by the low-ceilinged interior, mingling naturally with the barely audible sounds coming from the stereo. There was no change all evening.

Nothing was happening. The Babys stayed only as long as they had to and then walked home.

Mr. and Mrs. Baby Go to Sleep

Now, at day's end, the Babys slip naked into bed, their limbs overcome with weariness, their minds dimming, giving way to the power and grandeur of nothingness, the silent ohs and ahs of oblivion. Oh Babys! Ah Babys! Whither now? Whither later? It's all the same. Among the celestial acts in the theatre of night, in the superdome of the firmament, where distance is a monotonous allegory of diminishment, a shifting of solar dust, a waltzing of matter to the tune of darkness, a grave passage of this and that, what does it mean that you are asleep, adrift in the spectral silt of the unknown? What has the relentless fury of particles to do with you? Pull your covers up to your chins. Sleep tight; another Baby day is on its way.

—Mark Strand

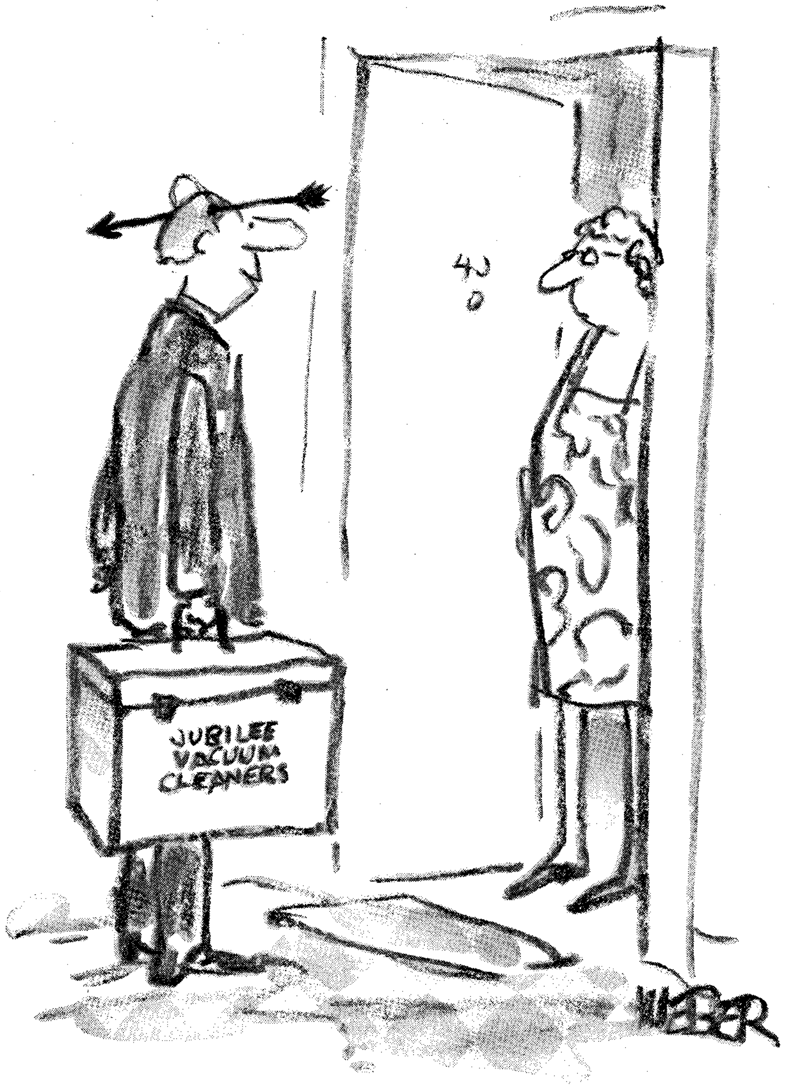
THE BETRAYER OF ISRAEL

WHAT could be better than to stand on a balcony and be able to see all of Krochmalna Street (the part where the Jews lived) from Gnoyna to Ciepla, and even farther, to Iron Street, where there were trolley cars! A day never passed, not even an hour, when something did not happen. One moment a thief was caught and then Itcha Meyer, the drunkard—the husband of Esther from the candy store—became wild and danced in the middle of the gutter. Someone got sick and an ambulance was called. A fire broke out in a house and the firemen, wearing brass hats and high rubber boots, came with their galloping horses. I stood on the balcony that summer afternoon in my long gaberdine, a velvet skullcap over my red hair, with two dishevelled sidelocks, waiting for something more to happen. Meanwhile, I observed the stores across the street, their customers, and also the Square, which teemed with pickpockets, loose girls, and venders running a lottery. You pulled a number from a bag, and if good luck was with you you could win three colored pencils, or a rooster made of sugar with a comb of chocolate, or a cardboard clown that shook its arms and legs if you pulled a string. Once a Chinaman with a pigtail passed down the street. In an instant it became black with people. Another time a dark-skinned man appeared in a red turban with a tassel, wearing a cloak that resembled a prayer shawl, with sandals on his bare feet. I learned later that he was a Jew from Persia, from the town of Shushan—the ancient capital where King Ahasuerus, Queen Esther, and the wicked Haman lived.

Since I was the rabbi's boy, everybody on the street knew me. When you stand on a balcony you are afraid of no one. You are like a general. When an enemy of mine passed, I could spit on his cap and all he could do was shake a fist and call me names. Even the policeman didn't look so tall and mighty from above. Flies with violet bellies, bees and butterflies landed on the rail of the balcony. I tried to catch them or I just admired them. How did they manage to fly to Krochmalna Street, and where did they get their flamboyant colors? I had tried to read an article about Darwin in the Yiddish newspaper but I hardly understood it.

Suddenly a tumult broke out again. Two policemen were leading a little man, and screaming women ran after him. To my amazement, they all entered our gate. I could barely believe it: the policemen led this little man to our home, into my father's courtroom. He was accompanied by Shmuel Smetena, an unofficial lawyer, a crony of both the thieves and the police. Shmuel knew Russian and often served the Jews of the street as an interpreter between them and the authorities. I soon discovered what had happened. That little man, Koppel Mitzner, a peddler of old clothes, was the husband of four wives. One lived on Krochmalna Street, one on Smocza Street, one on Praga, and one on Wola. It took quite a while for my father to orient himself to the situation. The senior policeman, with a golden insignia on his cap, explained that Koppel Mitzner had not married the women legally, with a license from the magistrate, but only according to Jewish law. The government could hardly prosecute him, since the women had only Jewish marriage contracts, not Russian certificates. Koppel Mitzner contended that they were not his wives but his lovers. On the other hand, the officials could not allow him to break the law without punishment. So the head of the police had ordered the culprit brought to the rabbi. How strange that I, a boy of eleven, caught on to all these complications more quickly than my father. He was busy with his volumes of the Talmud and commentaries when Koppel, his wives, and the whole crowd of curious men and women burst into our apartment. Some of them laughed, others rebuked Koppel. My father, a small man, frail, wearing a long robe and with a velvet skullcap above his high forehead, his eyes blue, his beard red, reluctantly put away pen and paper on his lectern. He sat down at the head of the table and asked the others to be seated. Some sat on chairs, others on a long bench along the wall, which was lined to the ceiling with books. Between the windows stood the Ark of the holy scrolls with its gilded cornice, on which two lions held the tablets with the Ten Commandments between their curled tongues.

I listened to every word and observed each face. Koppel Mitzner, as small as a cheder boy, skin and bones, had a narrow



"First, Madam, let me say that I am not Steve Martin."

face, a long nose, and a pointed Adam's apple. On his tiny chin grew a sparse little beard the color of straw. He wore a checked jacket and a shirt that closed at the collar with an ornate brass button. He had no lips—only a crevice of a mouth. He smiled cunningly and tried to outscream the others with his thin voice. He pretended that the whole event was nothing but a joke or a mistake. When my father finally grasped what Koppel had done, he asked, "How did you dare to commit a sin like this? Don't you know that Rabbi Gershom decreed a penalty of excommunication for polygamy?"

Koppel Mitzner signalled with his index finger for everyone to be quiet. Then he said, "Rabbi, first of all, I didn't marry them of my own free will. They caught me in a trap. A hundred times I told them I had a wife, but they attached themselves to me like leeches. The fact that I didn't end up in the insane asylum on Bonifrate Street proves that I'm stronger than iron. Second, I need not be more pious than our patriarch Jacob. If Jacob could marry four wives, I am allowed to have ten—perhaps even a thousand, like King Solomon. I also happen to know that the ruling of Rabbi Gershom was made for one thousand years, and nine hundred of those thousand have already passed. Only one hundred years are left. I take the punishment upon myself. You, Rabbi, will not roast in my Gehenna."

There was an uproar of laughter. A few of the young men applauded. My father clutched his beard. "What will happen a hundred years from now we cannot know. For the time being the ruling of Rabbi Gershom is valid and the one who breaks it is a betrayer of Israel."

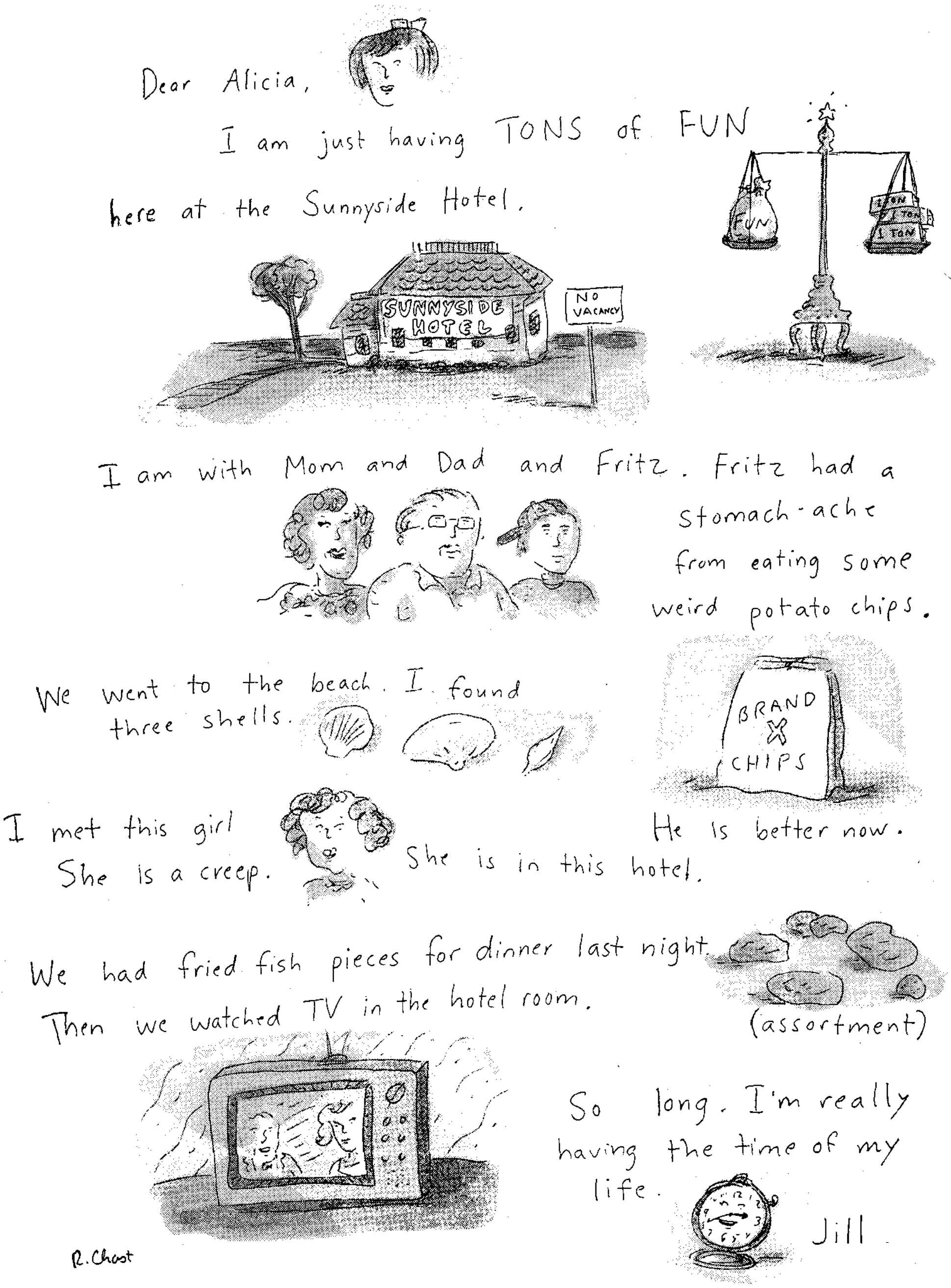
"Rabbi, I did not steal, I did not swindle," Koppel said. "Some rich Chassidim go bankrupt twice a year and then travel to their rabbi on holidays and sit at his table. When I buy something, I pay cash. I don't owe anybody a penny. I provide for four Jewish daughters and nine good children."

His wives tried to interrupt Koppel, but the police would not let them. Shmuel Smetena translated Koppel's words into Russian. Even though I did not understand the language, it occurred to me that he shortened Koppel's arguments—he gesticulated and winked, and it seemed he did not want the Russians to understand all of Koppel's defenses. Shmuel Smetena was tall, fat, with a red neck. He wore a corduroy jacket with gilded buttons and on his vest a watch chain made of silver rubles. The uppers of his boots shone like lacquer. I kept glancing at Koppel's wives. The one from Krochmalna Street was short, broad as a Sabbath stew pot, and had a potato nose and a huge bosom. She seemed to be the oldest of the lot. Her wig was dishevelled and as black as soot. She cried and wiped the tears with her apron. She pointed a thick finger with a broken nail at Koppel, calling him criminal, pig, murderer, lecher. She warned him that she would break his ribs.

One of the women looked as young as a girl. She wore a straw hat with a green band and carried a purse with a brass clasp. Her red cheeks were like those of the streetwalkers who stood at the gates and waited for guests. I heard her say, "He is a liar, the greatest cheat in the whole world. He has promised me the moon and the stars. Such a faker and braggart you cannot find in the whole of Warsaw. If he will not divorce me this very moment he must rot in prison. I have six brothers and each of them can make mincemeat out of him."

As she said these angry words, her eyes smiled and she showed dimples. She seemed lovely to me. She opened her purse, took out a sheet of paper, and shoved it in front of my father's face. "Here is my marriage contract."

The third woman was short, blond, older than the one with the straw hat but much younger than the one from Krochmalna Street. She said she was a cook in the Jewish hospital, where she had met Koppel Mitzner. He introduced himself to her as Morris


Dear Alicia,
I am just having TONS of FUN
here at the Sunnyside Hotel.
FUN
1 TON
1 TON
1 TON
SUNNYSIDE HOTEL
NO VACANCY
I am with Mom and Dad and Fritz. Fritz had a stomach-ache from eating some weird potato chips.
BRAND X CHIPS
We went to the beach. I found three shells.
I met this girl She is a creep. She is in this hotel.
He is better now.
We had fried fish pieces for dinner last night.
(assortment)
Then we watched TV in the hotel room.
So long. I'm really having the time of my life.
Jill
R. Chast

Kelzer. He came to the hospital because he suffered severe headaches, and Dr. Frankel told him to remain two days for observation. The woman said to my father, "Now I understand why his head ached. If I had cooked up such a kasha as he did, my head would have ruptured and I would have lost my mind ten times a day."

The fourth woman had red hair, a face full of freckles, and eyes as green as gooseberries. I noticed a gold tooth on the side of her mouth. Her mother, who wore a bonnet with beads and ribbons, sat on the bench, screaming each time her daughter's name was mentioned. The daughter tried to quiet her by giving her smelling salts, which are used on Yom Kippur for those who are neither strong enough to fast nor willing to break the fast. I heard her say, "Mother, crying and wailing won't help. We have got into a mess and we must get out of it."

"There is a God, there is," the old woman screeched. "He waits long, but He punishes severely. He will see our shame and disgrace and pass judgment. Such an evildoer, such a whoremonger, such a beast!" Her head fell back as if she were about to faint.

The daughter rushed to the kitchen and returned with a wet towel. She rubbed the old woman's temples with it. "Mother, come to yourself. Mother, Mother, Mother!"

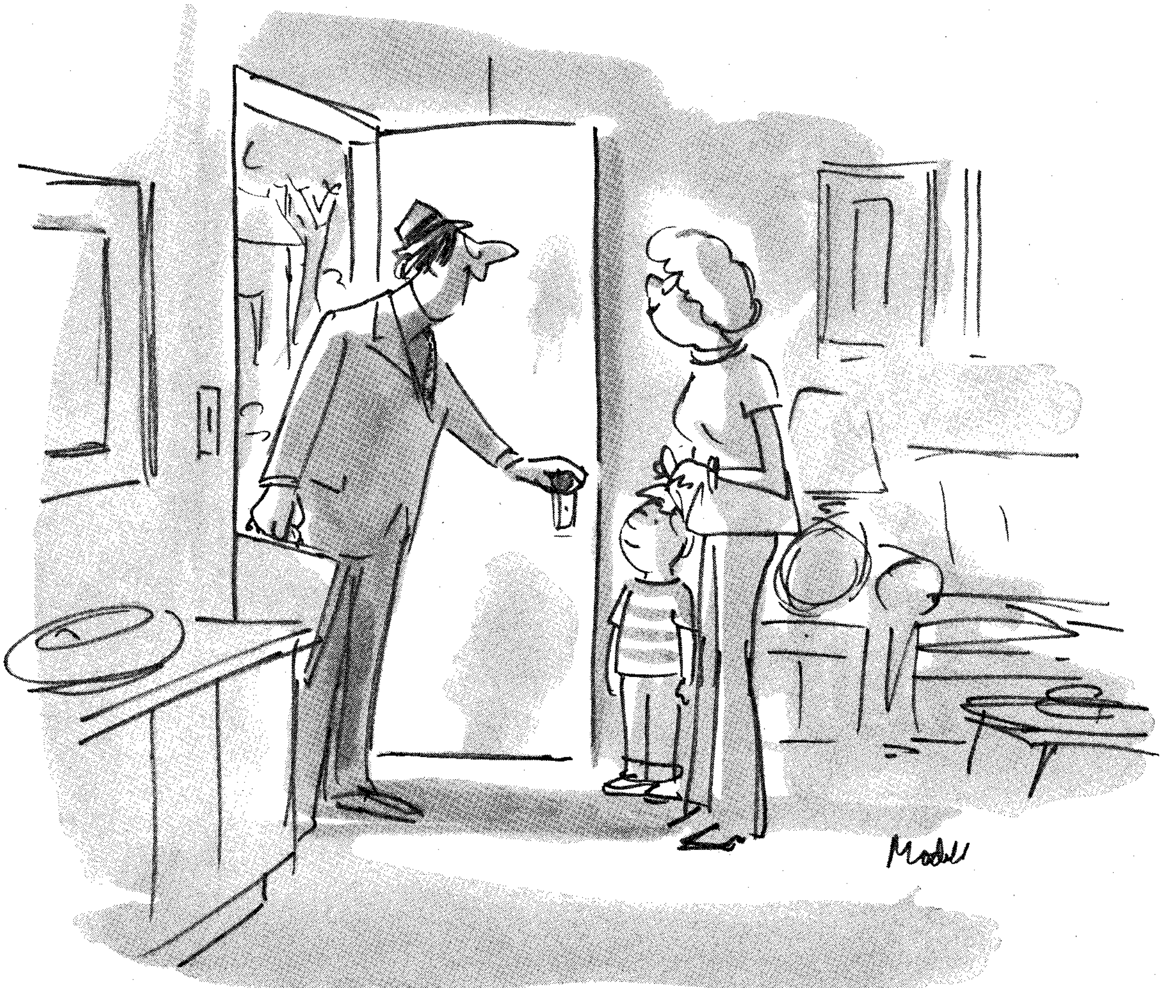
The old woman woke up with a start, and began to yell again. "People, I'm dying!"

"Here, swallow this." The daughter pushed a pill between her empty gums.

AFTER a while the policemen left, ordering Koppel Mitzner to appear at police headquarters the next day, and Shmuel Smetena began to scold Koppel. "How can a man, especially a businessman, do something like this?" My father told Koppel that he must divorce the three other wives without delay and keep the original wife, the one from Krochmalna Street. Father requested that the women approach the table, and he asked them if they agreed to a divorce. But somehow they did not answer clearly. Koppel had six children with the wife from Krochmalna Street, two with the cook from the Jewish hospital, and one with the redhead. Only with the youngest one did he have no children. By now I had learned the names of the women. The one from Krochmalna Street was called Trina Leah, the cook Gutsha, the redhead Naomi. The youngest one had a Gentile name, Pola. Usually when people came for a Din Torah—a judgment—Father made a compromise. If one litigant sued for twenty rubles and the other denied owing anything, my father's verdict would be to pay ten. But what kind of compromise could be made in this case? Father shook his head and sighed. From time to time he glanced toward his books and manuscripts. He disliked being disturbed in his studies. He nodded to me as if to say, "See where the Evil One can lead those who forsake the Torah."

After much haggling Father sent the women to the kitchen to discuss their grievances and the financial details with my mother. She was more experienced than he in worldly matters. She had peered into the courtroom once or twice and thrown Koppel a look of disdain. The women immediately rushed into the kitchen, and I followed. My mother, taller than my father, lean, sickly white, with a sharp nose and large gray eyes, was, as always, reading some Hebrew morality book. She wore a white kerchief over her blond wig. I heard her say to Koppel's wives, "Divorce him. Run away from him as from the fire. I should be forgiven for my words, but what did you see in him? A debaucher!"

Gutsha the cook replied, "Rebbitzen, it's easy to divorce a man, but we have two children. It's true that what he pays for their support is a pittance, but it's still better than nothing. Once we divorce, he will be as free as a bird. A child needs shoes, a little skirt, underpants. Well, and what should I tell them when they grow up? He used to come on Saturdays



"Our troubles are over! The car was stolen!"

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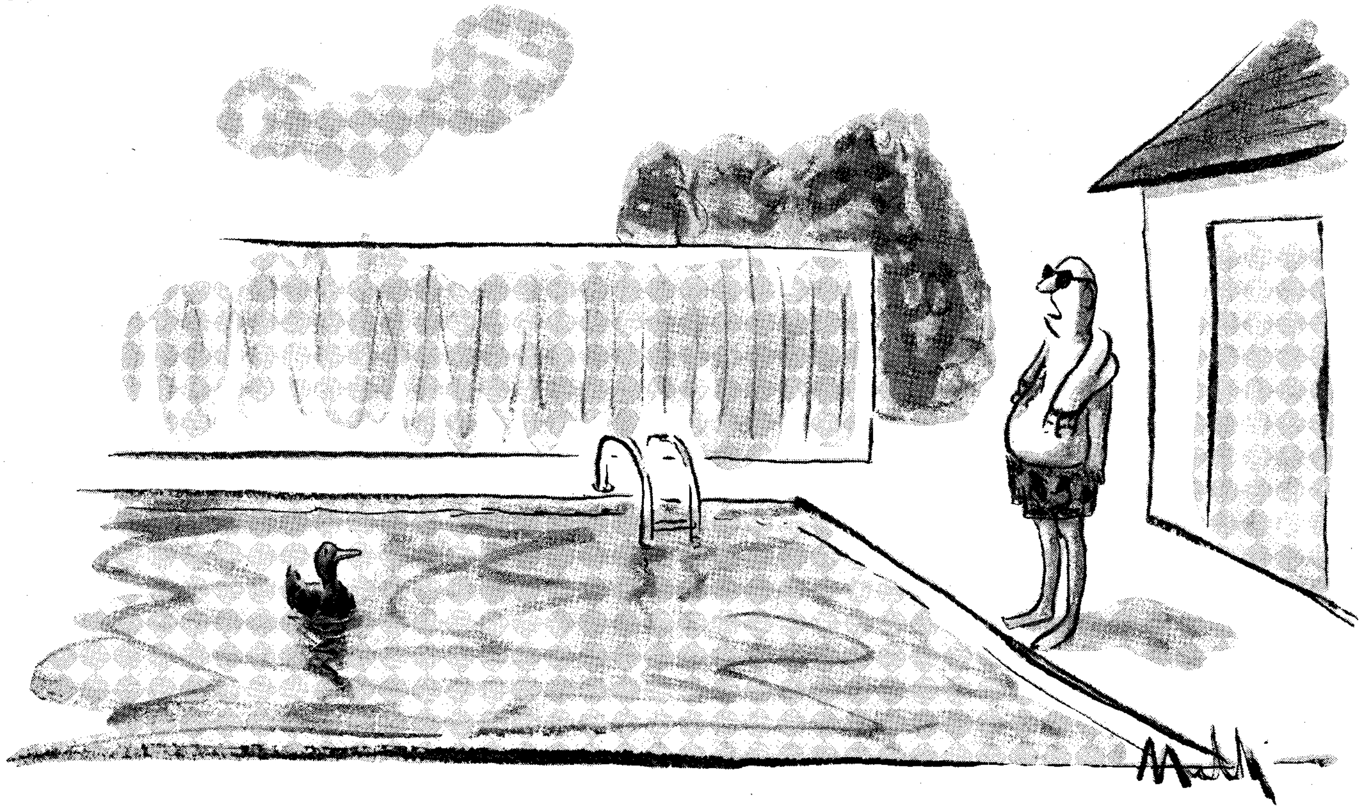


"I beg your pardon."

• •

only—still, to the girls he was Daddy. He brought them candy, a toy, a cookie. And he pretended to love them."

"Didn't you know that he had a wife?" my mother asked.

Gutsha hesitated for a while. "In the beginning I didn't know, and when I found out it was already too late. He said he didn't live with his wife and they would be divorced any day. He dazzled me and bewitched me. He's a smooth talker, a sly fox."

"She knew, the whore, she knew!" Trina Leah called out. "When a man visits a woman on the Sabbath only, he's as kosher as pork. She's no better than he is. People like her only want to grab other women's husbands. She's a slut, an outcast." And Trina Leah spat in Gutsha's face.

Gutsha wiped off her face with a handkerchief. "She should spit blood and pus."

"Really, I cannot understand," my mother said to the women and to herself. Then she added, "Perhaps he could be ordered to pay for the children by the law of the Gentiles."

"Rebbitzen," Gutsha said, "if a man has a heart for his children, he doesn't need to be forced. This one came every week with a different excuse. He doled out the few guldens like alms. Today the policemen came to the hospital and took me away as if I were a lawbreaker. My enemies rejoiced at my downfall. I left my children with a nurse who must leave at four o'clock and then they will be alone."

"In that case, go home at once," my mother said. "Something will be done. There is still a remnant of order in the world."

"No order whatever. I dug my own grave. I must have been insane. I deserve all the blows I'm getting. I'm ready to die, but who will take care of my darlings? It is not their fault."

"She's as much of a mother as I'm a countess," Trina Leah hollered. "Bitch, leper, hoodlum!"

I had great compassion for Gutsha; nevertheless I was curious about the men, and I ran back to the room where they were arguing. I heard Shmuel Smetena say, "Listen to me, Koppel. No matter what you say, the children should not be the victims. You will have to provide for them, and if not the Russians will put you into the cage for three years and no one will bat an eyelid. No lawyer would take a case like this. If you fall into a rage and stab someone, the judge may be lenient. But what you did day in and day out was not the act of a human being."

"I will pay, I will pay—don't be so holier-than-thou," Koppel said. "These are my children, and they will not have to go begging. Rabbi, if you permit me I will swear on the holy scroll." And Koppel pointed to the Ark.

"Swear? God forbid!" Father replied. "First you have to sign a paper that you will obey my judgment and fulfill your obligations to your children. Woe is me!" My father changed his tone. "How long does a man live altogether? Is it worth losing the world to come because of such evil passions? What becomes of the body after death? It's eaten up by the worms. As long as one breathes, one can still repent. In the grave there is no longer free choice."

"Rabbi, I'm ready to fast and to do penances. I have one explanation: I lost my senses. A demon or evil spirit entered me. I got entangled like a fly in a spider's web. I'm afraid people will take revenge on me and no one will enter my store anymore."

"Jews have mercy," my father said. "If you repent with all your heart, no one will persecute you."

"Absolutely true," Shmuel Smetena agreed.

I left the men and went back to the kitchen. The old woman, Naomi's mother, was saying, "Rebbitzen, I didn't like him from the very beginning. I gave one look at him and I said, 'Naomi, run from him as from the pest. He's not going to divorce his wife. First let him divorce her,' I said. 'Then we will see.' My dear lady, we are not just people from the gutter. My late husband, Naomi's father, was a Chassid. Naomi was an honest girl. She became a seamstress to support me.

But he has a quick tongue that spouts sweet words. The more he tried to please me with his flattery, the more I recognized what a serpent he was. But my daughter is a fool. If you tell her that there is a horse fair in Heaven, she wants to go up and buy a horse there. She had bad luck in addition. She was married and became a widow after three months. Her husband, a giant of a man, was felled like a tree. Woe, what I have lived to see in my old age. I wish I had died a long time ago. Who needs me? I just spoil bread."

"Don't say this. When God tells us to live, we must live," my mother said.

"What for? People sneer at us. When she told me that she was pregnant by that mooncalf, I grabbed her hair and . . . People, I'm dying!"

THAT day, all three women agreed to divorce Koppel Mitzner. The divorce proceedings were to take place in our house. Koppel signed a paper and gave my father an advance of five rubles. Father had already written down the names of the three women. The name Naomi was a good Jewish name. Gutsha was a diminutive of Gutte, which used to be Tovah. But what kind of name was Pola? My father looked the name up in a book with the title "People's Names," but there was no Pola there. He asked me to bring Isaiah the scribe, and they talked it over. Isaiah had much experience in such matters. He told my father that he drew a circle in a notebook each time he wrote a divorce paper, and recently his son counted over eight hundred such circles. "According to the law," Isaiah said, "a Gentile name is acceptable in a divorce paper."

Naomi was supposed to be divorced first. The ritual ceremony was to take place on Sunday. But that Sunday neither Koppel nor his wives showed up. The news spread on Krochmalna Street that Koppel Mitzner had vanished together with his youngest wife, Pola. He deserted the three other wives, and they would never be permitted to remarry. Where he and Pola went, no one knew, but it was believed that they had run away to Paris or to New York. "Where else," Mother said, "would such charlatans go?," and she gave me an angry look, as if suspecting that I envied Koppel his journey and, who knows, perhaps even his companion. "Go back to your book," she added. "Such depravities are not for you."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.)

HAUNTED LANDSCAPE

Something brought them here. It was an outcropping of peace
In the blurred afternoon slope on which so many picnickers
Had left no trace. The hikers then always passed through
And greeted you silently. And down in one corner,

Where the sweet William grew and a few other cheap plants,
The rhythm became strained, extenuated, as it petered out
Among pots and watering cans and a trowel. There were no
People now but everywhere signs of their recent audible passage.

She had preferred to sidle through the cane and he
To hoe the land in the hope that someday they would grow happy
Contemplating the result: so much fruitfulness. A legend.
He came now in the certainty of her braided greeting,

Sunlight and shadow, and a great sense of what had been cast off
Along the way, to arrive in this notch. Why were the insiders
Secretly amused at their putting up handbills at night?
By day hardly anyone came by and saw them.

They were thinking, too, that this was the right way to begin
A farm that would later have to be uprooted to make way
For the new plains and mountains that would follow after
To be extinguished in turn as the ocean takes over

Where the glacier leaves off and in the thundering of surf
And rock, something, some note or other, gets lost,
And we have this to look back on, not much, but a sign
Of the petty ordering of our days as it was created and led us

By the nose through itself, and now it has happened
And we have it to look at, and have to look at it
For the good it now possesses which has shrunk from the
Outline surrounding it to a little heap or handful near the center.

Others call this old age or stupidity, and we, living
In that commodity, know how only it can enchant the dear soul
Building up dreams through the night that are cast down
At the end with a graceful roar, like chimes swaying out over

The phantom village. It is our best chance of passing
Unnoticed into the dream and all that the outside said about it,
Carrying all that back to the source of so much that was precious.
At one of the later performances you asked why they called it a "miracle,"

Since nothing ever happened. That, of course, was the miracle,
But you wanted to know why so much action took on so much life
And still managed to remain itself, aloof, smiling and courteous.
Is that the way life is supposed to happen? We'll probably never know

Until its cover turns into us: the eglantine for duress
And long relativity, until it becomes a touch of red under the bridge
At fixed night, and the cries of the wind are viewed as happy, salient.
How could that picture come crashing off the wall when no one was in the room?

At least the glass isn't broken. I like the way the stars
Are painted in this one, and those which are painted out.
The door is opening. A man you have never seen enters the room.
He tells you that it is time to go, but that you may stay,

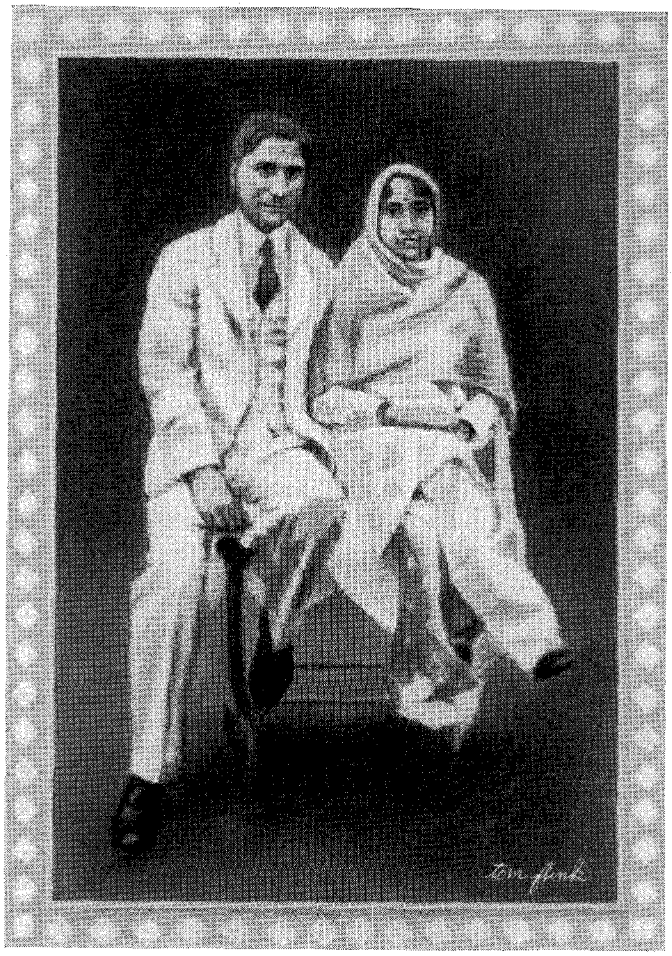
If you wish. You reply that it is one and the same to you.
It was only later, after the house had materialized elsewhere,
That you remembered you forgot to ask him what form the change would take.
But it is probably better that way. Now time and the land are identical,

Linked forever.

—JOHN ASHBERY

PROFILES

MAMAJI—III



Daddyji and Mamaji

MEHTA FAMILY

IN the autumn of 1928, when Mamaji and Daddyji had been married about three years, they were attending a christening in Lahore, to which Daddyji had just been transferred from Montgomery as district health officer. Savitri Khanna, the child's mother, was the daughter of their old family friend Principal Sain Das, and she came up to Mamaji after the ceremony and said, "We all grew up like the fingers of one hand, but since our marriages we've scarcely seen each other. Why don't we buy land together here in Lahore and build houses next to each other?"

The child, who had just been christened by having all his hair rudely shaved off, was bawling so loudly in his mother's arms that Mamaji couldn't hear what was being said, and Savitri Khanna had to repeat her suggestion.

"We have barely finished building a house in Montgomery," Mamaji said. "The money-knot of my sari is empty."

But Daddyji overheard her, and said, "A house in lonely Montgomery is no match for a house in Lahore. Let's get some nice land here, on Temple Road, and build a new house. I may not have any money to my name, but I carry my luck with me."

Within days, Daddyji had found a piece of land on Temple Road, hardly a minute's walk from where Babuji and Mataji, Mamaji's parents, were now living, in a bungalow on Mozang Road. (They had moved from the Shahalmi Gate house—where Mamaji was born—only a few weeks after her marriage.) He and Mamaji bought one portion of the Temple Road land; Savitri and her husband, Hari Dev Khanna, also bought a portion; and Principal Sain Das bought the rest. Mamaji sold her dowry jewelry and her silver tea set, Daddyji sold the Montgomery house, and they borrowed some money at interest from Savitri and Hari Dev Khanna; then they started building their house.

The house was completed in November of 1929, just in time for Mamaji to give birth to her third child there. Mamaji was sure that the completion of the house in Lahore augured good luck. But the delivery turned out to be a difficult one—she had a hemorrhage and had to be given a transfusion—and the child was a third daughter. When Mamaji saw the baby, she felt that the shadow of her bad luck would follow her to the cremation ground. She turned her face to the wall.

Just then, Bhabiji, Daddyji's mother, came to see the new baby, so Mamaji turned around. Mamaji felt sure that she would see in her mother-in-law's eyes a look of disapproval, or, at least, dismay, because the wife of her eldest son was capable of producing only girls. She had grown up hearing that on such an occasion a mother-in-law bared her teeth, warning of dire things to come. Instead, Bhabiji looked at the baby and broke into a beatific smile. "She's the prettiest baby I've ever seen," she said, laying the baby across her lap. "She's just like her father. I always wanted a second daughter, and she will be a sister to him."

"Bhabiji, she's our daughter, too," Daddyji said, with a laugh, and he took the baby. He immediately named the child Urmila, to accord with the names of their other daughters—Promila and Nirmila.

The three girls were born within the space of three years. Mamaji had scarcely finished breast-feeding one baby—she breast-fed most of her children until they were six months old—before another baby was on the way. But, to Mamaji's unceasing amazement, the three were entirely different.

Promila was delicate and restless almost from the day of her arrival. The climate of Montgomery didn't seem to suit her. She sneezed a lot, and when she was barely two months old she came down with pneumonia. "She's going," Mamaji thought, and she clutched the crying baby to her shoulder, feeling the baby's forehead and feet every few minutes to see if the fever had abated. Daddyji, like many doctors, was reluctant to treat his own child, and both he and Mamaji placed their trust in the district civil surgeon, who lived across the road. He stopped by every hour or so, as much to counsel and comfort Mamaji and Daddyji as to treat the baby. Promila recovered quickly but remained thin and irritable. Mamaji took her to Babuji's house in Lahore, thinking that Lahore's slightly warmer climate would improve her health. But everyone at Babuji's house was constantly picking her up and playing with her, and, as Mamaji later put it, "the social climate of Lahore didn't suit her." When Mamaji and Promila had been in Lahore only a few days, Daddyji was ordered to go to Calcutta for three months to take a refresher course in the treatment of leprosy; besides being district health officer, he was serving as leprosy officer for the Punjab. He took Mamaji and Promila—Mamaji had never travelled far outside her little world of Lahore and Montgomery—with him on the train. Promila loved being on the train. She smiled and gurgled and slept all through the day and a half of the journey. But when they reached Calcutta she kicked up a fuss, as if she didn't have any use for the noisy metropolis.

Nirmila, as a baby, was chunky and easygoing. She seldom cried, and seemed to grow up by herself. She could lie in her crib for hours waving her arms and kicking, giggling and getting fat.

Urmila seemed to sense from the very beginning that her being a girl was a disappointment, and she grew up a fighter. She was a healthy, energetic baby, the prettiest of the three girls, and almost from the first she was very particular about who might hold her. When she was a little older, if she didn't like the look of someone reaching out for her she would vigorously push the person away, and if that didn't work she was not above boxing the person's ears, but always with the most winning smile.

WHILE Mamaji was still recovering from her confinement with Urmila, most of Daddyji's relatives in Lahore moved in, so that the new house became the home of a traditional Indian joint family. She and Daddyji now had living with them Bhabiji; four of Daddyji's younger brothers; three of his sister Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's teen-age children; and one of Daddyji's first cousins. Daddyji, using a cricket term she didn't understand, insisted on calling the family "the home eleven," when she could count at least fourteen in the house on any given day. Mamaji began to feel—rightly or wrongly—that in Daddyji's affections Bhabiji was first, then his brothers and close relatives, and then their own children, and that she came last. No matter how often he told her that he loved them all equally, she couldn't believe it, because of the way he seemed to allow his brothers Balwant and Raj Kanwar and his cousin Jaswant to treat her.

Balwant, Jaswant, and Raj Kanwar were big, tall, rambunctious fellows in their twenties. At Government College, which they were all attending, they were captains of the swimming and rowing teams and had become known as the Invincibles. Balwant and Jaswant had failed their B.A. examinations. Raj Kanwar had passed, but only on a second try, and was now studying law. All of them could talk themselves out of any situation. (At the time Raj Kanwar failed his B.A. examination, he didn't tell Bhabiji. When, after a month or so, she found out, and asked him about it, he said nonchalantly, "What is there to tell about failing? I would have told you if I'd passed. A good mother like you deserves only good news.")

Mamaji felt that the three boys had been completely spoiled by, among other things, Daddyji's way with money. Following the death of his father, some years earlier, Daddyji had taken on the responsibility of supporting the family, and in all that time he had refused Bhabiji nothing. If she asked for five hundred rupees, he produced five hundred rupees and put them in her lap. If she asked for seven hundred, he produced seven hundred. No sooner would she get the money than Balwant, Jaswant, and Raj Kanwar would crowd around her clamoring for money to pay fees, to buy books, to get haircuts. She would give them what they asked for, but more often than not they would squander it on cigarettes and poker and, instead of going to college, loaf like teen-agers in Lawrence Gardens—cracking jokes, passing the time of day, staring longingly at the birds in the sky because the birds had wings.

Mamaji felt that Balwant and Jaswant were really simple and pliable, and by themselves would not have given her any trouble, but in the company of Raj Kanwar they were unmanageable. All three were older than she was, and rarely missed an opportunity to tease her—as though she were their younger sister instead of the wife of the head of the family. If she bought a basket of pears, they would gobble them up, belch, and then complain about them.

"Those pears were like rocks!"

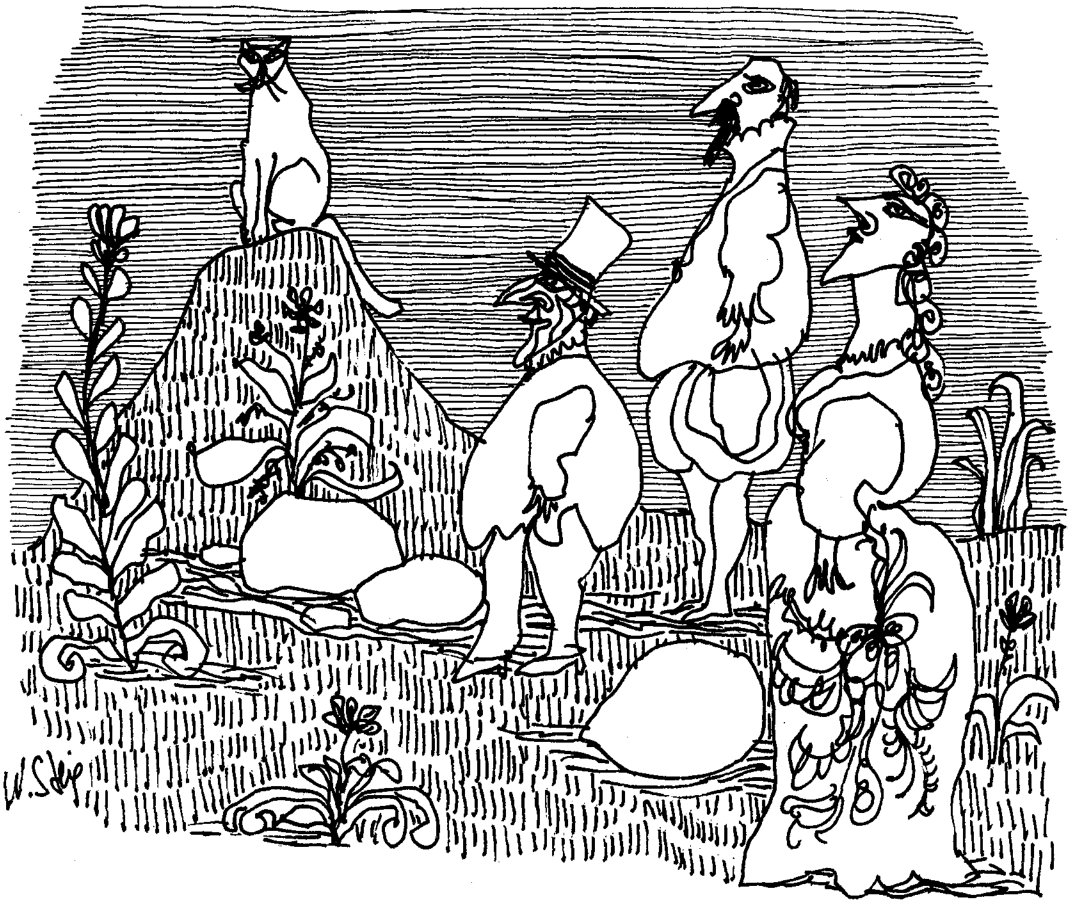
"She doesn't even know how to choose fruit."

"What can you expect from a mere child?"

If one day there wasn't a meat dish at a meal, they would nip at Mamaji's heels. They particularly objected to *dal* (lentils).

"*Dal*, *dal*, *dal*, all we ever get to eat in this house is *dal*. Is that any way to feed the Invincibles?"

Once, when she thought the Invincibles were out of the house, she went up to the sideboard, fingered a



Storm Developing

bunch of bananas, and chose the ripest one to mash for Nirmila. Raj Kanwar came up behind her and bellowed, "Give me that banana! Do you want to waste such a good banana on a baby? She spits it out anyway!"

Another time, she was in bed with abdominal pains. She had developed them from skipping rope at her sister Pushpa's birthday party, where, in the excitement of the moment, she had forgotten that she was still convalescing from Urmila's birth. The doctor had prescribed complete bed rest. Daddyji was all solicitude, but after he left for the office in the morning she heard Raj Kanwar in the next room announce, to the laughter of his acolytes, "She's in bed because she thinks she needs rest day and night."

Then Raj Kanwar summoned a servant with a shout: "Tulsi! Bring hot water immediately!"

"In a minute, Sahib," the servant replied, from Mamaji's room.

"What!"

"Sahib, Mistress is in bed. I'm changing Baby Nirmila's clothes."

Raj Kanwar rushed in, snatched Nirmila out of Tulsi's arms, set her down on the floor, and shoved the servant toward the kitchen.

Mamaji, observing the scene from her bed, was too petrified even to call out to Nirmila, who was screaming, until she could hear Raj Kanwar out on the veranda, singing contentedly as he shaved:

> Walk, walk, walk like a general,
> Talk, talk, talk like a king,
> And the world will belong to you!

When Mamaji was alone, she brooded and seethed about the Invincibles, scheming to best them in the next encounter, but in front of them she either laughed off their complaints or demurely bowed her head. Once, however, when she heard Raj Kanwar giving Bhabiji a rapid-fire accounting of a hundred-rupee note he had taken from his mother, she spoke up.

"I spent seven rupees on books—right?" Raj Kanwar told Bhabiji. "I gave five rupees to the fruit vender—right? I gave two rupees to Tulsi for bicycle repairs—right? That makes thirty—right?" Bhabiji—trusting, as always—was concentrating on her spinning, and didn't say anything, so Raj Kanwar went on boldly, "Twenty rupees went for fees—right? So here is your balance of thirteen rupees." Bhabiji took the thirteen rupees and blessed him, in her usual way.

Mamaji knew that the Invincibles had the ingenuous Bhabiji wrapped around their fingers to the point where they could make her see lilies and lotuses in the thorns of an acacia tree, yet she found herself saying, to her own horror, "Bhabiji, that makes only thirty-four rupees. He owes you sixty-six rupees."

Raj Kanwar glanced at her, and she thought that she had never seen an angrier man in her life. He said to her under his breath, "You wait. I will make pudding of you." Then he looked straight at Bhabiji and said in a loud voice, "She's a mere child—what does she know about anything?"

"You should speak respectfully to your eldest brother's wife," Bhabiji said, resuming her spinning. "Give her a proper accounting of the hundred rupees. She's very good at household accounts."

He didn't say anything then, but when he and Mamaji were out of Bhabiji's hearing he turned on her.

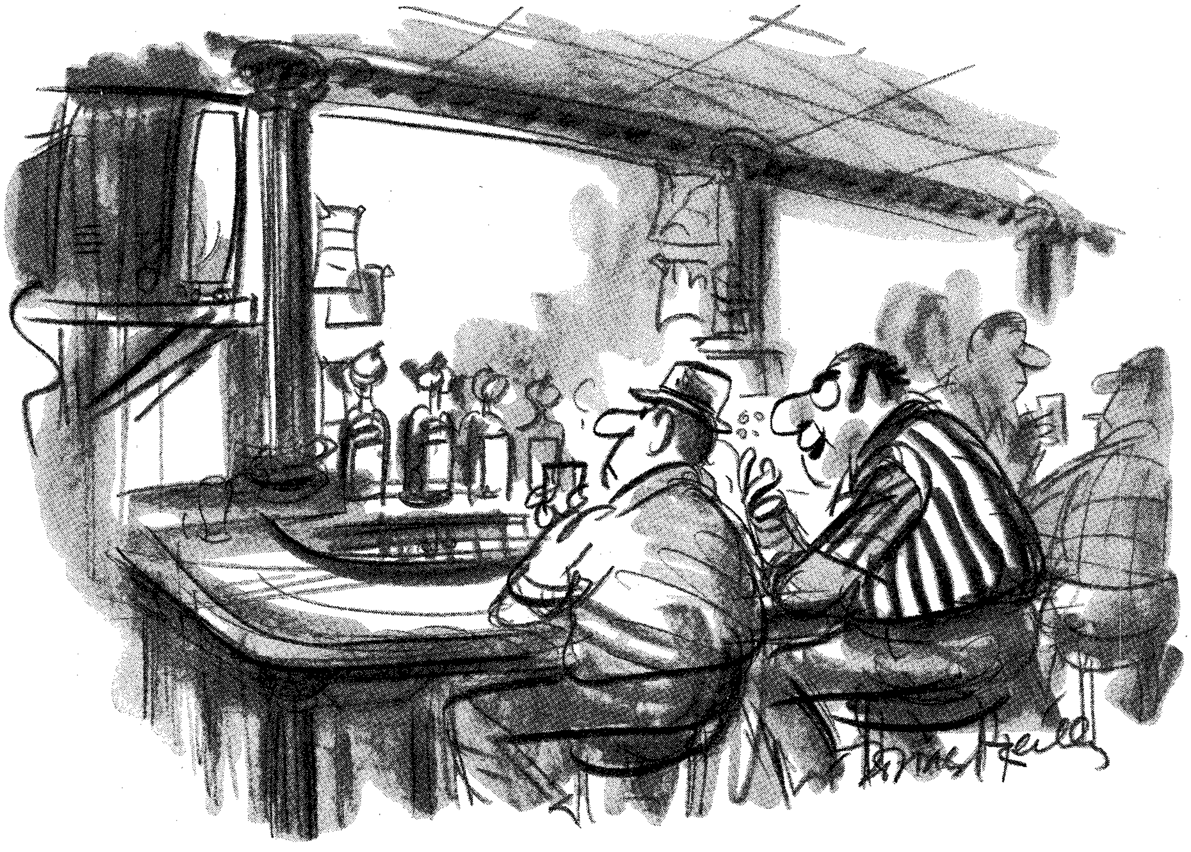
She stammered, "After all, the money comes from Doctor-Sahib's pocket, and I have a right—"

"Right?" he bellowed. "I'm his brother! I'm his blood! She's my mother! Who are you? You want to separate brother from brother, mother from son?"

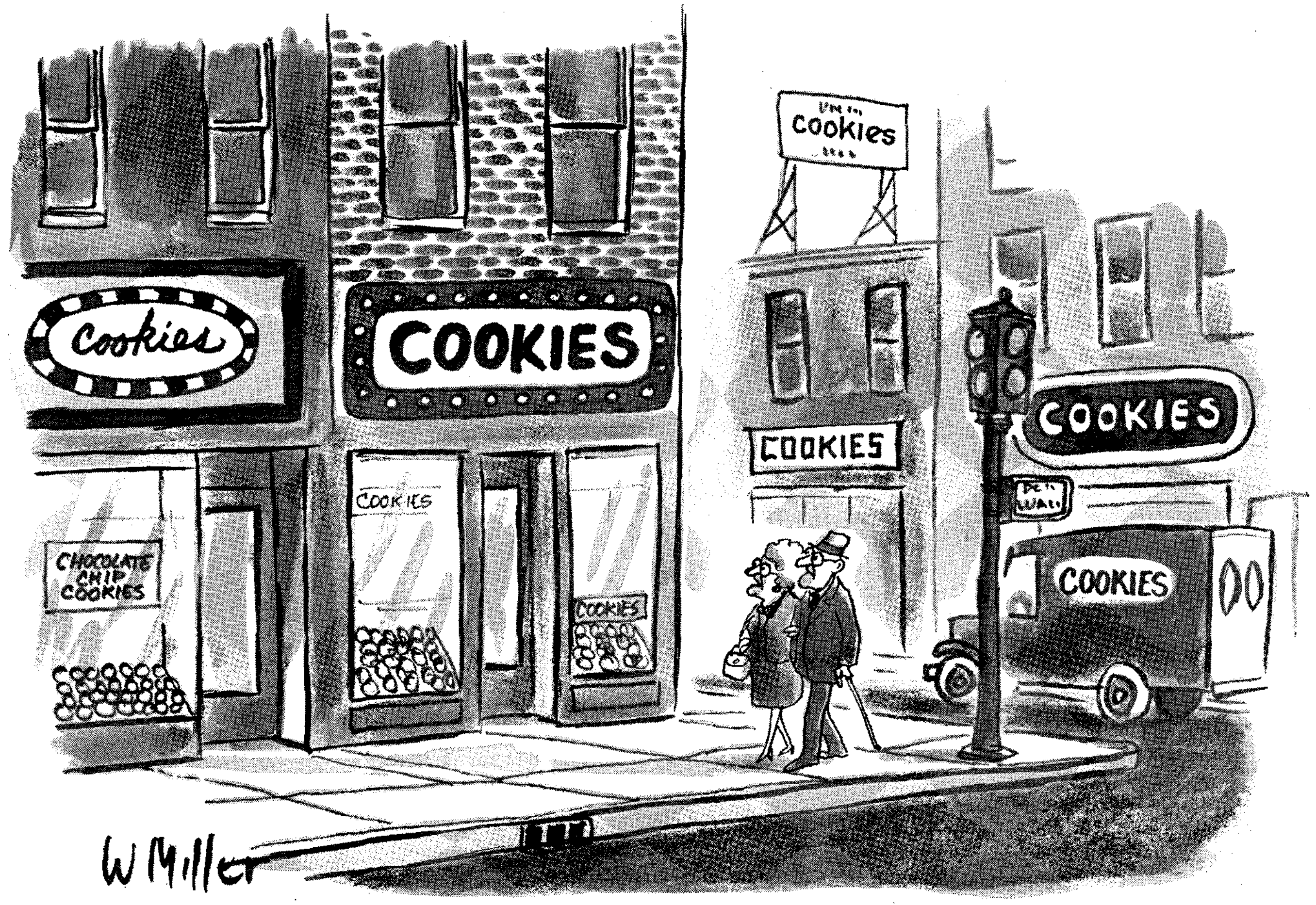
Whenever she found Daddyji in a good mood, she would complain to him about the Invincibles. He would listen calmly and then say, "You should settle it yourself. Just behave like their eldest brother's wife—don't get into squabbles with them and start *tu-tu, main-main* [you-you, me-me]—and they will respect you."

Yet, try as she would to do what Daddyji had told her, Raj Kanwar always managed to find an opportunity to make a new scene. Such scenes may not have been as frequent or as severe as she later remembered, but each stood out in her mind, as frightening in memory as the sound of Babuji's walking stick in her childhood.

DADDYJI and Mamaji had a quarrel one evening. Later, they couldn't remember how it had begun—only that some small complaint about Raj Kanwar or Bhabiji, about bananas or money, had flared into his making wounding comparisons between her and Bhabiji: Bhabiji was gracious to her



"It's simple. Connally booms, and I like booming."



"I don't know what it all means, either. But it's certainly better than porno shops."

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fingertips, charitable and forgiving; Mamaji was a born malcontent, ungenerous and carping.

"You don't want me to educate my brothers!" he shouted. "You don't want my brothers in the house!"

She cried, "You can keep your brothers! You can have your joint family without me!"

He caught hold of her arm and took her across to Babuji, on Mozang Road. He left her there.

Her father lectured her. "Don't you know there are no quarters for you here? Whether he keeps you or throws you out or beats you, you have to fulfill all his wishes. You're not a child, you're a woman of good sense. Go home and behave like a good Hindu wife." He quoted to her this Punjabi quatrain:

> Yours is a life without help,
> The same is your story:
> Milk under your veil,
> Always water in your eyes.

She bent down and touched his feet—encased, as usual, in highly polished black leather slippers—and then walked out of his house, crying quietly to herself behind her veil.

Daddyji was sitting in his car just outside their house, waiting for her. He leaned across the seat, opened the door, and motioned to her to get in. He drove for some time in silence. She had no idea where he was taking her or what he would do with her. Finally, he stopped the car. She looked up. They were on the bank of the River Ravi. It was the monsoon season. The river was right up to the top of the bank, and the current was swift. There was a full moon. He drew her veil aside. He said he felt that the world was at his feet. He was somebody in his own town, and was able to provide for his children, for his brothers, for his nephews and nieces, for Bhabiji, for her.

"I can't live in the same house as Bhabiji and her family," she said, forgetting Babuji's words. "I want to live in a separate house. I really need a house of my own."

He quoted a Punjabi saying:

> Those who have not been born
>   of your blood
> Come into your house
> And separate the real blood
>   brothers.

Then he said, "I could never have imagined that *my* wife would separate blood relations. But if you are determined, I will get you your own house. Bhabiji is perfectly capable of bringing up the boys and seeing to their education." He turned away from her and looked at the river, and added, in a cold way that sent chills through her arms, "I have no choice. I will have to live wherever you and our children live. But if we do break up the joint family, remember one thing—you and our children will never be able to see Bhabiji and my brothers again. Think about it."

For a moment, she thought he was only threatening her, but then she remembered that she had heard of many households where mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law stopped talking to each other, stopped walking together. She started crying.

He patted and embraced her. "Make your heart a little bigger," he said. "What does it matter if Raj Kanwar eats the baby's banana? You can just go out and buy more bananas." He tried to make her laugh. "I will always give you the money for more bananas." Her face remained stiff with tears. "I have never begrudged you money," he continued. "Lalaji used to say, 'Only get married if you are in a position to give your wife fifty rupees when she asks for five. You might give her only ten or fifteen, but you should be in a position to give her fifty.' I am the son of that father, and I am in a position to give you fifty rupees."

By the end of the evening, they were laughing, and as they were driving home he quoted to her a Persian saying of Lalaji's which had become, in effect, his own motto:

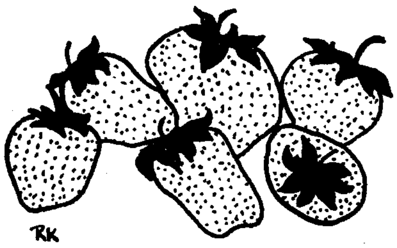
> To the patient and confident,
> No difficulty is difficult.
> Let a man not lose heart.

ONE of the earliest surviving photographs of Mamaji after her marriage shows her in the courtyard of the Temple Road house, kneeling behind Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's daughter Vidya and combing her hair. Vidya, a rather studious-looking, frail young woman, has a pained expression on her face. The photograph was taken in 1929, when Vidya was seventeen years old and was living with Mamaji and Daddyji. Some six years earlier, Vidya had contracted tuberculosis of the bones in her wrists after drinking milk from a tuberculous cow. As a result, her wrists seemed always to be covered with handcuffs of oozing sores, and her hands were deformed. She had difficulty doing the smallest thing for herself—washing, combing her hair, dressing herself, even eating. It was accepted that because of her hands no one would marry her and take care of her, and she would have to make her own way in the world as a spinster, so Daddyji had brought her from Jullundur, where her father was a petty official, to Lahore to educate her. (At the time, her two older brothers, Dharam Bir and Prakash, were also living in the house, so that they could be educated in Lahore.) At first, because of the pain in her hands, Vidya wrote with difficulty and was unable to concentrate on her studies. The more helpless she became, the more Mamaji was drawn to her. Occasionally, at night, Mamaji would tell Daddyji what she had done for Vidya that day: how she had nursed her and tended to her. He would listen, but then quote to her adages of his childhood: "Do a good deed and then throw it in the river," and "He who does a good deed or a favor and talks about it wipes it away."

(In December of 1977, Vidya, who was the only girl in the family who never married, and who had dedicated herself to a career of teaching and administration, retired, at sixty-five, as principal of a women's college in Jullundur, where she had become well known as a strict disciplinarian and moralist.)

ONE day, a friend of Bhabiji's stopped by and said that she had a girl in mind for Raj Kanwar. Daddyji had helped Raj Kanwar get into the police service, where his domineering disposition, his nearly six-foot frame, and his powerful build were serving him well.

Raj Kanwar was much excited by the proposal, and immediately asked Mamaji, as his "best friend," to go and look the girl over for him. Mamaji was touched by his request, but she felt that, whatever part she played in his marriage, she would be put in the wrong. If she gave her approval of the girl and the marriage wasn't a success, Raj Kanwar would be out to get her. If she withheld her approval and Raj Kanwar subsequently made a bad match with another girl, he would blame Mamaji for having prevented him from marrying this one. She begged off, and he boldly set forth by himself on a momentous mission into the old city, where the girl lived.



Many hours later, he swept into the house, calling to Mamaji, "She's beautiful! And do you know how many silver platters of sweetmeats they had? Twelve! She's comely! And do you know how many silver bowls of condiments they had? Twenty-eight! And you should have heard her voice!" As he talked, he jumped up and down, making Promila and Nirmila laugh uncontrollably; they apparently thought he was putting on a special show for them.

Raj Kanwar asked Bhabiji to send for the *shagan*—the token of betroth-

THE CAT'S VIEW

The cat at dawn goes to the slightly raised window.
Puts her paws on the sill.
Looks through the crack to see what she can see.

Houses with blank windows
a car moving itself down a street
chimneys with no smoke in them
grass gray still with night
below her the water perfectly still
in it a cloud moving a gull
disappearing into a bulkhead
the sun rising against walls

This is all she will ever see.

At noon she goes to the window again.
The houses are as she has seen them
but their windows are open the curtains blowing
people walking along the street without speaking
a cat with a fat red tail
hunting mice hiding in the weeds
a tall sun leaning over grass and the sparrows

This too is all she will ever see.

Now the sun rests against the dark sides of the houses.
Sparrows gone into dark holes
and grass lying down
no people on streets
cars moving back emitting black smoke
the tide quiet as morning
gulls flying back but the clouds chasing the sun
the bones of the house and the sky and the water
lying still

This too is all she will ever see.

—VIRGINIA R. TERRIS

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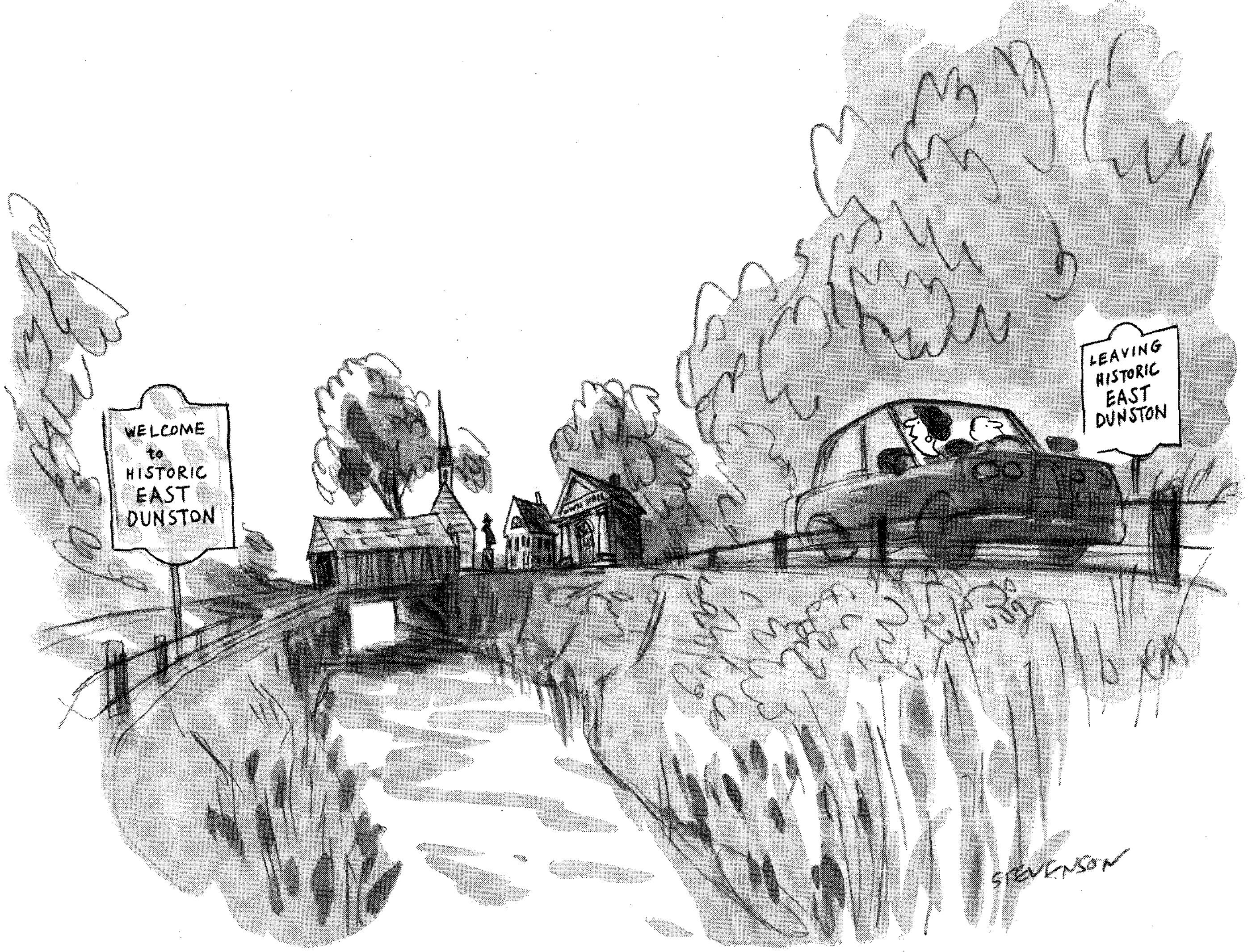


"Yes, it is perfect, but don't you think it's rather small?"

• •

al—immediately and make arrangements for the wedding then and there. But Bhabiji wanted Balwant, her third son, to get married before Raj Kanwar, her fourth son; she had still not got over the fact that Daulat Ram, her second son, had got married before Daddyji, her first son, and so had made people whisper that maybe there was something wrong with Daddyji. Moreover, Daddyji had just set Balwant up in a tailoring shop, and she felt that Balwant was now quite as eligible a bachelor as Raj Kanwar. Bhabiji went to Raj Kanwar's prospective mother-in-law and explained the situation to her.

The prospective mother-in-law immediately began touring the *gullis* talking up the virtues of Balwant, whom she had never met, and in a matter of days she had found a girl for him—of the right caste and of good appearance. The girl's father was dead, and her widowed mother, who had brought her up in reduced circumstances, was eager to have her daughter marry a man of good family, even if he did only run a tailoring business.

When within a few weeks Mamaji saw two of the Invincibles—one after the other, Raj Kanwar after Balwant—get on their wedding horses and ride away from the house to fetch their brides, she gave thanks to God Ram. Now they would have their own wives to tease and to find fault with, then their own children to frighten, and, in time, their own separate homes to rule. (Jaswant eventually married, too, and Daddyji got him a job as superintendent of a tribal settlement outside Lahore.)

Balwant and his wife, Sheila, turned out to be well matched. They settled down almost like brother and sister. But Raj Kanwar's "beautiful" and "comely" wife, Janki, turned out to be a different matter. Though she looked half his size, she had twice his fire. Often, he would make a great noise about how her mother had dazzled him with silver platters and silver bowls, and had never let him get a good look at her. Each time, she would push him out of the house and say, "Go be a policeman with other women!" Every second day, he would threaten to send her back to her mother, and every second day she would threaten him with his paternal uncle, Bhaji Ganga Ram, for she had heard Bhaji Ganga Ram say that no blood relation of his could turn out a wife and remain part of the family.

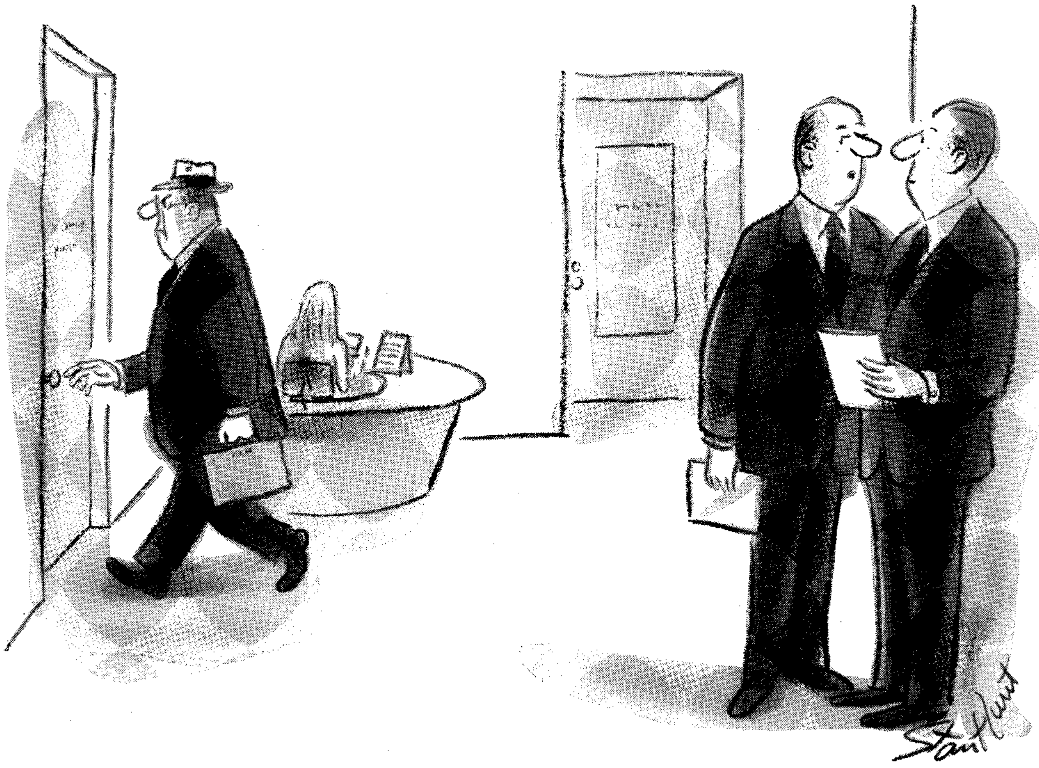
Before long, Janki got pregnant and, one day, stormed out of the house to her mother.

Some months later, after Janki was delivered of a son, she and her mother came to Raj Kanwar and laid the baby at his feet.

"Kick him if you like, but he's yours," Janki said.

Raj Kanwar hesitated for a moment, then bent down, picked the baby up, and fondled it. He took Janki back.

Mamaji was not surprised. She had thought all along that Raj Kanwar could not bear the silence of Janki's absence, and must be missing the fights



"That's Dobson. He has the first-strike capability around here."

• •

he had got used to. Indeed, he and Janki were soon following their old pattern of spirited married life.

Around this time, Daulat Ram, Balwant, Raj Kanwar, and their younger brother Romesh banded together with Bhaji Ganga Ram and Mukand Lal, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's husband, and bought some land across Temple Road from Daddyji's house, for separate houses of their own. Romesh, who had qualified as an architect, was going to oversee the project, and he drew up plans to build a separate, self-contained flat for Bhabiji in his own house.

Mamaji greeted the news with deep relief. Each of the brothers, she told herself, would now have his own place, his own wife, and his own children to look after, and the wives and children would have one another to fight with. The Mehtas would finally have a little village of their own—already they were calling it Mehta Gulli—in the center of Lahore. Day after day, as she watched the walls and roofs go up—the structures standing shoulder to shoulder, in the manner of a village lane, but looking new and *pukka* (lasting), in the manner of a Lahore *gulli*—she reflected on how fortunate she was that Daddyji had built their house before Mehta Gulli was thought of, so that, although their house was close by, it was outside the colony and therefore independent of it. She was finally going to have a house of her own in Lahore. But, much to her surprise, the building of Mehta Gulli and the departure of Daddyji's family made the house feel almost empty, and she began missing the early years of her marriage, when Raj Kanwar and the rest of them had caused her heart to beat faster with dread, and when she had spent wakeful nights scheming ways to trip them up and to get even with them.

Rai Bahadur

EVERY morning, Mamaji would gather Promila, Nirmila, and Urmila and dress them up in pink, or orange, or green. She would give the end of her sari to Promila, who was well on her way to mastering a sedate walk and could be depended upon to stay close; she would catch hold of Nirmila's hand and practically drag her, to keep her from picking up a rusty horseshoe or a sharp-edged bottle top and putting it in her mouth; she would seat Urmila, her lordly daughter, in the pram. In this way, the four would set off to spend the day with Babuji and Mataji in their bungalow on Mozang Road. There, while Mamaji closeted herself with Mataji and Malan, Mataji's mother, in the safe-room—it was their bungalow version of the *chaubara* (women's quarters), and contained a safe—Mamaji's three younger sisters would fall upon the little girls with kisses and sweets and take them either out on the lawn or up on the roof, where they could make as much noise as they liked without disturbing Babuji and his visitors, on the veranda. In the safe-room, the three women—grandmother, mother, and daughter—would spend most of the day gossiping and looking over the jewelry and saris for the dowries of Mamaji's younger sisters. Now and again, Mataji and Mamaji would stash away a little money saved from their household purchases, in case, like Malan after her husband's death, they should be abandoned to the mercies of the world.

Early in 1926, Babuji had sold the Shahalmi Gate house and bought and moved into the Mozang Road bungalow. It was surrounded on all sides by bungalows, so the area had the atmosphere of a fashionable suburb; it stood a quarter of a mile to the west of Lawrence Gardens, so it had clean air; and it was a couple of houses to the east of Mozang Chowk (*chowk* means "square" or "intersection"), so it afforded easy access to both the Indian bazaar that lay to the south and the Western shops that lay to the north, along the Mall. The bungalow, an open colonial-style structure on a twelve-hundred-square-yard plot, had been built by a nawab on a princely scale some years before, with spacious private grounds and a tennis court. Like a Lahori notable, Babuji furnished the veranda with capacious wood-and-cane sofas and chairs that had slats under the armrests which could be swung out to serve as leg rests; and all around the veranda he installed full-length roll-down bamboo shades to keep the sun out. Again like a Lahori notable, he furnished the drawing room with long, comfortable divans, many brass tables and *pan boxes*, and brass standing spittoons, and the dining room with a big dining table and chairs, a matching sideboard, and sets of Western china and cutlery. (All this furniture, silver, and china had come in the dowry of his son Bhagwan Das's wife, Sumitra.) At one end of the dining room, he installed a Western-type sink, with running water and with a makeshift drainpipe that emptied into an open drain outside. He filled the rest of the rooms with dressing tables, mirrors, and big beds; there were also dozens of charpoys, which could be put down anywhere. The only visible reminders of the Shahalmi Gate house were an old wall clock that had been in the family

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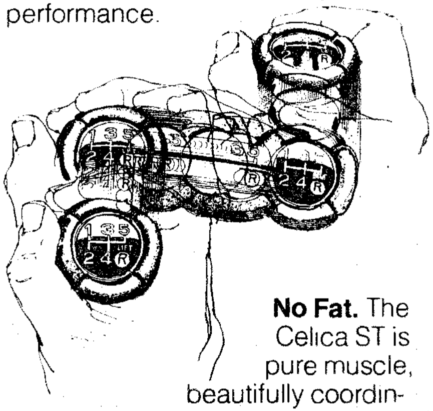


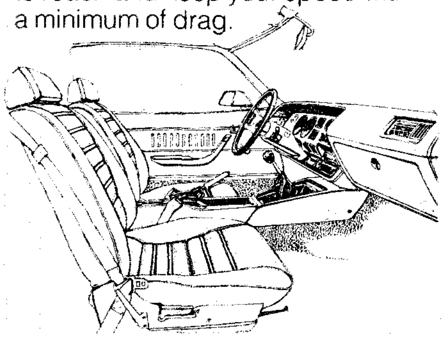
No Fat. The Celica ST is pure muscle, beautifully coordinated by its standard 5-speed overdrive gear box. As *Road & Track* test figures show: the Celica accelerates from 0-60 in 10 4 seconds flat. And can stop in a clean 270 feet from a speed of 80 mph.

Not only won't you get this kind of clean performing precision out of many other sports coupes—you won't even get it out of the much more expensive Porsche 924!

No Waste. Like every Toyota, the Celica doesn't waste an ounce of gas. Its engine burns and energizes every drop of fuel you put into it—efficiently and cleanly.*

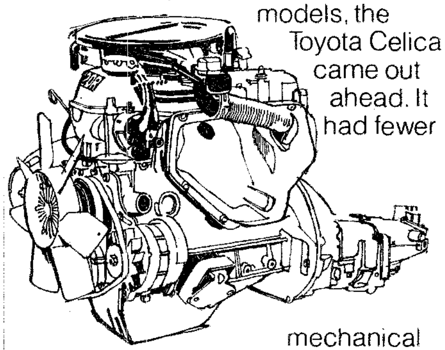
Great Shape. And look at the way the Celica has been designed. Purposeful, not wasteful.

Outside, the lines are so clean, their aerodynamic shape allows you to reach and keep your speed with a minimum of drag.



While inside, the clean design is apparent in everything you can see and touch—from thoughtful instrumentation to reclining front bucket seats.

Staying in Shape. Based on an owner's study with 10 competitive models, the Toyota Celica came out ahead. It had fewer mechanical problems—which is bound to save you money. So will the fact you can get all this efficiency and performance out of Toyota's lowest priced Celica. The Toyota Celica ST—Make haste!



Celica ST
Sport Coupe
TOYOTA
CELICA
YOU GOT IT. TOYOTA

Based on Clean Air Act Standards for 1979

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for many years and some framed school certificates.

Babuji felt he had a special aptitude for planning, building, and remodelling houses. He first cleared away the tennis court and built a small cottage, which he rented out to a prosperous friend—one M. R. Khanna. Next, by the wall that formed the back boundary of the property, he built another cottage, even smaller, which he rented out to another friend—one Gandharva Sen Kashyap. (Within a year of his putting up the cottages, they had paid for themselves, and he was receiving twelve per cent interest on his original investment.) He bought some land adjacent to Lawrence Gardens and built on it a bungalow to rent out. Next, he built an annex for Bhagwan Das and his family, quarters for the servants, and a stable for a cow. Finally, he sank a tube well and installed an electric pump, for a private water supply, and put in a lawn with flowers in pots all around it.

The back boundary wall of Babuji's property was one of the boundary walls of Mehta Gulli. It was scarcely five feet high, and all the children were constantly scaling it to get back and forth between Babuji's house and Mehta Gulli. Babuji, watching them from the lawn, took special pride in the fact that he was surrounded by relatives and friends and yet had his own choice piece of property.

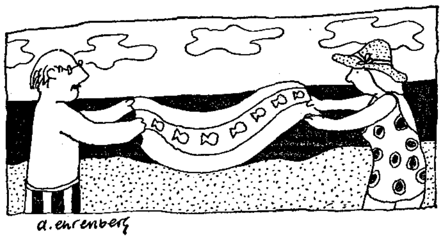
The Mozang Road house was unmistakably the residence of a member of the new Lahori Hindu propertied class. The members of this class were not wellborn, like the maharajas and nawabs of the hundreds of semi-independent princely states that made up the so-called Indian India, but, rather, had risen by dint of their own efforts and gone on to become *babus* and the like, who helped the British govern their colony, the so-called British India. If the Shahalmi Gate house had been a halfway station between the old world of Babuji's father and the new world of Babuji's children, betokening a man still struggling and making his way, the Mozang Road house was the destination reached by a man who had taken leave of his father and was preparing himself to watch his children go forth.

BABUJI had developed cataracts that were deemed inoperable. He stopped going regularly to the Punjab High Court—where he practiced law—and spent most of the day on his veranda, where he busied himself with his affairs. The *munshi* (clerk) would attend to his correspondence and to the files. A house servant would stay within earshot, at the ready for any order. A water carrier would parade up and down the yard in front of the veranda morning and evening, sprinkling water from a sheepskin to settle the dust. On the lawn, within sight of the veranda, a gardener would be training vines, cutting the grass, and watering the flowers in their pots. Although Babuji couldn't identify many flowers by name, he would now and again shout instructions to the gardener to put fertilizer on this one or to trim that one.

Morning and afternoon, Babuji read the newspapers and wrote letters to their editors on issues close to his heart: the superstitions of Hinduism, which thwarted the country's progress; student indiscipline, which undermined the national character; the need for hard work, which was the best way for young men to better their prospects. He received visitors—rich and poor—who came to him for private loans and to arrange mortgages.

Babuji ascribed the change in his fortunes to his past diligence at the law, to his prudence in investment, and, above all, to the principle "Economy is a necessity but austerity is a virtue." Indeed, in his new splendor, Babuji did not change his old, simple ways. Unlike other Hindu gentlemen, who, as they rose in the British world, shed Indian clothes for Western trousers and jackets, he kept to the patriotic Indian dress of his father and his Arya Samaj associates. (Arya Samaj was a sect dedicated to ridding Hinduism of superstition.) He generally wore a white turban, a coat with a closed collar, and pajama trousers, and, depending on the weather, black socks and laced shoes or just slippers. His dress varied only to the extent that in winter his coat and pajamas were of wool and in summer they were of cotton. Unlike Westernized Indians, he never smoked or drank, never played cards or other games, and never went to the cinema, or even to parties—unless they were given for a special reason, like a wedding. He never made any British friends, and he never joined a club. He prided himself on having no vices and no idle hobbies.

Babuji did, however, keep a car, and he had a driver, Salig Ram, who served him for twenty years, driving a succession of different cars: first a green Citroën, which was part of Sumitra's dowry; then an old Austin; then a newer Austin. Babuji had come to a car too late in life to even think of learning to drive. He tended to regard the car as a kind of victoria, the principal difference being that instead of facing backward as he rode, he faced forward. All his children, both sons and daughters, who were of school or college age went to the best schools and colleges, and were ferried back and forth in the car. Now and again, in the evening, they would crowd into the car with him, and he would take them to Lawrence Gardens. He would have Salig Ram drive the car around the gardens very slowly—almost at the pace of his remembered victoria—so that they could all take the air.



Most of the time, however, Babuji kept to his morning and evening constitutionals to Lawrence Gardens and back. In the course of them, he might meet some friends, and they would walk around the gardens together, tapping their walking sticks to emphasize a point or register an objection.

One evening, Sir John Maynard—who, next to the governor, was the ranking officer of the province—approached Babuji in Lawrence Gardens and asked him if he would like to be nominated for the Legislative Council of the Punjab. "Your services to Punjab University are well appreciated," Sir John said. "The government would like to show its gratitude."

"All my life, I have held to the principle that I will not hold a political office of any kind unless I am elected to it," Babuji said.

Sir John, despite having been turned down, complimented Babuji on being a man of principle, saying, "My experience of Indians is that they will do anything for advancement—they have no character. I thought all along that you were an exception, and you've confirmed me in that opinion."

Another evening, around the anniversary of the founding of Punjab University's law college—an important day for Babuji, because he had been one of the founders—he met Sir Shadi Lal in Lawrence Gardens. Sir Shadi Lal, who lived near Mozang Road, was the first Indian Chief Justice of the Punjab High Court, and he and Babuji were close friends. Sir Shadi Lal looked around him to make sure that no one could overhear, and then said, "I would like to recommend you for a title. You don't have any objection? You will accept?"

Babuji kept walking and registered

no particular surprise. “Shadi Lal, what title do you have in mind?” he asked.

“I could recommend you for the title of Rai Sahib.” Rai Sahib was a fairly common title.

Babuji, without taking so much as a moment to think about the offer, said, “No, thank you. If it should be offered to me, I would not accept.”

“Why not?” Sir Shadi Lal asked, taken aback. “Your fame is too local to catch the eye of His Excellency the Viceroy, who alone can bestow a higher title.”

Babuji knew that his being in private practice, as opposed to government service, had meant giving up the prospect of a knighthood, which only the Crown could bestow. But he didn’t see why he couldn’t aspire to the title of Rai Bahadur, which was the highest one in the gift of the Viceroy, the Crown’s representative in India. He said as much to Sir Shadi Lal. “Contractors are walking around with the title of Rai Sahib,” Babuji said. “I have been in public life for twenty-five years. If you want to recommend me for a title, let it be for Rai Bahadur.”

Sir Shadi Lal cagily said nothing more, but complimented Babuji profusely on being a leading member of the High Court bar and a leading light of Punjab University.

For about a year and a half, Babuji heard nothing more about the matter. Then, one evening, on another walk—near the end of 1927—Sir Shadi Lal said that he had recommended Babuji for the title of Rai Bahadur. Sir John Maynard had supported the recommendation and sent it on to the governor, who had supported it in turn and sent it on to the Viceroy. The Viceroy had accepted the recommendation. Perhaps even that evening, Babuji would be officially informed that his name was included in the list of titles to be awarded that year. And in due course the news would be released to the press.

“Brother, accept my heartiest congratulations,” Sir Shadi Lal said.

The two men stopped and embraced, awkwardly tangling their walking sticks.

BABUJI and Sir Shadi Lal had but to meet to start discussing local politics and comparing notes. One evening, Sir Shadi Lal turned to Babuji and said, “Congratulate me, brother. Today, I cooked the goose of two Punjabi Muslims. You know about the vacancy for a Muslim judge on the High Court? Well, His Excellency the Governor called me in and asked me what I thought of Sir Mohammed Iqbal and Khan Bahadur Shah Nawaz—the two Muslim candidates he was considering for the vacancy. I said, ‘Who doesn’t know Iqbal, our greatest Urdu poet? And certainly everyone in government knows Shah Nawaz, and his work as a member of the Punjab Legislative Assembly. Either of them would be a distinguished choice for the bench. But, Your Excellency, why don’t you interview them both? Then we can discuss which of the two is better suited for the bench.’ I then went to Iqbal and told him that the governor would be interviewing him for the judgeship, and that his main rival was Shah Nawaz. I took him by the arm and said, ‘Iqbal, when you see the governor, be sure to tell him what kind of man Nawaz is—that he visits prostitutes.’ Then I went to Shah Nawaz and told him much the same thing: ‘Be sure to tell the governor that Iqbal visits prostitutes and writes couplets for them.’ At the interviews, each of them outdid himself in throwing dirt on the other. The governor said to me afterward, ‘What awful men those two are!’ Today, I got the governor to appoint a good, compliant Muslim of my choosing, from Allahabad, to the judgeship.”

“You made a grave mistake, Shadi Lal,” Babuji said, striking the ground with his walking stick for emphasis. “Iqbal and Nawaz are prominent Muslims and well qualified. If you had got one of them appointed, he would have been indebted to you for life. You would have had a prominent Punjabi Muslim in your pocket.”

“I have the Allahabad judge in my pocket. What more do I need?”

“But you have two powerful Punjabi Muslims as your enemies.”

“Let Iqbal and Nawaz cut each other’s throats. Punjabi Muslims deserve each other.”

The issue of whether Sir Shadi Lal deserved Babuji’s congratulations for cooking the goose of two Punjabi Muslims preoccupied the two men for a long time. It was not resolved until some years later, when Babuji and Sir Shadi Lal were in the summer capital, Simla, and went to pay a courtesy call on Sir Fazli Husain, another prominent Punjabi Muslim whose ambition to become a Muslim judge of the Punjab High Court had been thwarted by Sir Shadi Lal.

In the course of the visit, the subject of Punjab politics came up, and Sir Shadi Lal asked Sir Fazli Husain, “Can you do something about Chhotu Ram? He’s downgrading fellow-Hindus badly.”

Sir Chhotu Ram was in Sir Fazli Husain’s Unionist Party, which included both Hindus and Muslims. Born a peasant, Chhotu Ram never forgot—even after he had been knighted—how his father had been harassed by village moneylenders. In fact, he was blighting the careers of Hindu moneylenders—exposing their nefarious activities and helping to institute harsh laws against them.

Sir Fazli Husain smiled at the mention of Chhotu Ram’s name and said, “If you, Shadi Lal, can produce a ‘good, compliant’ Muslim from Allahabad for the judgeship, then I, Sir Fazli Husain, can give birth to a Chhotu Ram from among the Hindus.”

After Sir Shadi Lal and Babuji had left Sir Fazli Husain, Babuji said, “If you had put one or two powerful Punjabi Muslims in your pocket at the time of those judgeships, you would have had a card to play today in the matter of Chhotu Ram.”

Sir Shadi Lal shrugged, tacitly acknowledging that, after all, he hadn’t deserved Babuji’s congratulations on the cooking of that goose.

Sir Fazli Husain’s remark about giving birth to a Chhotu Ram was repeated by his private assistant, who had overheard it, and it became part of the folklore of officialdom.

COUPLES

MAMAJI and Rasil dated their intimate friendship from the delivery of Urmila, when Rasil gave blood for Mamaji’s transfusion. After that, the two women felt that their lives were braided together—that if someone touched a hair on the head of one, the other would feel it. They started calling each other “sister.”

Rasil would often come to the house and sit with Mamaji on the swing and knit. Sometimes she would come with Sheila Khanna, who was a friend of both of them, and sometimes without her, but invariably she would bring her dog, a big white Alsatian. (Daddyji had often cautioned Mamaji against Alsatians, saying that they were descended from wolves and were apt suddenly to exhibit wolfish tendencies. He said that the dogs could no more bear the climate of the hot plains than the British themselves could but that the British had kept them anyway, as an emblem of their foreignness.) Rasil had named her dog Milton.

The friendship between Mamaji and Rasil had begun just before Urmila's birth. Mamaji had said to Daddyji, "I have met a new friend, at Sheila Khanna's house. Her name is Rasil, and she has invited us to tea tomorrow. She and I are very different, but I already feel close to her."

"Rasil!" Daddyji exclaimed. "I know about her and her husband. People are always gossiping about her. Her husband is a rich businessman, and I know he does not have a good name. It's best for us to keep our distance from people like that."

"We don't have to go and have tea with her," Mamaji said, to please him.

"Since you have accepted their invitation, we should go through with it," Daddyji told her.

The tea turned out to be a big affair. Mamaji unself-consciously made her way through a crowd of shimmering saris and elegantly tied turbans of the finest muslin. She went straight up to a tall, erect, very fair-skinned young woman with a haughty manner but an apprehensive look, who was standing next to an elderly black gentleman with a potbelly. Mamaji threw her arms around the young woman.

The woman was Rasil, and the man, who looked to be almost twice her age, was her husband, Fatumal. (The couple's identity has here been disguised.)

Mamaji and Daddyji sat down on a sofa with Sheila Khanna and her husband, Basheshwar Nath. Rasil started to serve them tea, and Fatumal looked on, fidgeting. She spilled some tea on the tray. Fatumal reached over, snatched the teapot from her, and poured out the tea.

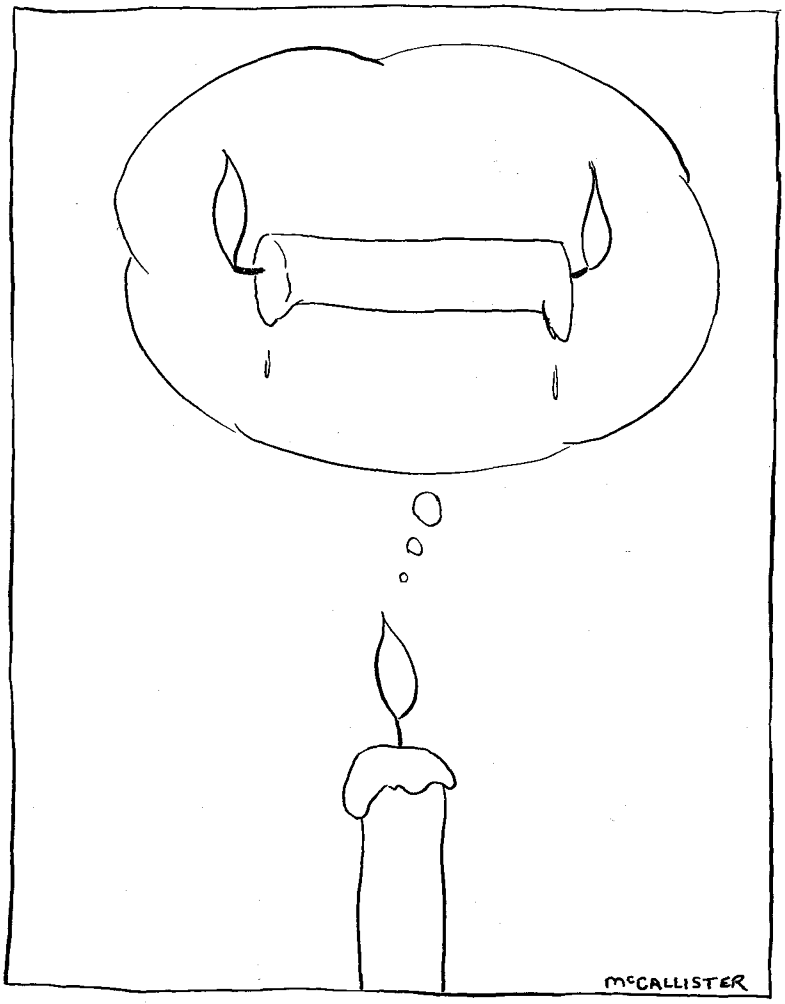
Sheila kept up a running patter. "Now that you are living in Lahore, we should form a group," she said warmly to Daddyji. "We know you are a member of the Gymkhana Club, but what about favoring us by joining the Cosmopolitan Club?"

Daddyji was not very eager to belong to the Cosmopolitan Club. For one thing, the Gymkhana Club had excellent facilities for both tennis and cricket—his two favorite sports—while the Cosmopolitan Club had facilities only for tennis. For another thing, the Gymkhana Club, which had originally barred Indians, had started accepting a few well-placed Indians (Daddyji was one of the first), while the Cosmopolitan Club, which had been started by some prominent Indians in response to the Gymkhana Club's original policy, still barred Europeans—something that Daddyji didn't like. In any case, he did not want the expense of belonging to two clubs. Sheila, however, was insistent, and, in a moment of weakness, Daddyji agreed.

"That's good," she said. "Since they are both in Lawrence Gardens, you can go to the Gymkhana Club and pretend to be an Englishman, and then come across to the Cosmopolitan Club and be one of us natives—both in the same evening!"

After tea, when most of the guests had left, Rasil sat down with a harmonium and sang a song about a hill girl and a parrot. Then Daddyji was coaxed into reciting some Urdu couplets of Iqbal.

On the way home, Daddyji said, "We are not in the same class as Rasil and Fatumal. They are high-society business types, not our kind of people at all."



Mamaji nodded, but nonetheless got him to acknowledge that Rasil, with her unusual combination of Indian and European looks, would be considered a great beauty anywhere.

As it happened, Mamaji and Daddyji couldn't avoid seeing a lot of Rasil and Fatumal, for they were always around Sheila and Basheshwar Nath, and were also frequently at the Cosmopolitan Club. And Daddyji had started going to the Cosmopolitan Club increasingly often, because, although it did not have cricket, its tennis courts were as good as the Gymkhana Club's, and, more important, its bridge was better.

Fatumal had got himself elected to the Cosmopolitan Club by making a large donation toward the construction of a club building. The day he first walked into the club, a member had exclaimed, "By Jove, do I see an honest-to-goodness *chamar* coming through the door? What next? An Englishman?" (*Chamar* is slang for Untouchable.)

"So you think you've elected a *chamar*," Fatumal said, chuckling. "Well, even in South India, where our brothers are as black as Africans, they look upon me as a *chamar*. One evening, I was taking a train back from Madras to Delhi and saw that the second-class compartment was so full that there was no room for me. I stood at the door of the compartment and announced over the clatter of the station, just the way the *chamars* announce themselves when they are taking a public conveyance, 'Here comes a *chamar*. All wellborn people, look out.' Everybody moved over, and I had a whole seat to myself. Actually, I'm not a *chamar*. I am a Kayasth [member of a business subcaste] with the skin of a *chamar*."

Some of the clubmen stamped their feet and thumped the tables in delight, until one of the less demonstrative ones shouted, "Silence! Is this a club or a dancing-monkey show?"

The club members never tired of telling the *chamar* story and making remarks about

Fatumal's appearance. He had kinky hair, a crooked nose, a narrow forehead, and beady eyes, in contrast to most of the members, who were fair-skinned Punjabis with straight hair, straight noses, broad foreheads, and large eyes. He was often the subject of club jokes because instead of sitting down at one of the bridge or poker tables, where the men, in the sign language of bidding, tested each other's characters, Fatumal would sit at one of the ladies' tables and play gin rummy or flush, giggling and bantering with the women. Moreover, he didn't take part in a single outdoor sport. Members made up stories in which he was sitting on a pile of ill-gotten gold, counting and re-counting his spoils, while he held on to his beautiful wife by her long hair as she struggled to get away.

Rasil stood out in the club, too—but for her beauty. Members' wives were always casting envious glances at her. She had the milky complexion of a European but the demeanor of an Indian. She had the classic features associated with the original, martial Aryan settlers of the Punjab, but she always wore *swadeshi* (homespun silks and cottons)—a custom associated with Mahatma Gandhi, who had made *swadeshi* a symbol of nonviolence, racial equality, and national pride. Her clothes seemed to say that, despite her European complexion, she was at heart an Indian nationalist. She had large eyes that were the greenish blue of the sea. Some members said that they were cold and empty, and others that they were warm and full. She had long, straight, thick auburn hair, which she tied up in a bun at her nape, and never wore loose in public. Some members' wives, looking at the size of the bun, claimed that her hair was long enough for her to sit on, and others that she used fallen hair to enlarge her bun—that her real hair must come down only to the small of her back. She had rosy cheeks and very pink lips. She had one noticeable imperfection, which seemed only to set off her beauty: she had a nasal voice. It had probably started out as the affectation of a pretty child, and had stuck. Whatever the contradictions of Rasil's appearance, club members and their wives saw in her the romantic legends of the hills, where she was born. They talked of her as "the hill girl"—the kind of woman whom maharajas and nawabs of little hill kingdoms kidnapped and fought over, imprisoned and strangled, in the throes of absolutist passion.

In the club, people referred to Rasil and Fatumal as White and Black or as Beauty and the Beast.

THERE was about Rasil something at once haughty and vulnerable, which made people afraid to inquire closely into her past. But certain facts about her were common knowledge, and they provided a sort of focus for the constellation of fancies about her.

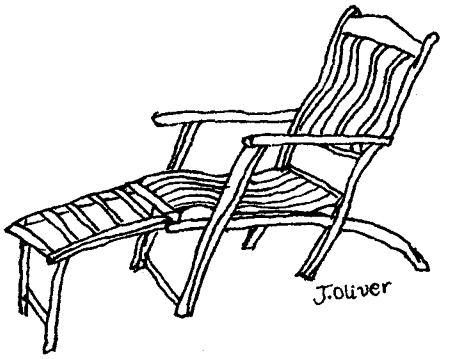
Rasil was born, around 1901, high in the Himalayas, in a Sherpa village just inside the border of Nepal. Before she had learned to walk or talk, her mother died of a chill. Her father remarried and migrated to the Punjab, where he found a job as a watchman in the hill station of Dalhousie.

One day, when Rasil was in fifth or sixth standard in the local Arya Samaj school and was walking home in the afternoon, a police sub-inspector stopped her on some pretext and, in full public view, handcuffed her and dragged her to his house.

For weeks, Rasil's father went from one Arya Samaj home to another, trying quietly to enlist help; he knew that if he tried to rescue her himself he would be jailed on some trumped-up charge. But he got nowhere, because people thought that he had given his daughter to the sub-inspector for some money or favor and was now trying to make trouble.

In the meantime, the sub-inspector was promoted and transferred to Amritsar, near Lahore. Rasil's father followed him. There he eventually gained the ear of the president of the local branch of the Arya Samaj, Dr. Gian Kaul, who had been trained in Britain and was sympathetic to the problems of the poor. Dr. Kaul got the deputy commissioner to arrest the culprit and liberate the girl.

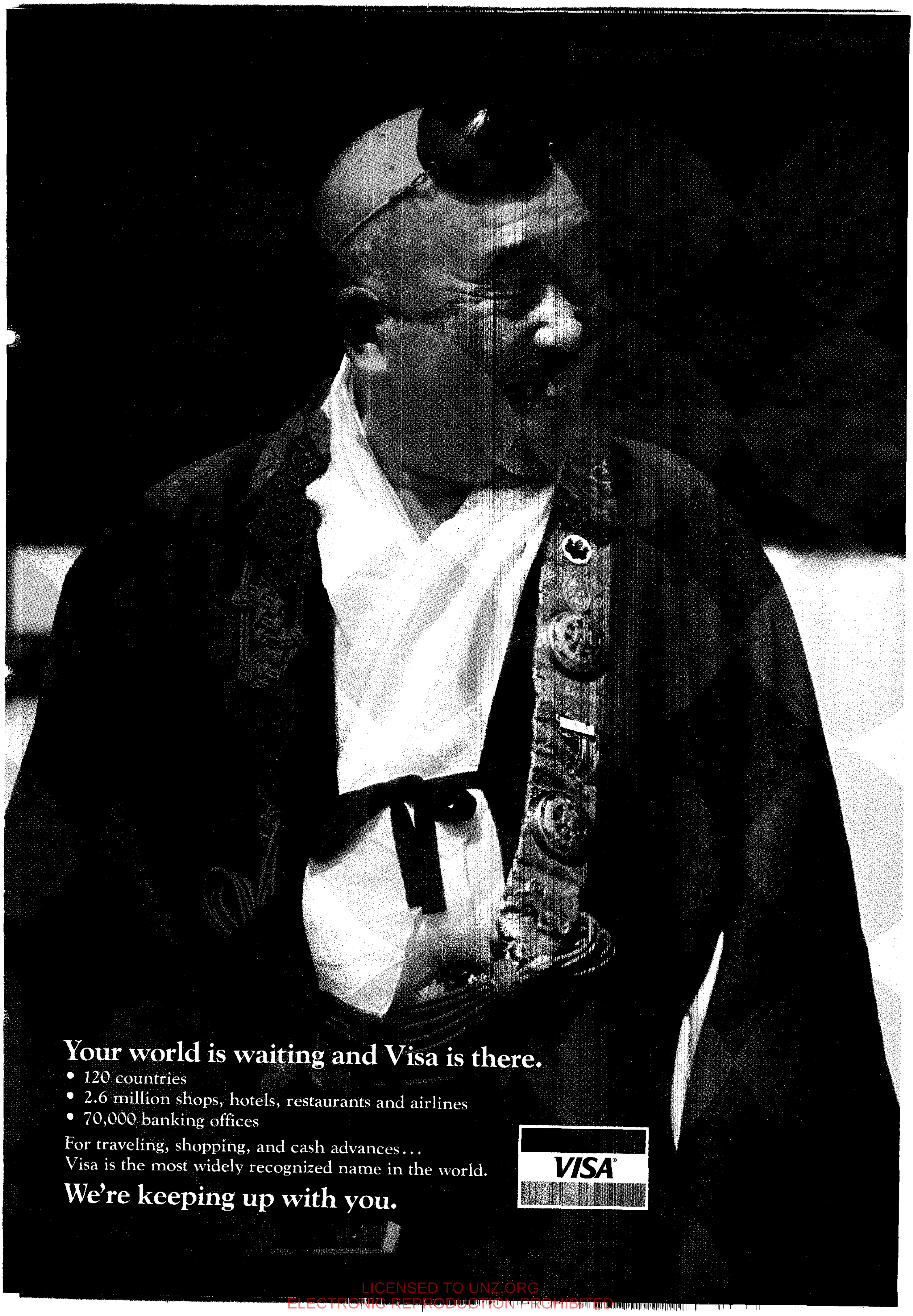
The ordeal had left Rasil shattered, and she wouldn't let her father come near her. Dr. Kaul told him that she was probably ashamed to face her stepmother, and he offered, as a shelter, the nearby home of his father, Rai Bahadur Munmohan Kaul. Rasil's father accepted the offer, because he was afraid that Rasil, as a supposedly ruined woman, might be spurned in his community and he might never be able to arrange a marriage for her.



Rai Bahadur Munmohan Kaul brought Rasil up as his own daughter, engaging private tutors for her in English and in music, teaching her the manners of a lady and the skills of the sitar. He would regularly send her to Dalhousie to visit her father, whom the good Rai Bahadur had put on a pension, and who, after Rasil had gone to Amritsar, had fathered a second daughter, named Shoni. With each visit home, Rasil felt more of a stranger. In time, she stopped going to Dalhousie altogether, and even brought her stepsister to Amritsar to live with her.

No one could later remember how, exactly, Fatumal came to marry Rasil. But around 1920 he had been a widower "in the market" for a young, decorative wife who might give him lustre and, at the same time, be a second mother to his sons, Ravinder and Varinder. He liked what he had heard about Rasil, and then, when he actually saw her, he was so overwhelmed by her beauty that he insisted on an almost immediate marriage.

Fatumal, who had not gone beyond secondary school, had spent a few months with an accounting firm. His little training had enabled him to get a job as a lower-level accountant with the railways—a minor, nonpermanent government post. He was singular in having had an offer of promotion early in his career and having refused it, wryly observing, "There is greater scope for my small talents as a simple accountant." Everyone in the department knew what he meant. As an accountant, he dealt with contractors who provided the government with the wooden railway sleepers (ties). Procuring these sleepers was a complicated process: the government leased the public deodar forests in the Punjab Himalayas to the contractors; the contractors hired laborers to cut down the deodar trees and chop them into logs, to pre-season and mark the logs, and to float them down the mighty Punjab rivers to the plains; other laborers collected the logs downstream and made them into railway sleepers, which the contractors finally sold to the government. At many stages in the process, there were opportunities for a shrewd accountant to make money, since it was the accountant's job to recommend contractors, to take inventory of the logs, and to certify the quality of the sleepers. Over the years, Fatumal made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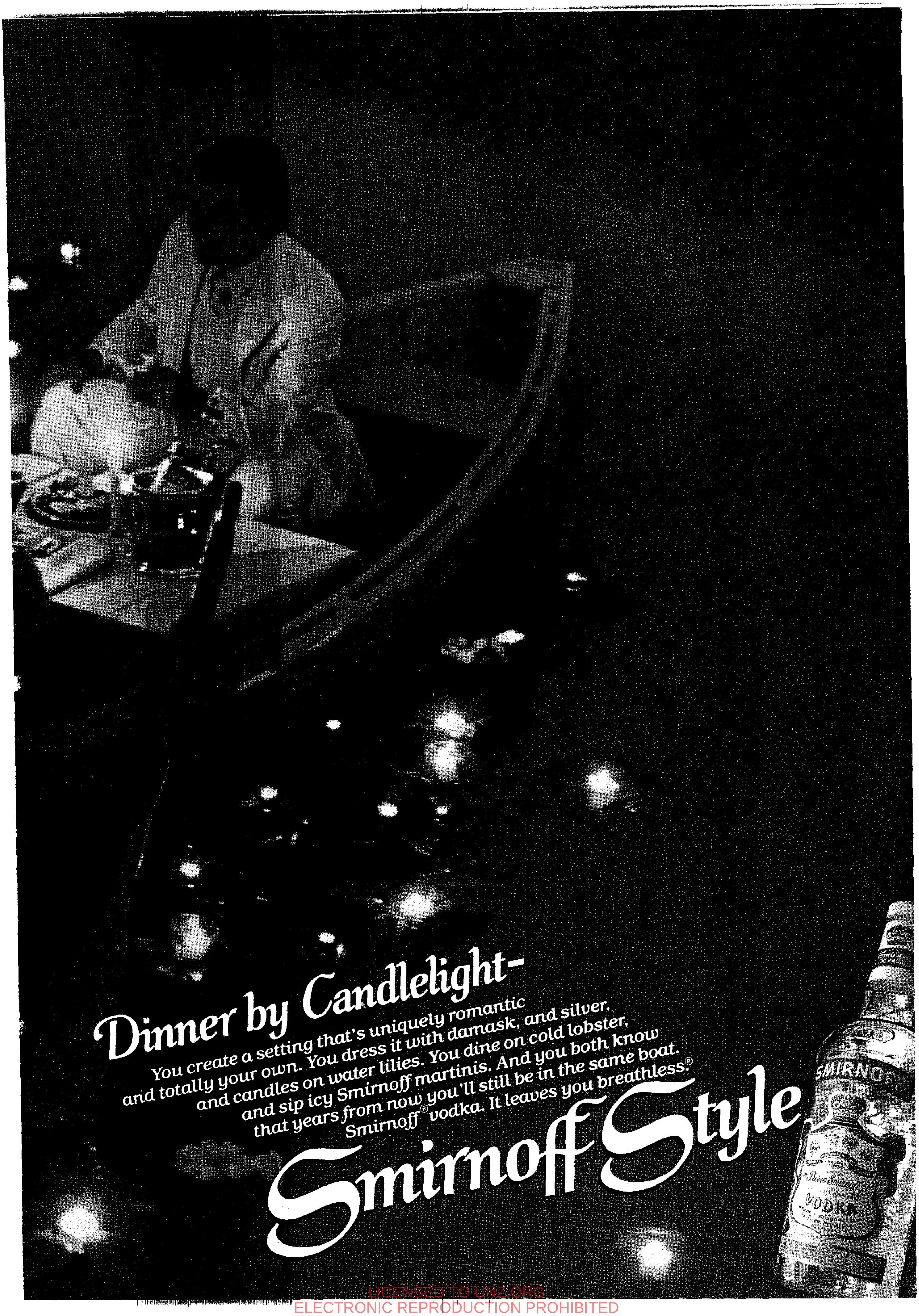

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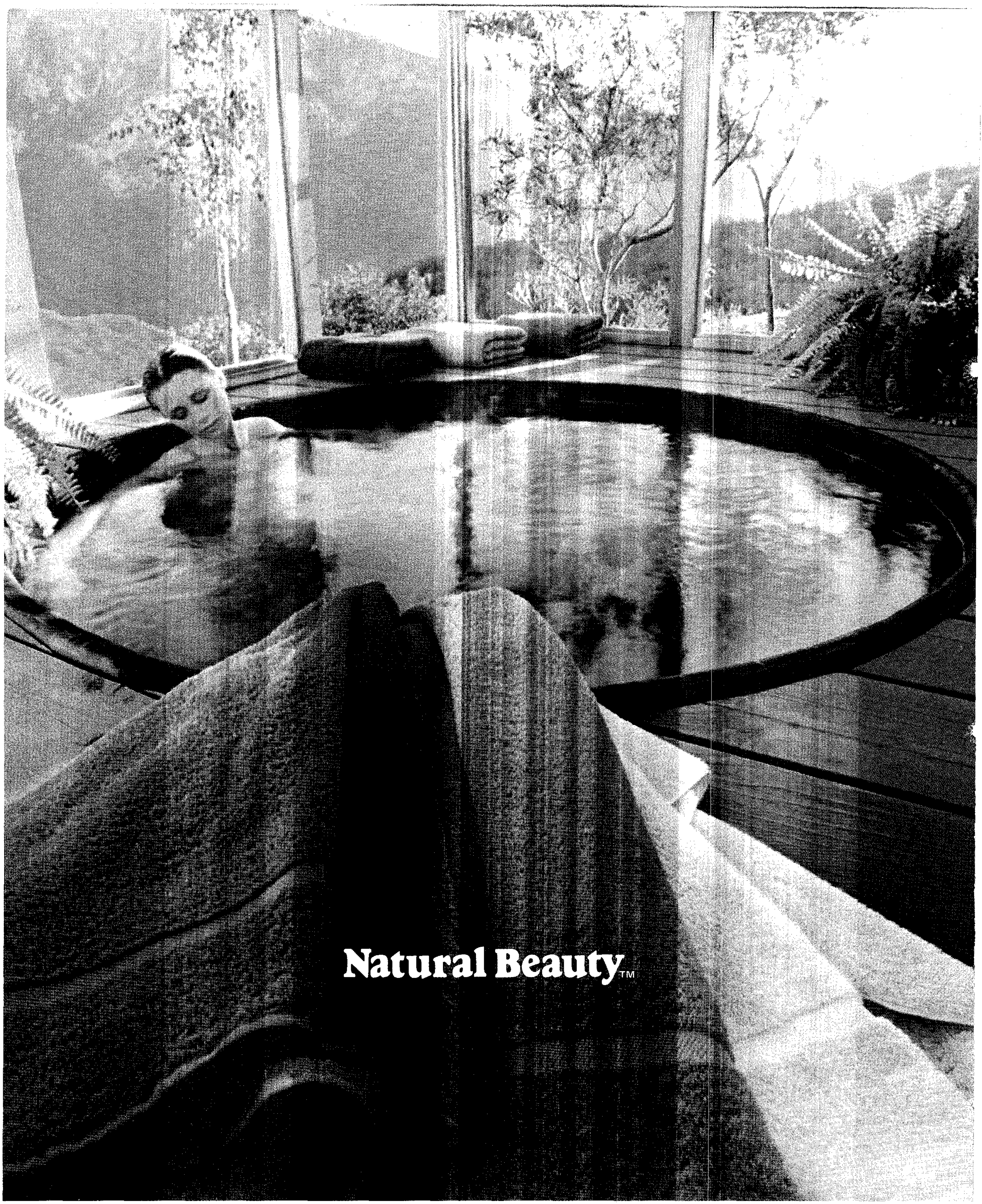

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a fortune by giving out lucrative contracts in return for "considerations." (He shared some of these "considerations" with his superiors, who eventually named him to the post of senior accountant and helped him get the title of Rai Sahib.)

Fatumal and Rasil had a modest Arya Samaj wedding in Lahore, where they were honored as models of modernity and religious reform, caste and class strictures having been set aside.

Fatumal was not very particular about his own dress, but he bought Rasil expensive saris, shoes, and handbags, and adorned her with huge, eye-arresting diamonds, so that her ears and her fingers and her neck sparkled with the light reflected from her jewels. He took her to Europe, and she came back with the coveted designation of England-returned.

It happened that before Rasil married Fatumal, Dr. Kaul had proposed Rasil as a wife for Daddyji. In 1920, when Daddyji was preparing to go to England for postgraduate work in medicine, he had sought out Dr. Kaul in Amritsar to ask him about his British experiences. "Instead of going to England, why don't you settle down here?" Dr. Kaul had said, looking Daddyji up and down appraisingly. "We could help you to set up a private practice and also arrange a marriage for you. I have a very pretty girl in mind. She's just nineteen and very accomplished. Her only drawback is that she has a somewhat checkered past." Daddyji had changed the subject; he was not interested in getting married to anybody—he was going to England.

When, many years later, Daddyji learned that the girl Dr. Kaul had spoken about was Rasil, he told the story to Mamaji. She exclaimed, "I have always known that Rasil and I were born under the same star!"

MAMAJI used to accompany Daddyji to the Gymkhana Club during their first months in Lahore, and sit and watch for hours as he shone on the tennis courts or at the bridge tables, but just as he started spending more of his time at the Cosmopolitan Club she started having less time to go with him, because of the children. From the veranda, she watched him leave for the office in his car early in the morning, and from the bedroom, where she waited up for him, she heard the car coast into the small driveway late at night. She seldom saw him in between.

Rasil, however, saw him often at the Cosmopolitan Club. She was one of a very few Indian women who were bold enough to take up tennis. She pioneered the custom of playing tennis in a sari, and even played in mixed doubles, despite the objections of conservative club members, who said, "If they have mixed doubles on the courts, what's to stop them from having mixed doubles off the courts?" Daddyji would often play with Rasil, in singles and in doubles. At first, he played with her because she was often the only woman standing about the tennis courts and she couldn't find a partner; the men were hesitant to team up with a woman. Later, he played with her because she had proved to be one of the best tennis players at the club; by then, many of the men not only accepted her presence on the court but sought her out as a partner. Partners for the annual tennis tournament were drawn by lot, and Daddyji drew Rasil for the first mixed-doubles match. The draw evoked much comment in the club. Tennis players said, "Dr. Mehta carries his luck with him wherever he goes."

When it got too dark to play tennis, and the mosquitoes became so thick it was anguish to sit outside, the members would retreat inside the screened and Flit-sprayed club building and play cards. In the beginning, Rasil would look over someone's shoulder or reluctantly consent to be a fourth at the bridge table. Before long, however, serious bridge players were competing for her as a partner, and within a few months, a cardroom prodigy, she had graduated to Daddyji's table, the hub of the most serious bridge in the place. She often played as his partner, intuitively understanding his game.

IN March, 1931, Daddyji attended the annual meeting of the All-India Leprosy Association in New Delhi. There he found himself seated next to Major General Sir John W. D. Megaw, who, as director general of the Indian Medical Service, was the highest-ranking officer present. (General Megaw had military rank because, like all officers of the Indian Medical Service, he was subject to call for military duty.) The two had last met when Daddyji was doing the leprosy course at the Calcutta School of Tropical Medicine, of which Megaw, then a colonel, had been director. Megaw now remarked on Daddyji's chair, for it was marked with the name of Daddyji's superior, Colonel Clifford Allchin Gill, director of public health in the Punjab, who had been slated to represent the Punjab branch of the Leprosy Association. Daddyji told him that Colonel Gill had fallen ill and had asked Daddyji to take his place. The meeting between Daddyji and General Megaw was thus a fluke, but it turned out to be momentous.

"We have been looking for a suitable organizing secretary for the King George Thanksgiving (Anti-Tuberculosis) Fund," General Megaw said. "It's a year's appointment to an ad-hoc post. I think you are the right man for it, but I will have to consult Sir Fazli Husain, the chairman of the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund Subcommittee of the Indian Red Cross Society." As the meeting hall was filling up, he quickly explained that he was a member of the board that had established the new Fund, and finished by saying, "Tomorrow, go and see my colleague Colonel H. H. Thorburn."

Colonel Thorburn, honorary secretary of the Fund and surgeon to the Viceroy, had his offices in the Indian Red Cross Society building, which housed the staffs not only of the Indian Red Cross but of the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund, the Lady Chelmsford League of Maternity and Child Welfare, and the Indian Leprosy Association—all of whom, Daddyji felt when he went to see Colonel Thorburn, seemed to be living together under one roof like a happy family of medical social workers.

"How much do you know about the Indian Red Cross?" Colonel Thorburn asked, waving Daddyji to a chair.

"I know some of its history," Daddyji said. "I know that the government presented you with the land for this building, and that the Nawab of Junagadh presented a purse for putting it up."

"Yes, but you might say the Red Cross Society was actually born when Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Vicereine established a sizable fund in 1915 to supply and distribute blankets, clothes, soap, and other necessities to the soldiers of the Great War," Colonel Thorburn said. "In the beginning, the director general of the Indian Medical Service ran the war fund himself with the help of only a few clerks. Later, in 1920, they became the core of the Indian Red Cross Society when it was officially formed, under the patronage of the Viceroy and the Vicereine."

"But, sir, how did the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund come into being?" Daddyji asked.

"As you may know, the King-Emperor recently recovered from a serious illness," Colonel Thorburn said. "In gratitude for His Majesty's recovery, His Excellency the Viceroy issued an appeal for an All-India Thanksgiving Fund to alleviate disease and sickness in India. Maharajas, nawabs, and private citizens have shown their gratitude by contributing almost ten lakhs of rupees to the fund. It has been decided, with His Majesty the King-Emperor's blessing, to spend the money on only one disease—tuberculosis. In order to keep administrative expenses to a minimum, His Excellency the Viceroy has asked the Red Cross Society to administer the money with the help of a subcommittee to be named for the Fund."

(When Daddyji later recounted to Mamaji what had happened in New Delhi, all she heard through his words was the mention of emperors and viceroys, maharajas and nawabs. She imagined him shifting to New Delhi one day and hobnobbing with them in palaces and big office buildings, trying to cure the racking, hacking cough she had grown up hearing all around her in the *gullis* and bazaars.)

Colonel Thorburn leaned back in his chair and asked Daddyji what he thought was the best way to go about alleviating and preventing tuberculosis in India.

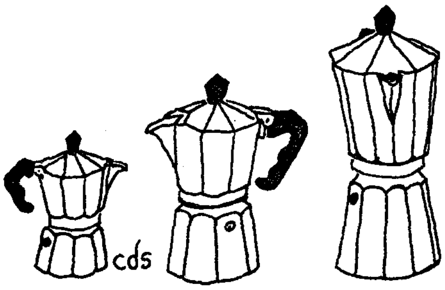
"The money could be spent building expensive sanatoriums, on the European model, in the hill stations," Daddyji answered, choosing his words carefully, "but that would be completely impractical—there are just too many poor Indians with tuberculosis."

"Go on," Colonel Thorburn said encouragingly.

"I think the most effective use of the money here would be to concentrate it all on prevention—to establish local dispensaries, to give intensive courses in medical colleges on the disease and its prevention, and to organize provincial and state anti-tuberculosis associations."

Colonel Thorburn looked pleased, and asked Daddyji for his qualifications.

Daddyji told him that as a Rockefeller Fellow he had studied tuberculosis at the King Edward VII Tuberculosis Institute in Cardiff in 1924, and that later, when he was named district health officer in Montgomery and in Lahore, he had been made the provincial leprosy officer, because of his tuberculosis studies. (The two diseases are related.) As leprosy officer, he had gained experience of leprosy asylums and leper colonies.



"How I wish I had known about you earlier!" Colonel Thorburn said.

The next day, Daddyji was offered the post, provided that his department in the Punjab would agree to let him come on deputation for a year.

As soon as Daddyji returned to Lahore, he took his application for deputation to Colonel Gill.

"This comes as a rude surprise," Colonel Gill said angrily, barely looking at the application. "I won't forward your application. I'll tell them in New Delhi I can't spare you." He added gently, "Ever since you returned from your Rockefeller Fellowship, I have been looking forward to a time when I could make you an assistant director of public health, and now here you are, wanting to run away from the Punjab."

"Colonel Gill, you know I've always wanted to work in the All-India service."

"I must think about my department, and not about your castles in the air."

Daddyji walked out of Colonel Gill's office and started pacing dejectedly around the wide lawn outside.

Colonel Harry Malcolm Mackenzie, the new inspector general of civil hospitals in the Punjab, came out of his office on the other side of the lawn and, seeing Daddyji, strolled over to him.

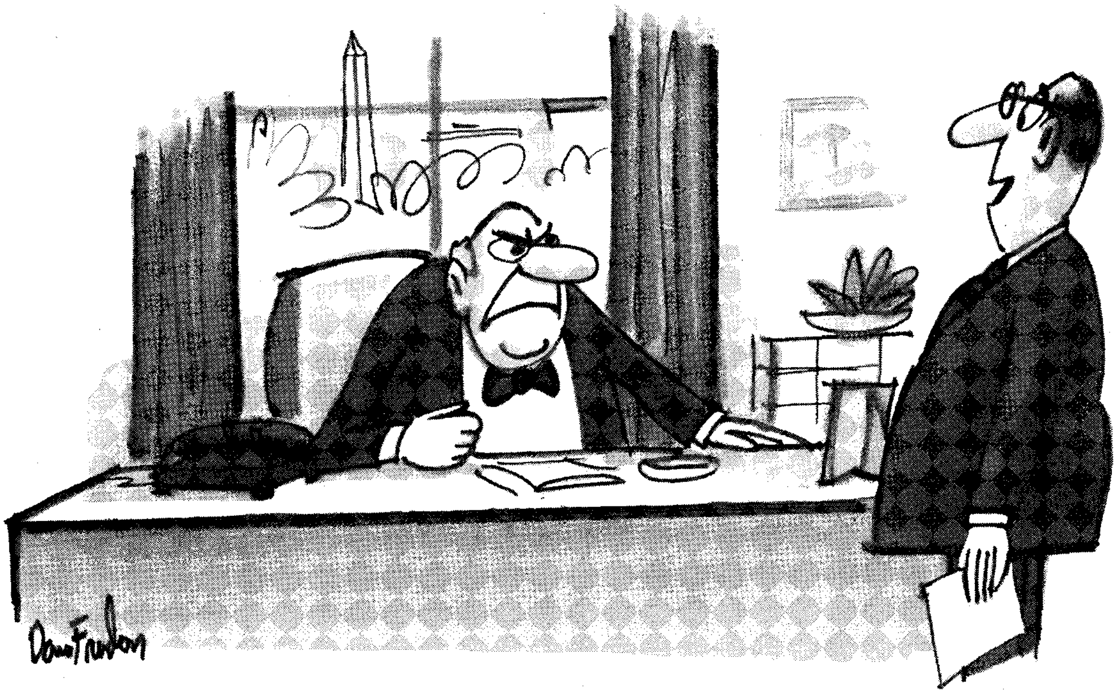
"Amolak Ram! What are you doing these days?"

They hadn't seen each other since Daddyji was at medical college, where Colonel Mackenzie had been one of his teachers. Daddyji unburdened himself to his old teacher.

"Is that so?" said Colonel Mackenzie. "Now I remember that a couple of months ago General Megaw wrote me a D.O. [demi-official letter] to inquire if I could recommend someone for that post. I couldn't think of anyone. But, of course, you are an excellent choice."

Colonel Mackenzie asked Daddyji to wait, and went directly into Colonel Gill's office. He was senior to Colonel Gill in the service, and, in fact, reviewed annual confidential reports on him. After a few minutes, the two colonels sent for Daddyji, and Colonel Gill handed him the application with his recommendation.

Daddyji assumed his duties in New Delhi on April 1, 1931, but he stayed there only a week, for on April 7th the entire government moved to Simla for the six summer months. "I expect good things of you, Dr. Mehta," Colonel Thorburn said on Daddyji's first day. Daddyji saw in the remark a hint that if he proved himself in the post he might be asked to stay on longer than a year, and so remain in the All-India service, which was known for having the crème de la crème of officials, who lived in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of New Delhi and Simla, the winter and summer capitals. He looked forward to an extended absence from the provincial service, which was equally well known for having petty-minded officers, and for posting officers to out-of-the-way places. Moreover, along with a salary of seven hundred rupees a month—the equivalent of his Punjab salary—Daddyji was to receive a twenty-per-cent deputation allowance; the post was therefore not only a very distinguished one but also among the best-paid posts in the service.



"But you can't fire me, sir. I'm entrenched."

• •

MAMAJI didn't immediately join Daddyji at his new post, because she was then in the final month of her fourth pregnancy. She stayed back in Lahore, but in the annex of the Temple Road house; the main house was already occupied by a Muslim tenant, who had moved in with two wives and two sets of children. Mamaji could see the veranda of the main house, where the family ate, from the terrace of the annex. At first, she was horrified by their eating habits, which Hindus regarded as unclean: the children would all eat meat, rice, and lentils out of a single pot with a ladle, which they all licked. Later, she came to marvel that the two wives seemed to live together without any bickering or show of jealousy; that their husband didn't seem to favor one over the other but treated them as if they were alike in all respects; and that she couldn't even tell which children belonged to which mother.

Mamaji went into labor in the early morning of the twenty-fifth of April. She recited the sacred syllable "Om" between contractions, hoping thereby to bring forth a son. Daddyji arrived from Simla just in time for the delivery. He held the baby near her pillow, and she heard him say, "Look! The girls have a brother." She opened her eyes and saw for herself that the pink little creature in his arms was indeed a boy. She called out "Om!" and it was decided then and there to name the child Om Parkash (Light of the Sacred Syllable "Om").

Daddyji had to rush back to Simla, but he returned to Lahore early in June, after Mamaji had completed the prescribed forty-day lying-in period, and drove the family—the girls in the back seat, and Mamaji and Om in the front—to Simla. The journey was an arduous one, and although they took a couple of days to make it, Mamaji and the girls could later remember little about it except the last section, which was on a hill road, a seemingly interminable corkscrew. Promila, Nirmila, and Urmila seemed to be sick through all the ninety-odd dizzying miles of the hill road. The girls had never been happier than when they reached Simla and learned that they would not have to set foot in the car again until October, when they were to go down to New Delhi; with the exception of the three ranking officers of British India in residence—the Viceroy, the commander-in-chief of the Army, and the governor of the Punjab—no one was allowed to use a car within the precincts of Simla.

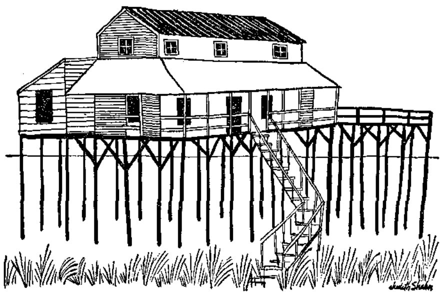
Mamaji and the girls were astonished and excited by everything about the new place. The children, especially, enjoyed being in the hills; they had never seen hills before. Often, in the mornings, Mamaji would hire three donkeys that had children's saddles (criblike structures) on them, and would put the girls in the saddles and, with Om in her arms, walk ahead of the donkeys up one of the two circular roads—the Lower and the Upper—around Jakko Hill, the highest hill in the station. The girls would laugh, and talk to the donkey-wallahs, who would walk along and prod the donkeys with sticks. On the way, the little caravan might meet a white sahib and memsahib in their riding habits, trotting elegantly side by side on ponies, or might meet an Indian couple trying to imitate the English example, except that something would inevitably be wrong: the man's breeches would be too big for him, or missing some buttons, or the woman would be in a sari, sitting sidesaddle as if on a couch, or the man would be constantly glancing behind to make sure that his lady had not fallen off her horse. At the sight of such a couple, Nirmila would almost double up with laughter. At the top of Jakko Hill was the temple to Hanuman, the Hindu monkey god, where a colony of friendly monkeys lived. Mamaji and the children would spend the day watching the monkey tamasha. There were baby monkeys, mother monkeys, father monkeys, all dancing attendance on a king monkey and a queen monkey, who sat on thronelike stones. The courtier monkeys would make offerings of a banana or some toothpaste or a box of cornflakes—which they had purloined from the bungalows below—to the royalty. The king monkey could spend two hours spreading the cornflakes on the ground, or throwing handfuls of them on his head and then eating them as they came down on his nose.

DADDYJI had taken temporary accommodations halfway up Jakko Hill while he waited for Mamaji to come and look for something more central, near his office, which was in Simla's Red Cross building—a big old two-story cottage, called Sherwood, on the Mall. Although Daddyji and Mamaji met everybody in Simla within a short time—the official family was quite small, and there were few places to go, so in the course of a day one could run into practically everybody—almost their only close friends were Tara and Harish Chander, whom they had known in Montgomery. (That year, Harish had come to Simla as superintendent of the post office.) One day, the four happened upon a beautiful, commodious cottage called Glenarquart. It stood at the foot of a hill, on a plot four hundred yards square, and had its own hard tennis courts. It was not far from the Mall, the most important meeting place in Simla, and it was also on the way to Annandale, a huge level ground—in the middle of the woods—on which were a golf course, a racecourse, a hockey field, and a football field, and where some kind of tournament was nearly an every-weekend affair. Although the season's rent for Glenarquart was three thousand rupees, and neither Mamaji and Daddyji nor the Chanders had planned to spend more than a thousand rupees for the season, the moment they saw Glenarquart they decided to take it and share the rent.

At Glenarquart, Daddyji and Mamaji ostensibly settled into the upper-middle-class life of the British raj. In addition to the indispensable sweeper for the floors and lavatories, they now had a cook, a bearer, an office peon, who also helped around the house, and an ayah for Om. Daddyji—who could never forget the sight of his mother and his grandmother keeping the fire in the kitchen going by blowing on it for hours at a time, while their eyes smarted from the smoke and their faces grew red with the effort—would often tell Mamaji to sit in a chair like a queen and give orders. But when he wasn't there she would make forays into the kitchen or descend to the native bazaar below the Mall to pick out the fruits and vegetables herself, much as her grandfather had done. The servants, she found, were all but useless unless there was someone to direct them and nag at them, and they were constantly underfoot. Either the bearer was complaining to Mamaji about the cook or the cook was following Mamaji around with some tale of horror about the peon. The ayah was only in her teens and was such a simple hill girl that having her there was like having another child in the house rather than a real helper. The servants were always at Mamaji for keys to the storeroom, orders for meals, money for shopping. She couldn't imagine what sins she had committed in previous incarnations to deserve such a collection of clowns for servants.

To have a house in Simla, with its salubrious climate and its quiet hill life, was to issue a general invitation to relatives, and, indeed, a train of Daddyji's relatives and of Mamaji's were constantly arriving at Glenarquart and staying for weeks or months. The house became a little camp. Mamaji had many charpoys put down in one room downstairs and more put down in a room over the kitchen. There was bedding all over the floor. Children slept two to a bed, head to foot, tickling each other and laughing until they quarrelled. Everyone lined up all day long to have a turn in the bathroom or at the table. There seemed to be no gap between breakfast and lunch, lunch and tiffin, tiffin and dinner.

On the whole, the unmarried boys visiting Glenarquart—Mamaji's brothers, Dwarka and Lakshman; Daddyji's brothers Romesh and Krishan; and Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's three sons, Dharam Bir, Prakash, and Dev—were not as rowdy and troublesome as Raj Kanwar and company had been. They spent most of their time in the room above the kitchen trying to study, playing film music on the gramophone, dancing with each other. Sometimes, when Mamaji was in the kitchen, there was such jumping and pounding overhead that she was afraid the ceiling would collapse. If she went upstairs and shouted at the boys, they would tease her and try to include her in their antics. She would threaten to report them to Daddyji, and then they would quiet down quickly. She enjoyed having them around, especially at dinner, when they got together and told stories. How they made her laugh! For weeks, they kept her amused by talking of a friend of Daddyji's who had come to stay at Glenarquart for a few days. He had just returned from England and had brought back with him a very la-di-da English air, which suited him as peacock feathers suit a crow. The first day he was there, Mamaji had served him a *jellabie* (a kind of sweetmeat). He had just stared at it.



"What's the matter?" Romesh had asked, stifling a giggle. "Have you forgotten what a *jellabie* is?"

"My dear chap, I don't seem to have a knife and fork with which to eat it."

No one had ever heard of eating a *jellabie* with a knife and fork. Part of the fun of eating it was to get one's fingers sticky with *jellabie* syrup and then lick them.

The boys had shouted, "Bearer! Bring a knife and fork on a tray! The England-returned sahib can't eat his *jellabies* without them! Peon, bring gloves and an umbrella for the England-returned sahib, so that he can feel at home!"

Whenever the boys told the story, they embellished it, adding hat, raincoat, rubber boots to their shout, and they and Mamaji would all laugh until they could hardly breathe or swallow.

The boys also talked incessantly in the same vein about an eventless trek to Narkanda. Narkanda, twenty-one miles north of Simla, on the main road to Tibet, was at a height of about nine thousand feet. Bhabiji, Mamaji, the girls, and Om—in Mamaji's lap—had travelled there mostly in rickshaws, Daddyji on horseback, and all the boys on foot. It was so remote from everything, and had such sheer slopes of snow and drops and precipices on every side, and such light, heady air, that they felt they might as well be in Tibet, "the roof of the world." When they got back, the boys would tell strangers, "We usually go to Tibet for our picnics," and the strangers would sometimes be taken in. The credulous strangers would become the subjects of further stories, each more outrageous than the last, with which to regale Mamaji at the dinner table, and make her laugh so much that the distance between her, as Daddyji's wife, and them, as her charges, would dissolve.

IN Simla, Mamaji saw less and less of Daddyji. Every day except Sunday, his day at home, he would get up at eight and, within a matter of minutes, shave, bathe, dress, have his breakfast, and be off. Sometimes she and his brother Krishan, who was sixteen, would walk with him to the office. For the rest of the day, she knew of Daddyji's whereabouts mostly

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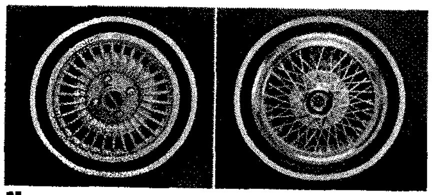

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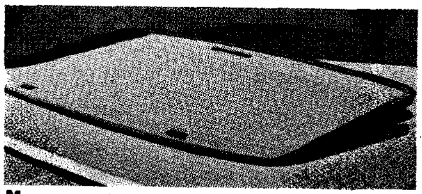

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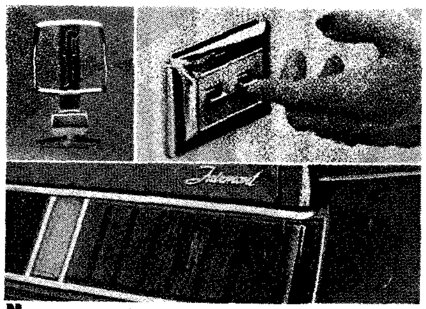

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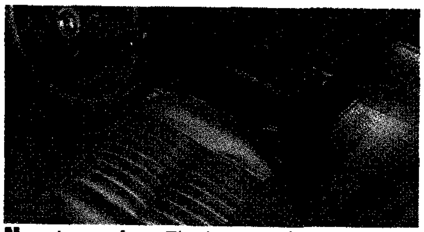

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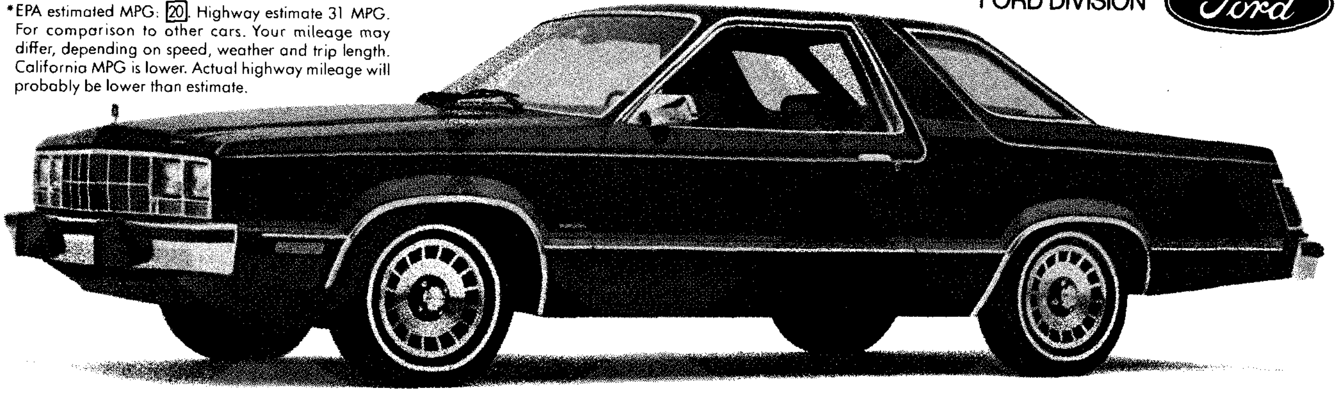

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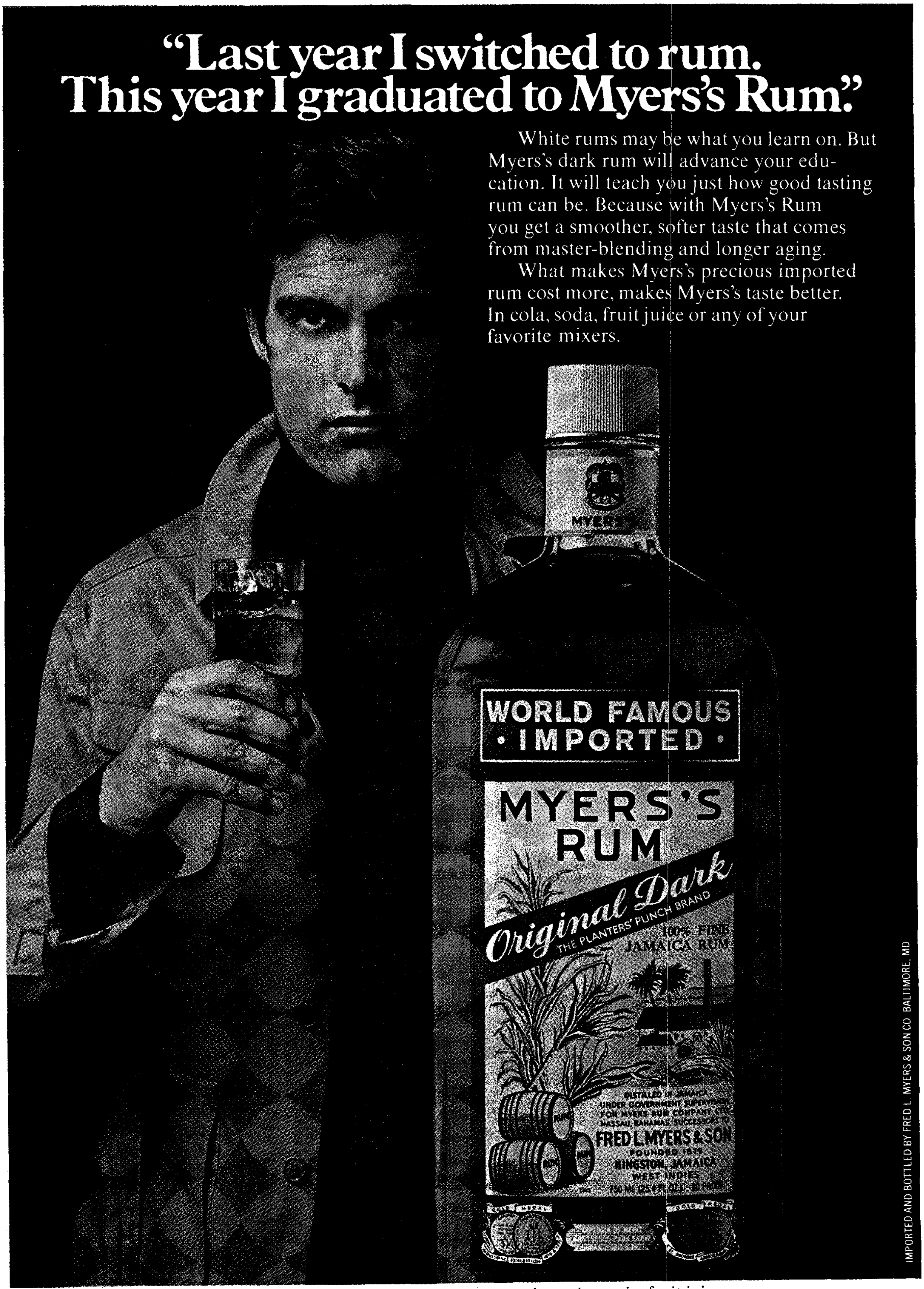
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by what she had come to think of as his habits. Around noon, he would send his peon to fetch lunch, and she would give the peon a thermos bottle of tea and a tiffin carrier she had packed with more or less the usual Anglo-Indian fare: chapattis, meat cutlets, and vegetables—perhaps one boiled and one fried in ghi. When it was five o'clock by the watch on her wrist, she could picture Daddyji getting up from his desk and going off to play tennis with one friend or another before settling down to bridge at his new club, the Chelmsford, with Mr. Hayman. (All she knew of Mr. Hayman was that he was a widower whom fate had robbed of the comforts of home life.) On Saturdays, the office would close at one o'clock, and Daddyji and his cardplaying friends would have a Western-type lunch at Davico's restaurant and would again settle down to bridge. Weekdays or Saturdays, she would seldom see him before midnight. She would wait up for him, because, as a good Hindu wife, she could never think of having her meal before giving him his. He would often scold her for being so old-fashioned, but to little effect. As soon as he came in, she would set out the meal, which the servants had kept hot, on a folding table next to the bed, and, sitting on the bed, they would eat it together. They were usually asleep by twelve-thirty or one.

In the morning, she was up before he was. Though by the time she arrived in Simla the hill rains had set in and it was cold, she would get out of bed in an unheated bedroom, take a cold bath in an unheated bathroom, get dressed in an unheated dressing room. The only fireplace was in the drawing room, and it took some time to get the fire up. Then, too—because the young ayah for Om was not competent but Mamaji couldn't bring herself to get rid of her—she took some of the ayah's work upon herself. Sometimes, right after her bath, she would wash the children's clothes in cold water. Whenever Daddyji saw her shivering in the morning cold, he would remind her of the English custom of taking bed tea, which helped one retain the warmth of the bed after one had got up, but she did not pay much attention. (In the plains, she had sometimes taken bed tea, but somehow she had got out of the habit in Simla, where she needed bed tea most.) He would also tell her that hill people didn't bathe for days at a time, and that she didn't need to bathe often, either, but she felt that she couldn't sit down to her morning prayers unless she had first purified herself with a bath. She didn't seem to realize that summer in Simla could at times be colder than winter in Montgomery or Lahore. The cold, damp wind would sweep down the hills and go right through her sari. Once, as Daddyji and Mamaji were walking on the Mall, they met a woman friend who touched Mamaji's bare shoulders and cried, "Shanti! How is it you are not wearing a sweater?" Daddyji ran his hand over Mamaji's arm and said, "She doesn't need a sweater. She has lovely, healthy skin that keeps her warm." He didn't worry much about her coming down with a cold, because she appeared to be naturally healthy.

Mamaji wasn't sure exactly when, but she developed bronchitis. A cough would start up at any time of the day or night, and she would be convulsed by it. Some time later, she caught what she called a stomach chill. Everything she ate would give her a stomach ache. She went off all food except grapes and grape juice—a home remedy that Mataji had often used, because grapes were said to be the most digestible and nourishing of foods. However uncomfortably the grapes and the grape juice sat on her stomach, she thought she had no choice—partly because grape juice was said to be good for making mother's milk and she was breast-feeding Om. She had breast-fed all her daughters. How could she not breast-feed Om, her Prince of Wales? Whenever Daddyji remarked on her loss of color and weight, she would smile and say that it was just the Simla climate. She made light of her symptoms, because she didn't want to alarm him. But Daddyji happened to stay home from the office one day, and he noticed that she did not take either breakfast or lunch but instead ate one grape after another. She hadn't told him about her grape remedy, because she knew he would disapprove.

PARK
PARK
TGoddard

"I had no idea that you were eating nothing but grapes," he said to her in astonishment. "You can do serious harm to yourself that way." After that, she began eating regular meals at regular times, and even weaned Om, who was four months old, but her health didn't improve. Doctors were consulted, and their unanimous diagnosis was that she had an ordinary case of hill diarrhea. They said that in the rainy months many people from the plains who had come to Simla for the first time contracted hill diarrhea, which sometimes lasted right through the season.

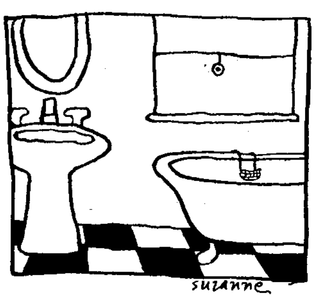
Daddyji prescribed the injections and pills of modern medicine. Babuji, who was staying with them, prescribed the herbal chutneys and powders of Ayur-Vedic medicine. She blindly accepted the treatments of both, without telling either about the prescriptions of the other.

As it happened, Rasil and Fatumal had started coming to Simla that same season, and had taken a house called Windmere Lodge, next door to Glenarquart. Rasil and Tara took turns looking after the house and the children for Mamaji, but gradually Rasil came to do everything, because Tara was preoccupied with her own children and with Harish, while Rasil had no children of her own and was alone most of the time. (Fatumal was little more than a bird of passage in Simla, coming up for a week and then going back down to the plains for a few weeks to look after his "business interests;" and Rasil's stepsister and the younger of her stepsons were both at boarding school, while the older stepson was away in government service.) Rasil helped prepare Mamaji's meals, bought her medicines, kept her charts. Always accompanied by her Alsatian, Milton, she would arrive in time to give the girls breakfast and give Om his bottle, and would usually stay to oversee the children's lunch. She would go home for a nap and return at teatime. Sometimes she would bring a little ivory statue of Krishna playing his flute, a little silver bowl for holy water, and an incense stick. She would sit down in one corner of a room with her prayer things, and pray for Mamaji's recovery in warm, fervent words while Milton sat panting beside her. Sometimes she would also play the sitar for an hour or so to soothe Mamaji. Her touch was delicate, yet so firm that she had but to pluck the top strings to set off a rush of chimelike resonances in the bottom strings. Her playing was slow and moody, each note lingering in the ear the way the smell of the rose scent she wore lingered in the air.

Whenever Daddyji heard her sitar, he thought of his father, Lalaji. He would say to her, "Your hand puts me in mind of Lalaji's wistful hand on the sitar. Lalaji, you know, was a little taciturn, but once he sat down with the sitar he was as soft as his music, and even the crows seemed to be affected by his playing.”

To Mamaji, he would say, “I didn’t get music with you, Shanti, but, thanks to your friend, our children have a musical atmosphere to grow up in.”

One evening, Fatumal stopped Daddyji on the Mall and said, “Doctor-Sahib, if you continue in your Delhi-Simla job, it would give Rasil and me great pleasure if you and Shantiji would share Windmere Lodge with us next season. It would mean only a modest—a very modest—increase in your rent. As you know, this season we have been sharing our bungalow with the Lalls, but they have decided not to come to Simla anymore.”



Daddyji put him off. As he later told Mamaji, he didn’t want to get involved, because the fellow always seemed to have ulterior designs. “We will simply find ourselves in Lall’s shoes,” he added.

Lall ran a motor firm in Lahore and was the Indian agent for Ford Motors in the Punjab. He had given Fatumal a Ford at cost, and Fatumal, when he wanted to show Rasil Europe, had prevailed upon Lall and his wife to go with them, in part because Lall’s Ford connection gave him a call on certain amenities, like a car. Lall, for his part, found Fatumal useful because of his widespread business connections. But Fatumal and Lall were constantly quarrelling, because each was always worried about being tricked into giving more than he received.

Eventually, Daddyji put aside his reservations and decided to share Windmere Lodge with Rasil and Fatumal after all. Later, he was never able to explain to Mamaji the reason for his decision. It might have been something as indefinable as the spell of Rasil’s music or something as practical as the fact that Tara and Harish had taken a house of their own, and Daddyji could not afford to keep Glenarquart by himself. In any case, the decision meant still greater involvement with the strange rich couple, in violation of his own dictum: “The truth is that neither the friendship nor the enmity of the rich is agreeable.”

In October, Mamaji and Daddyji shifted to New Delhi, which that year was having one of its coldest winters. The wind would blow across the Delhi plain and rush through the airy, open houses, which were built for the heat of the summer rather than for the usually mild winter. They found accommodations on the upper story of a house whose ground floor was occupied by a family of Madrasis. The people downstairs would cook strong-smelling food, leaving whole chilis simmering in pots in the oven for entire days. Mamaji felt suffocated by the smell of the cooking if she shut the doors and windows against the wind. But if she opened the doors and windows to get rid of the smell, she froze. It seemed that every time she took a breath she felt either the burning sensation of chilis or the cold of the wind settling in her chest. The bronchitis that she thought she had finally shaken in Simla returned with new strength.

Daddyji sent Mamaji and the children to Babuji and Mataji in Lahore, hoping that Mamaji would recover in its gentler winter. There she consulted an old woman in Mozang Chowk, who prescribed daily doses of an herbal laxative. Mamaji used the woman’s laxative for two weeks, then gave it up, because instead of improving her bronchitis it made her so weak that she started having fainting spells. Next, she went to see a practitioner of Hindu medicine, who examined her and pronounced that the trouble was with her phlegm, which he said had solidified in her chest. He prescribed a “thinning potion,” and she took that for some time. She finally gave his medicine up because it only made her nauseated. She tried several Western doctors and their medicines with no better results. Eventually, her bronchitis went away, but it left a permanent mark—she began having asthmatic attacks.

Daddyji submitted the annual budget for the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund in April, 1932, at the end of the first year of his Delhi-Simla job.

Sir Fazli Husain, who, as the Viceroy’s Executive Councillor for Education and Health, had to pass on it, called Daddyji into his New Delhi office and fixed him with a penetrating look. “I’ve just got the consent of the government of the Punjab to allow you to stay on for a second year. Are you happy with your Delhi-Simla job?”

“Yes, sir.”

“By the way, I want to compliment you on your budget,” Sir Fazli Husain said, looking down at the budget before him on his desk.

“Sir, if I may say so, I’m having some difficulty in balancing my domestic budget,” Daddyji said rather cautiously.

“Why should that be?”

“I’m receiving only a twenty-per-cent deputation allowance over and above my Punjab salary of seven hundred rupees a month. I cannot get government accommodations, and the rents for private houses in Delhi and Simla are so steep that I cannot find suitable accommodations for the right rent.”

Daddyji waited for a reply, but Sir Fazli Husain kept his own counsel. Later, when Daddyji told Mamaji about Sir Fazli Husain’s silence, he said, “Not for nothing is he Executive Councillor to the Viceroy.” But when the budget of the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund came back from the Viceroy’s office it had an added provision of one hundred and fifty rupees a month for house rent for the organizing secretary.

Mamaji and Rasil enjoyed living in the same house. The weather of the second season in Simla, in contrast to the first, was balmy and agreeable, and they would sit in the sun for hours at a time, knitting and gossiping—the children out of sight in the care of the ayah and the other servants—and feeling that they were two women of leisure. Every morning, at breakfast, they would ask each other, “What is the program for today?” It was more of a greeting than a question, because the program was always just about the same: a stroll along the Mall; a little shopping, which included a bag of sweets for the children; coffee and ice cream at Davico’s restaurant; lunch at home; a nap; another stroll along the Mall; and, often, a social function in the evening. Rasil was seven years older than Mamaji and more experienced in fashion, and at first Mamaji relied on Rasil’s advice about what colors suited her, and what kind of sari she should wear, with which blouse and shoes, for a particular occasion. Mamaji had noticed that Rasil parted her hair in the center, and that this made her eyes look even larger than they actually were. Mamaji had always parted her hair far to the left, but she shifted her part to the center. Gradually, with a little reassurance from Rasil, Mamaji started taking pride in what she recognized as her own natural sense of color and occasion.

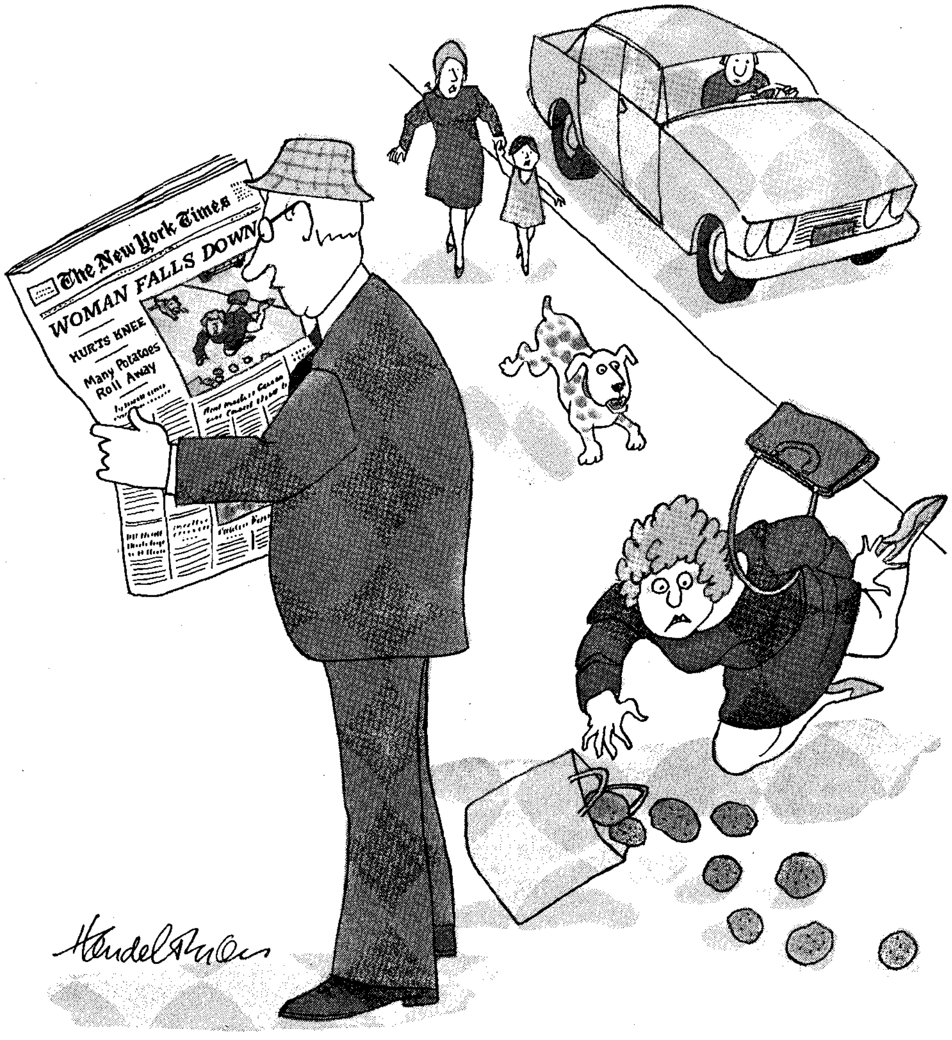
For Mamaji and Rasil, their turns around the Mall were rather like the turns of the planet, getting them from sunrise to sunset, from week to week of the season. The Mall, a little valley bounded on all sides by hills, was a few hundred yards' stretch of level walk. As they strolled along it, they would go past Christ Church, a Gothic-style building of rough-hewn mountain stone, and would often remark on its cold, forbidding aspect and on the castelessness of the Christians, even if they *were* English. No matter how often they saw the nuns who ran Christ Church College, they would comment on the plainness of their habits, and on the sad expression of the few Indian nuns who were sequestered there. They felt much more at home when they went into Kali Mandir (Goddess Kali's Temple), with its bustle of people, its sound of chanting, and its smell of incense, or when they descended from the Mall into Lakkar Bazaar (Wood Market), where they were surrounded by little stalls, and the shopkeepers hawked everything from garishly painted hobbyhorses and toy engines to carved wooden lamps and tables and lacquered walking sticks.

In the evening, Mamaji and Rasil might go with a party of friends to the Green Room, a beautiful small building of chiselled stone on the Mall, which was used for amateur theatrical productions. Built by the government around the turn of the century, and painted green inside and out, it was a private theatre where talented government officers and their wives staged, for their own amusement, English plays, like "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Importance of Being Earnest." The Viceroy and the governor, who, as ranking officers, were the patrons of the arts, would attend the performances with their wives, and later Simla's official family would remember the season by what the Viceroy or the Vicereine had been heard to say about someone's performance, such as "Jackson and Das were excellent as the twins."

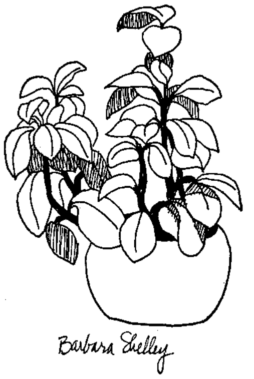
Just about Mamaji's and Rasil's most important outing was to the monthly tea party of the Ladies' Chelmsford Club, which was held in Davico's ballroom, a hall above the cinema. Wives of all high-ranking military and civil officers and of the few Simla society notables, along with begums, ranis, and maharanis from neighboring hill principalities, would come to the tea. Some ladies, who were in purdah, came wrapped from head to toe in shapeless cloaks; others, not in purdah, came in flatteringly wound saris or fashionable frocks. Some arrived in private rickshaws, others in rented ones. A row of rickshaws waited on the side of the road for the return journey; indeed, on the day of the tea party hardly a rickshaw could be found free. Not much happened at these teas. There was a receiving line, and everyone was announced, was presented to the Vicereine and the governor's wife, milled about for an hour or so talking about the weather and admiring everyone else's clothes, and went home. But everyone worth her salt showed herself there. The only occasion that surpassed the monthly tea was the annual reception, which was given by the Viceroy and the Vicereine at the Viceregal Lodge. The Vicereine at the time, Lady Willingdon, had noticed Mamaji at one of the tea parties and had been impressed by how pretty she was. Later, she had been heard to remark on Mamaji's and Rasil's way of moving. "Why can't all Indian ladies carry themselves like these two lovely ladies?" she said. When Mamaji was presented to her at the annual reception, the Vicereine motioned to her to linger by her side in the receiving line. She went on greeting other guests and directing them to the Viceroy. Now and again, in the middle of her duties, she turned toward Mamaji and smiled at her. Although Mamaji felt that her English wasn't good enough for her to converse with the Vicereine, they got to know each other so well through smiles and nods at the first reception that subsequently Mamaji and Daddyji were sometimes invited to smaller tea parties at the Viceregal Lodge.

The Viceregal Lodge was a huge Victorian heap high on a prominent hill a few miles up a macadamized road from the portals of Christ Church. The lodge surveyed its own extensive grounds. The house was the domain of Lady Willingdon, for it was a tradition that each Vicereine could redo the rooms as she liked. Lady Willingdon had done hardly anything to the lodge, but what little improvements she did make—like new mauve curtains in the drawing room—were talked about and admired for most of one season. That season, everyone wore a mauve sari or a mauve necktie; everyone carried a mauve parasol and a mauve purse or sported a mauve handkerchief or a mauve lapel flower. An annual tennis tournament was held on the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge, which were the domain of Lord Willingdon. Invitations to this tournament were as avidly coveted as invitations to any gathering at the Viceregal Lodge.

The Viceroy's aide-de-camp kept a roster of good tennis players for convening the tennis tournament. Daddy-



ji and Rasil, who was one of only two or three women on the roster, were invited to play in mixed doubles that season. As a rule, in Simla as in Lahore, Daddyji avoided mixed doubles, because he was not much good at the net. He usually played singles, because ever since he took up tennis, in his teens, he had fashioned his game after that of the perennial Indian tennis champion, Mohammed Saleem—returning every ball from the baseline, using the tactics of passing shots and lobs, and depending on his opponent to make mistakes and give him the game. But Rasil was such a good doubles player that whenever she was Daddyji's partner his play was inspired. At that season's Viceregal tournament, Daddyji and Rasil reached the semifinals, and lost only to players with a national reputation.



At a special party at the lodge after the tennis tournament, Lord Willingdon asked a few guests who were standing around him, including Sir Fazli Husain and Daddyji, "Have any of you seen the figures of the 1931 census?" The census report had just come out.

"Yes, Your Excellency," Sir Fazli Husain said, with an officious bow. "The figures show a marked increase in India's population," he went on, and he added slyly, "Your Excellency, Mr. Gandhi exhorts our people to abstain and not to produce any more children, because they would only swell the number of Indian slaves in the British Empire. The figures show how our people go about obeying Mr. Gandhi."

There was general laughter, and the Viceroy looked pleased at the implicit compliment to the Empire.

Daddyji almost blurted out that Sir Fazli Husain was trying to ingratiate himself with the Viceroy at the expense of truth—that everyone knew that the reason for the rise in India's population was the success of public-health measures in controlling epidemics. But Sir Joseph Bhore, a member of the Railway Board, and his wife came up just then. Daddyji later remarked to Mamaji, "If Sir Joseph and Lady Bhore had not come up at that moment and engaged Lord Willingdon in conversation, my tactlessness would have cost us our invitations to the Viceregal Lodge, and probably any extension in my job."

"Rasil would never have forgiven you," Mamaji said, for Rasil's invitations were dependent on Mamaji's and Daddyji's.

At the end of that second season in Simla—in October, 1932—Mamaji and Daddyji again shifted to New Delhi, and this time they found a large, pleasant house next to the hockey field of the Modern School.

THE officers junior to Daddyji in the Health Department in the Punjab hoped that he would refuse to return to the department if he was asked to, because that refusal could be grounds for depriving him of his seniority, and hence of his promotion to assistant director of public health. And if he should be denied his promotion one of them would automatically supersede him, even though he might eventually return to the Punjab. In March, 1933, the end of his second year of deputation to the central government, they hit upon the scheme of dispatching to General Megaw a formal departmental request for Daddyji's return.

General Megaw, however, being familiar with such bureaucratic machinations, saw through the scheme and brought the letter to the attention of Sir Fazli Husain, who immediately sent a demi-official letter to Sir Firoz Khan Noon, the Minister of Public Health in the Punjab, asking for a deputation of Daddyji's services for three additional years—until April, 1936. Sir Fazli Husain's request was a command, and Sir Firoz Khan Noon acquiesced. At the same time, Sir Fazli Husain doubled Daddyji's deputation allowance, from twenty to forty per cent of his salary in the Punjab, the increase to take effect immediately. Daddyji ordered a crate of mangoes for Mamaji and the children to celebrate his good fortune.

IN later years, Daddyji would warn his children against taking up cards. And still later, when he himself had stopped playing cards regularly—with age and with growing children, the importance of his club diminished in comparison with the importance of family and home—he and Mamaji would sit together and talk about how he had got started on cards in the first place.

"The cards were your club wife, just like Rasil," Mamaji would say. "And the Hayman Group was your club family."

All along, Mamaji accepted his playing cards the way she accepted his club companionship with Rasil, because, as a Hindu wife, she felt she had no choice in the matter. Anyway, she knew the whole story of his "marriage" to cards—a marriage that had preceded his marriage to her.

Although he had received his first bridge lessons when he was a student in London, in 1920, from his tennis mentor, Mohammed Saleem, he did not think of playing bridge as a socially necessary accomplishment until, on his return to India, he read a matrimonial advertisement: "Wanted for an England-returned barrister: A convent-educated, English-speaking, beautiful Brahman girl who can play bridge." A few days later, he had dropped in on a leading advocate in Rawalpindi. "What about making a fourth?" the advocate asked. Daddyji hesitated, and the advocate exclaimed, "What! An England-returned bachelor with such a remunerative first job, and you don't jump at the chance to make a fourth? Where have you been living—in the university halls of England or in the village stables of the Punjab? Don't you know that bridge is the only refuge we educated have from heat, dust, and rampant ignorance?"

Daddyji, however, did not take up bridge seriously until he was in Montgomery waiting to be confirmed in his department, when he needed the recommendation of the assistant director of public health, Dr. Abdul Rehman. Dr. Rehman, who was an avid bridge player—the game at that time was auction bridge—judged the intellectual calibre of his subordinates by the calibre of their bridge. Daddyji had no difficulty getting the recommendation, because, as it turned out, Dr. Rehman was a less than average player. But by then Daddyji had become fascinated by the game.

Later, in Lahore, Daddyji again encountered Saleem. Saleem, a barrister, was a senior advocate of the Punjab High Court and an elegant bachelor around town. Daddyji's bridge game caught Saleem's eye, and after that there was for Daddyji no escape from a nightly round of bridge at Saleem's table—at the Cosmopolitan Club or at Saleem's second home, the Punjab Club. Daddyji usually won, and he became known for being as lucky as he was skillful in his play.

When Daddyji took his Delhi-Simla job, he became a member of the Chelmsford Club, which had facilities in both cities. It was patterned after the National Liberal Club in London, and was designed to provide opportunities for discussion and association between Indians and Englishmen, but by the time Daddyji became a member it had lost most of its original interracial impetus; its Indian members seldom showed up, because they had little use for clubs, and its English members preferred to spend most of their time at the grander Imperial Gymkhana Club in Delhi or at the exclusively English United Service Club in Simla. But the Chelmsford Club was kept alive as a monument to British good intentions.

The stalwarts of the Simla Chelmsford Club, known as "the select circle," never played bridge for stakes of less than five rupees for one hundred points—four or five times Daddyji's limit in Montgomery or Lahore. They were constantly looking for a fourth, because there was a dearth of rich bridge players, and, once they learned that Daddyji was an outstanding bridge player, they persuaded him to join the table and let his partner "carry" him—absorb his losses in return for taking his winnings. At first, Daddyji, eager to do well for his partner, tended to overbid his hand, but he soon caught on. He discovered that there were only two outstanding players at his usual table, and that the third had a lot of money but no particular acumen. He calculated that, given the odds of two good players and one bad one, in the long run he should be able to win. He decided to run the small risk of losing money he did not have for the winnings he might pull in. He started "carrying" himself, and also started winning.

In time, Daddyji switched from auction bridge to contract bridge, and was inducted into "the inner circle" of "the select circle"—into the so-called Hayman Group, which was notorious in clubs all over India for its unequalled stakes and for its fast-paced games, played late into the evening both on weekends and during the week. The leader of the group was Mr. Hayman—the "Mr." was so much a part of his name that it might as well have been his first name. He was born in Madras, of mixed English and Indian parentage, and, although he could have passed himself off as English, he always gave his nationality as Indian. (In contrast, another member of the group, a Hindu gentleman who would have liked to have Mr. Hayman's option of being English, had anglicized his obviously Indian name, Tandon, to Tannan, on the pretext that it was easier for Englishmen to pronounce.) The regulars of the group were all about twenty years older than Daddyji, but within a few weeks of his joining them his name was linked with theirs.

Mr. Hayman—a widower with one grown daughter, who was married and did not live near him—spent most of his time at the club. When he was not playing bridge, Daddyji would find him sitting in the cardroom with a peg of whiskey in his hand, absently looking toward the door while he waited for a game to get under way. After a brilliant career in the Audit and Accounts Service in the central government, he had become head of Audit and Accounts and director of labor for Indian Railways, ending up as a member of the Railway Board—an important appointment, with a princely salary of four thousand rupees a month. He was a born gambler, and invariably offered to take any stranger for a partner and to carry him. He was clearly delighted if that stranger happened to be a woman, but the regular members of the group were all men. He played with great concentration, consuming peg after peg of whiskey. His game was erratic—sometimes brilliant, sometimes slapdash. But he was consistently sportsmanlike, both losing and winning with grace.

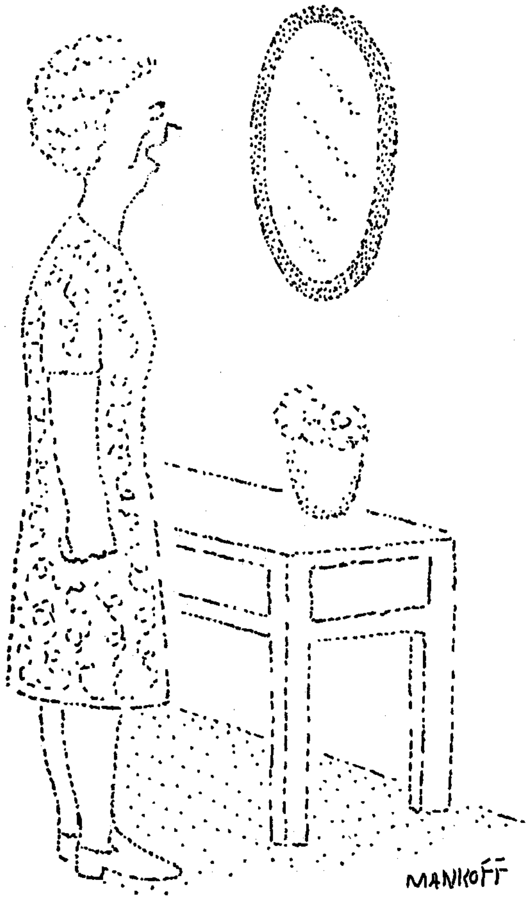
With the passing of the years, Daddyji realized that money and winning it had become more important to the Hayman Group than the game or than sportsmanship—the group had abandoned contract bridge for poker, because it was more of a gamblers' game—and that his energies, which might better have been devoted to science and research and family life, were being siphoned away. Moreover, he was becoming a bit concerned about the notoriety he had gained as a cardplayer: in Delhi, the Hayman Group forgathered at the Roshanara Club, where the winnings and losses were charged to the monthly bills of the members, so that they couldn't easily be kept private, and, to Daddyji's chagrin, his enormous winnings were talked about outside the club as well as in.

ONCE, in the Simla season of 1933, Daddyji came home from the club earlier than he was expected, and walked quietly into the house to give Mamaji a pleasant surprise. He found her sitting at the dining table and staring at a big sheet of paper on which were spots of saffron paste and a picture of the elephant god, Ganesh. She tried to roll up the sheet in time to hide what she was doing, but he had seen it.

"What nonsensical superstition is this in my house?" he asked, laughing.

"It's Om's horoscope," she said. She quickly finished rolling up the chart and, at the first opportunity, hid it.

That night, fearing that Daddyji's remark about the horoscope might bring the evil eye upon Om or upon the family, she took a handful of red chilis and circled them in the air over Om's cot, and then, before going to sleep, she prayed to Ganesh not to punish Daddyji for his insult or send her more afflictions. But soon afterward she was confined to bed with a low-grade fever and a persistent cough, which she secretly attributed to the evil eye. She had been having breathing trouble and asthma for some time, and now she started coughing up phlegm with blood in it. The doctors whom Daddyji called to attend her began suspecting tuberculosis, and they put her through a series of tests. Although the tests proved negative, the strain of the symptoms and of the worry left her feeling



"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, go to hell."

dispirited. The very thought of being sick and bedridden brought tears to her eyes.

She and Daddyji were sharing Windmere Lodge with Rasil and Fatumal for another season, and Rasil would sit by Mamaji's bedside and try to amuse her by playing bezique or just talking, in preference to going to the club. For some time, Rasil had been trying unsuccessfully to have a child, and lately she herself had become preoccupied and moody. Often, she would simply give up her attempts to cheer Mamaji, and cry, too. "Shanti, I wish I were sick instead of you," she would say. Sometimes Rasil would leave the room suddenly, as if it were too painful for her to sit with Mamaji. Then Mamaji would feel abandoned and frightened, especially since Daddyji seemed to be always at his club.

Daddyji grew alarmed by her continuing illness and took her to the Dharampur Consumption Hospital in the plains, for further tests. There Dr. F. S. Master, the superintendent of the hospital, examined her thoroughly, taking, among other things, a fresh set of X-rays and a specimen of sputum. Then he drew Daddyji aside. "I find nothing incriminating," he said, speaking as one doctor to another. "Does she have a long history of colds and coughs?"

"I think she caught a cold under the wedding canopy," Daddyji said. "We were married in December in Lahore, and it was very chilly that day. Then she had a little cough off and on through the first year of our marriage, but I was posted in Montgomery at the time and I attributed the cough to the Montgomery dust storms. I don't know what she told you, but she now believes that she never had a cold until she came to Simla."

"I can't find anything wrong with her physically," Dr. Master said. "But she seems very sad. If you can get her to talk about why she is sad, you may find that many of her symptoms will disappear."

"I myself have often thought that some of her symptoms were more in her mind than physical," Daddyji said. "When we first got married, and she thought she couldn't conceive, she had several hysterical fits, with the classic symptoms—a fainting spell and a locked jaw. The interesting thing is that the moment she conceived, her fits and her symptoms disappeared. In fact, she is never so healthy as when she is pregnant. She doesn't remember those fits now, of course."

When Daddyji had finished talking, Dr. Master nodded sympathetically, as if he were used to patients who forgot their own histories. "Well, then, you know what to do as well as I—try to lift her spirits," he said.

Soon after Dr. Master's examination, Mamaji became pregnant for the fifth time. (It was the official beginning of the writer of this narrative.) There had been a three-year hiatus between her pregnancies—the longest so far—and the moment she knew she was pregnant again she began to rally.

WHENEVER Fatumal was in residence at Windmere Lodge that season, it seemed he couldn't do enough for Mamaji and Daddyji. He would go down to the native bazaar himself, with a servant, to choose chickens—a great delicacy in India—for dinner. Then he would stand around in the kitchen supervising the cooking of the chickens, frequently tasting the curry to make sure that it had just the right balance of spices. He would set aside an especially mild portion for Daddyji, who didn't like chilis, and the rest of it he would make good and hot. Daddyji and Mamaji began to wonder if Fatumal had something up his sleeve. The chicken dishes seemed to augur a request for a favor.

One day, Fatumal came up to Daddyji on the veranda. He shifted his bulk from foot to foot, waved his hands, and seemed to be having trouble getting his words out. "If you have no objection, would you consider having Mr. Hayman to a tea party and introducing me to him?" he asked.

"Of course. We'll have him to tea any day you like," Daddyji said, taken aback at Fatumal's making so much of such a simple request.

"One more minute of your time, please," Fatumal continued, in an obsequious manner. "Could the tea party be in our side of the house?"

"Of course, if that's what you want," Daddyji said. "Your side, our side—it's all the same."

On the day of the tea party, Fatumal waddled around the house all day, seeing to it that the best pastries were bought, that the best savories were cooked, that the best china was laid out, and that the servants put on their best tea manners. At tea, he pressed one delicacy after another on Mr. Hayman, and afterward he requested Daddyji and Mr. Hayman to do him the honor of convening the Hayman Group at his house the following evening. When the group met there, Fatumal saw to it that Mr. Hayman's glass was never empty, and that Mr. Hayman noticed the label of the expensive bottle of whiskey from which he was pouring. As Mr. Hayman was leaving, he complimented Fatumal on his hospitality.

The very next day, Fatumal said to Daddyji, over a special chicken dinner, "I am about to retire. I have had my innings, and I have served the government faithfully. I doubt if any official in my department could find fault with my service as an accountant."

Daddyji said he hoped that Fatumal would be properly recompensed at retirement with a good provident fund.

"My provident fund comes to nearly two lakhs of rupees," Fatumal said. "But in life you must have something to keep you busy. Even having money is less important to me than having something to do."

Mamaji almost laughed in her veil.

"I want only one thing now from the government and from life," Fatumal continued. "I want a contract from the railways for an exclusive food concession at the Delhi station." Then he mumbled something about Mr. Hayman.

Suddenly, the reason for the chicken dishes, the tea party, the card game, the whiskey became clear to Daddyji.

"I've looked into the matter," Fatumal went on, "and certain high officers in the railway department can grant such contracts in special circumstances."

Daddyji found himself saying, in spite of himself, "Could Mr. Hayman help?"

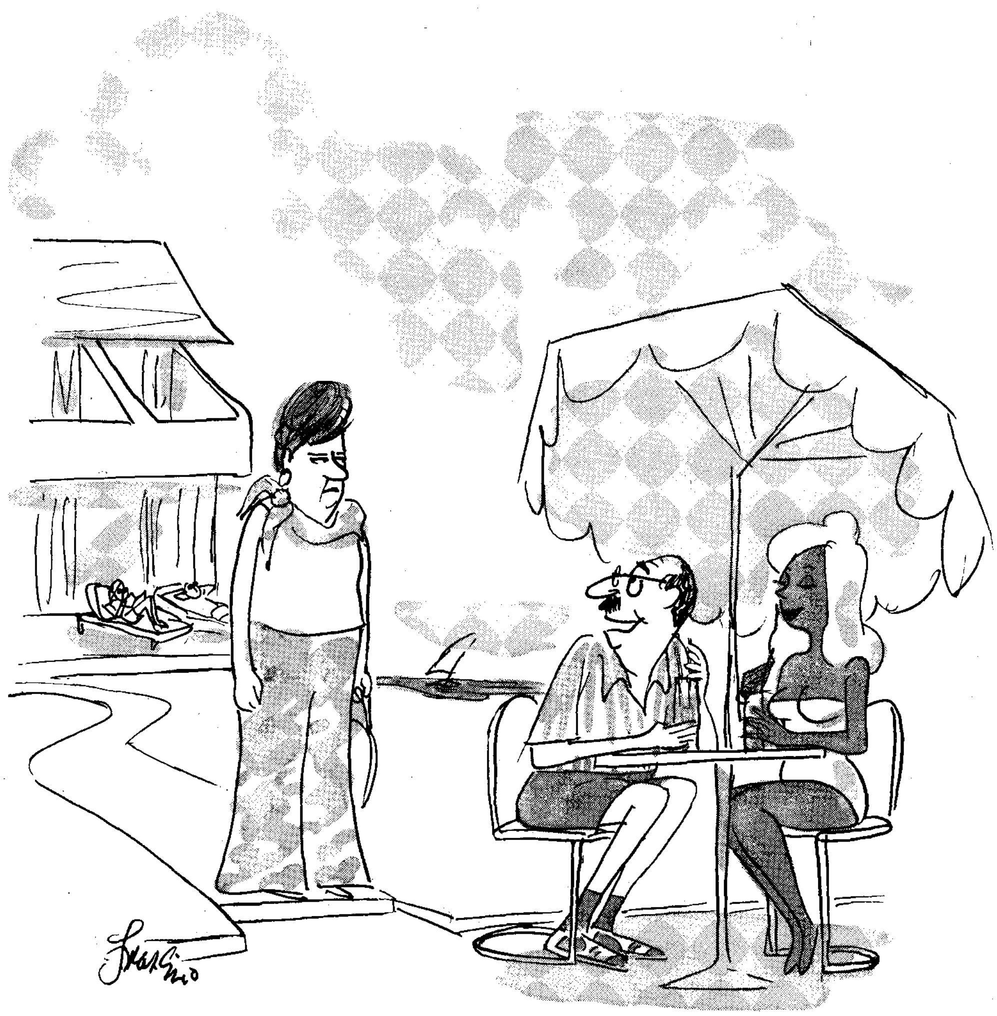
"You have put the idea into my head, and what a good idea it is!" Fatumal exclaimed.

Later, when Daddyji reproached himself for suggesting an appeal to Mr. Hayman, Mamaji reminded him how Rasil had looked after her during her illnesses, and said that, whatever he might think of Fatumal, they were all friends.

Daddyji went to see Mr. Hayman in his office and told him about Fatumal's request for the concession. Mr. Hayman immediately made a note on his desk pad, and said, "Rest assured, the case will receive favorable consideration."

In due course, Fatumal got his concession.

Not long afterward, Daddyji and Mamaji were walking along the Mall. They saw Fatumal coming toward them, followed by a servant with a couple of plucked chickens.



"Come and meet Sandra, dear. Sandra is one of those lucky blondes with easy-to-tan skin."

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"I wonder what he wants now," Daddyji said.

"I don't know how Rasil got caught by this *chamar*," Mamaji said.

That evening, over chicken curry, Fatumal said, in his most disarming, offhand way, "A tip from an old man, Doctor-Sahib. You should buy a house in Simla, rent it out, and pledge its income to your wife and children. A house in Simla is the best insurance policy for this uncertain life."

Daddyji didn't think much of the suggestion. He felt that an interest in summer property was a concern fit only for the rich, and that his best investment was the education of his children and his relatives. Anyway, he had no money to spare; he was in government service, with just enough salary to get by on.

"Rachel's Folly is on the market," Fatumal was saying. "The agent tells me that the owner is a European, who would prefer to sell it to another European. But, Doctor-Sahib, someone of your position and status in the world might be able to persuade him to sell it to you."

"I know that house well," Daddyji said. "It was built by an English architect for his family, at the insistence of his wife, Rachel. A house like that will fetch a good price. But who has the money to buy such a house? I certainly don't."

"Then you could buy the house for me, and in return I'd sell you a plot of land on the property at cost, and you could build your own house on it when you do have the money. You could pay for the plot of land when it was convenient—as they say, 'payable when able,' " Fatumal said.

Later that night, Daddyji told Mamaji he was tempted by the idea—it would be nice for them to have a place of their own in Simla one day.

She said she was against entering into any business arrangement with Fatumal. "Fatumal will get you to buy the house for him and then keep all the property for himself," she said. "He's the kind of man who will cook a chicken for you when he wants something from you, but when he has what he wants he will eat the chicken himself and go away."

"You're just partial to Rasil," Daddyji said. "You've been happily eating his chicken dishes all this time."

The next day, Daddyji made inquiries at his club and learned that the owner of Rachel's Folly had entrusted the sale of the house to the secretary of the United Service Club. Daddyji called on the secretary, an obliging, fair-minded Englishman, who turned out to be a believer in equal rights for Indians. Daddyji took the secretary into his confidence.

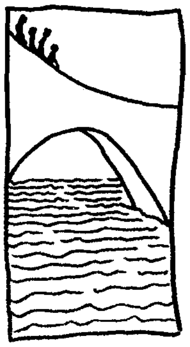
"Look here, Dr. Mehta," the secretary said. "It is true I've given my word to the owner to sell Rachel's Folly to a European, but that commitment holds only until noon of the seventh of October, the last day of the season. If a European buyer doesn't turn up by then, I can sell the house to you in good conscience. Once it is sold to you, no one can say anything about it, and you can do with it what you like."

Daddyji presented himself at the secretary's office on the morning of the designated day. As it happened, no bid had been received from a European. When, at the sounding of the official noon hooter, there was still no bid, the secretary sold the house to Daddyji, who, as had been arranged, was acting as proxy for Fatumal. The following day, Daddyji, Fatumal, and the secretary went to the registration office, and Rachel's Folly was officially registered in Fatumal's name. On their way home, Daddyji congratulated Fatumal on the acquisition of such a valuable and desirable property, and added that, for his part, he would put up a decent-looking cottage on the plot of land Fatumal had promised him.

"What promise?" Fatumal exclaimed, as if he'd never heard of the idea. "A new house on my property? The house would be an eyesore and ruin the value of the property. I wouldn't think of it. I may look like a *chamar*, but I'm not going to behave like a *chamar*—with my Rachel's Folly."

When Daddyji told Mamaji what had happened, she said, "Your trouble is that you trust everyone. I would have got something in writing about the plot of land before I lifted a finger to help a *chamar* who wants to live in an Englishman's house."

"I would have helped him anyway, whether he had offered me the plot of land or not," Daddyji said. Then he remembered Mamaji's remark about Fatumal and the chicken dish, and he laughed, saying, "We have escaped the worse fate of having that scoundrel for a neighbor for the rest of our lives."



JUST as Mamaji and Daddyji were settling into New Delhi for the winter of 1933-34, Daddyji fell ill. At first, the doctor's diagnosis was influenza, brought on by fatigue. Mamaji didn't understand much about influenza, but she understood instinctively that he had got sick by tiring himself out. For many months, he had been hard at work organizing the First All-India Anti-Tuberculosis Conference, and then, after it opened—in October, in New Delhi—writing up its proceedings, reading a paper, and collecting and editing papers of other specialists and workers. When he hadn't had to stay late at the office or at the conference, he had been playing cards far into the evening at one or another of his clubs. In the *gullis*, she had heard of married men having mistresses; she had even lived in the same house as a Muslim tenant who had two wives. But she had never heard of any woman having as much power over a man as cards had over Daddyji.

The doctors tried several treatments for his influenza, but none of them had any effect. He started passing some spongy matter from his bladder. Then he started talking in his sleep, and there were times when he was delirious. Mamaji wanted to take him to Lahore, to Babuji's, to try the remedies of practitioners of Hindu and Muslim medicine, but when she suggested the move to him he wouldn't hear of it. He said that he would be well soon, and that he had to oversee the publication of the proceedings and papers of the conference. In the end, however, he was forced to take three months' leave, and to go to Babuji's house.

The diagnosis of the practitioners whom Mamaji consulted in Lahore was that a mysterious moon force was working through Daddyji's system. They prescribed powerful charms in lieu of herbs and potions—which they knew he could not be tricked into swallowing, even in his semiconscious, weakened state. The Western doctors in Lahore suspected that he had colibacillosis. They said that his was an exceptional case—that although the coli bacillus rarely becomes pathogenic, in his case it had produced toxins, which had affected first his bladder, then his brain. They started intensive treatment for colibacillosis.

On the first morning of spring in 1934, five months to the day after he became ill, he was dozing in Babuji's bedroom, which had been given over to him. Suddenly, Mataji woke him and said, "Congratulations! Shanti has given birth to a second son. Mother and child are in the safe-room, both asleep."

An hour or so later, when it happened that no one was sitting by his bedside, he raised himself, put on a dressing gown and slippers, and, for good measure, wrapped a blanket around his shoulders. Then he walked like a ghost through the house, and, before anyone knew it, he was in the safe-room and had picked up the baby (me) from Mamaji's side.

It was from the birth of the baby, whom they eventually named Ved Parkash, that both she and he later dated his recovery. Within a few weeks, he had bounced back and had returned to his job.

THE Simla air, that fourth season, seemed to have a new, uplifting clarity, and, for the first time in some months, Mamaji and Daddyji both felt well. Their friendship with Rasil and Fatumal faded. Fatumal, having got his concession and Rachel's Folly, had little further use for Daddyji; Rasil, disappointed at not having been able to bear a child, withdrew from clubs and society for prayers and meditation, and was increasingly content to remain in the sanctum of Rachel's Folly. Mamaji felt more in command of her own life without Rasil always in the house, and she realized that Rasil's presence had put some indefinable constraint on the understanding between her and Daddyji. Daddyji, too, felt freer without Rasil's company, and he realized that her presence on the tennis court and in the club, however exciting and challenging, had been disquieting to his home life. Above all, Mamaji and Daddyji both felt that Fatumal's chickens, however delicious, had placed them in the debt of someone they had never liked and would never have chosen as a friend if it hadn't been for Rasil.

In the club, too, there was a change, and it had to do with a change in Mr. Hayman's fortunes. Lady Willingdon had invited Mr. Hayman to dinner one Saturday, but he had become so engrossed in his card game that he forgot about the invitation. The next day, the Vicereine's social secretary wrote to him conveying the displeasure of the Viceroy and the Vicereine and demanding an explanation.

Mr. Hayman, as a rule the picture of equanimity, was distraught. In his reply to the social secretary he reminded him that the employees of both the Great Indian Peninsular Railway and the Bombay Baroda & Central India Railway had been on the verge of a strike, and he said that he had been following the labor negotiations by telephone and had become so preoccupied with them that he had completely forgotten about the honor of dining at the Viceroy's table. He begged the secretary to convey his sincerest apologies to the Vicereine and the Viceroy. Mr. Hayman knew that the excuse sounded lame, but it was the best one he could offer.

It was understood that the Viceroy forgave the discourtesy, but the Vicereine did not, and she ordered that Mr. Hayman was never again to be asked to the Viceregal Lodge. And he never was. From that moment, his career with the government seemed to be under a cloud. (A couple of years later, he took an early retirement and accepted the job of chief accountant at the Tata steel plant in Jamshedpur, in Bihar.)

In time, Daddyji's own career with the central government also came to a close. When he went back to work after his illness, he proposed to the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund Subcommittee that it sever its connection with the Indian Red Cross Society Committee and become an independent organization. "I would like to transform the Fund from a stepchild of the Indian Red Cross into a national tuberculosis association," he said at a meeting. "At the moment, many of the members of our subcommittee are also members of the Red Cross Society Committee, and for them tuberculosis is only one of many interests. But with an independent membership we could devote ourselves entirely to the prevention and cure of tuberculosis." The proposal was immediately embraced by the Indian members, who felt that a new, independent body would indeed be more effective, but spurned by the English members, who felt that any attempt to split up the omnibus Indian Red Cross Society was a form of secession.

The debate degenerated into a bitter racial question, which preoccupied the subcommittee for the next several years. Daddyji became disillusioned and decided to rejoin his department in the Punjab, and at the end of the winter season of 1936-37, after six years in New Delhi and Simla, the family returned to Lahore to live. Looking back, he feels that if he had not raised the question of separation and tangled with the English members of the Indian Red Cross, he would have been able to stay on in his Delhi-Simla job, and retire with an international reputation and a good provident fund. Looking back, Mamaji, for her part, feels that those English members cast an evil eye on the family, for the end of Daddyji's Delhi-Simla job was the beginning of what Mamaji sees as their real troubles.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

OF the eleven children Babuji fathered with Mataji, only six survived: Mamaji; Dwarka, a son, born in 1912; Lakshman, a son, born in 1915; Dharam, a daughter, born in 1918; Pushpa, a daughter, born in 1922; and Vimla, a daughter, born in 1925.

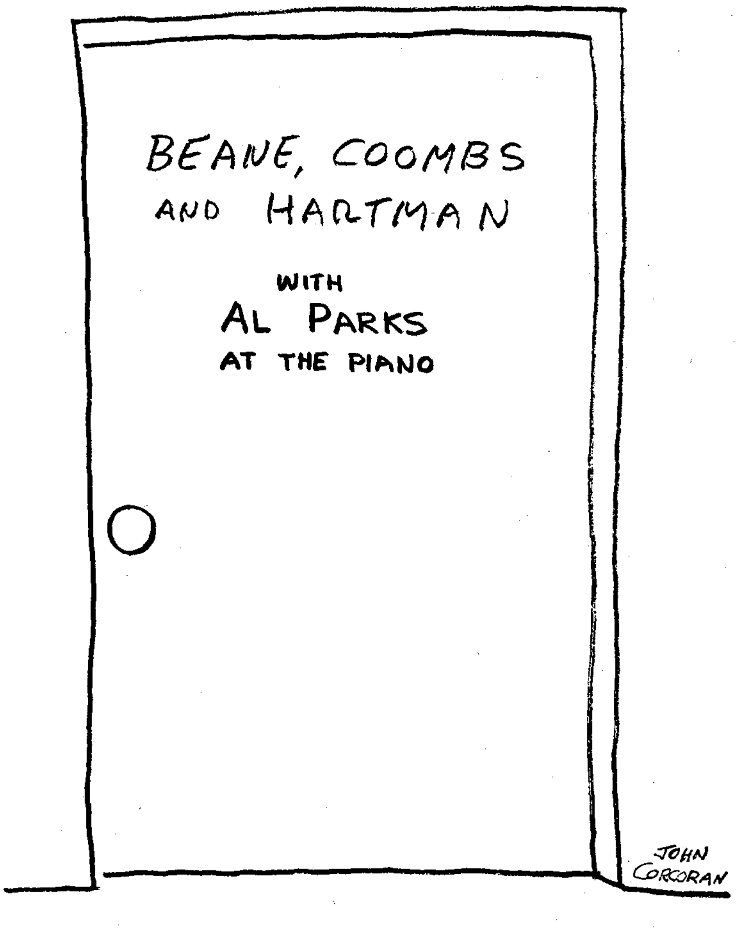
Dwarka, as a child, was untidy, and left his shoes, his clothes, his books wherever they happened to drop. He attended the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic (D.A.V.) School and barely scraped through. He went on to Government College and passed his B.A. examination only on a second try. For a couple of years, he was cheerfully idle, and then Gandharva Sen Kashyap, the middle-aged man who had been Babuji's tenant in the back cottage, said to Babuji, "Give me this boy and I'll make something of him. I will put him in business." Babuji said, "Take him."

Dwarka enthusiastically went with Kashyap to Delhi, where he started out living with Mamaji and Daddyji, and then shared a house with Kashyap in Darya Ganj, just inside the wall of Old Delhi. Their first business venture together was the purchase of a small forest. They expected to make a lot of money from the timber, but the forest caught fire. Next, they bought some machinery and started a factory for making borders and pipings for saris. But they knew little about running a factory and less about women's tastes, and the factory went bankrupt. Dwarka tried for a time to refloat the business, but Kashyap struck out on his own and started a factory for making envelopes. Dwarka liked the idea of making envelopes and wanted to become Kashyap's partner again, but Kashyap said that enough was enough, and he wouldn't have Dwarka in the business unless he could help raise ten thousand rupees of new capital. Dwarka applied to Babuji for the money, and received a few lines in reply saying, "Nothing doing. Stand on your own two feet or come back and live with me. I now have enough money so that no son of mine need work." Dwarka lingered in Delhi, where, when he was not struggling with the business, he spent his time at the Roshanara Club (Daddyji had got him elected to it), playing tennis, dancing with the ladies, and having a peg or two of whiskey. But before long he ran out of money and went back to Lahore.

Lakshman, as a child, was tidy, serious, and something of a goody-goody, and he was given the nickname Pandit, which stuck to him for life. He went to the D.A.V. School and then to the College of Commerce, where he received a Bachelor of Commerce degree on his second try. He became a clerk in the Punjab National Bank, of which Babuji was a director at the time. He was conscientious and hardworking, and did well at his job. He left the bank to become secretary of and a partner in the Central Life & General Assurance Company, Ltd., after Babuji bought a share in the company and became its chairman. A few months later, Babuji and the company's owner, Veda Veyas, had a falling out over Veyas's decision to run for public office and to divide his time between politics and business. Babuji resigned from the insurance company, and eventually got his money out; Lakshman returned to his post in the Punjab National Bank.

Dharam was a somewhat plain, slow girl, who in demeanor resembled Mataji. She failed her F.A.—First Arts—twice (by Dharam's time, women's education was more fashionable than it had been in Mamaji's time), and Babuji thought that it would be best to try to marry her off quickly. Dwarka suggested a Delhi friend of his named Jagmohan Soi, a son of the chief electrical engineer for the Delhi Corporation, saying, "Being a failed F.A. himself, I don't think he would object to marrying a failed F.A." Daddyji and Mamaji looked Jagmohan Soi over for Babuji and liked him, but Daddyji wrote to Babuji, "The boy has a bald spot on which the skin looks grey and infected." Babuji wrote back and asked Daddyji to make inquiries about the infection and, if it didn't seem a permanent condition, to make a formal offer of Dharam to Jagmohan Soi. The skin blemish turned out to be only untreated ringworm. Jagmohan Soi agreed to marry Dharam on the strength of Babuji's reputation in Lahore and his own meeting with Daddyji and Mamaji. But when he finally met Dharam, in New Delhi—she and the family had come there for the engagement ceremony—he was so disappointed in her looks that he tried to back out. His maternal uncle took him aside and gave him a tongue-lashing. "Have you ever heard of a Kshatriya going back on his word?" he said.

It took Jagmohan Soi about two years to bring himself to the point of getting married to Dharam, but on the appointed day he went through the ceremony like a Kshatriya gentleman. He was fat and jolly, and one of his main interests was to make the rounds of the bazaars, pick out the fattest rooster he could find, cook it himself with a lot of spices, and make a meal of it. Dharam made it one of her main interests to



watch him cook his rooster and help him eat it.

A year or so after Dharam and Jagmohan Soi were married, he started a neon-sign business in New Delhi, and for a time Dwarka worked with him, ignoring a Punjabi adage that went "Brothers-in-law can no more get along in business than cocks in a cockpit." It turned out that the two indeed could not get along. Dwarka went back to Lahore for the second time, and Jagmohan Soi moved to Calcutta and went on to become one of the barons of the Indian neon business.

Babuji became exercised that a younger daughter had got married before his older son, and he started showing Dwarka a parade of tall, comely girls, but Dwarka had difficulty settling on any of them.

"I can't make up my mind," he would say. "I don't want to get married. I'll be as unlucky in marriage as I have been in business."

"You will get married," Babuji would say.

And in 1941, at the age of twenty-nine, Dwarka finally chose a girl, named Santosh. She was short, as Dwarka was. (All Babuji's children except Lakshman were short.) "I think Santosh's being short is an advantage," Dwarka said. "We can see eye to eye." But after they got married he and Santosh had a daughter who was astonishingly small even for a baby. (In fact, the couple had three children—all daughters—who were all very short.)

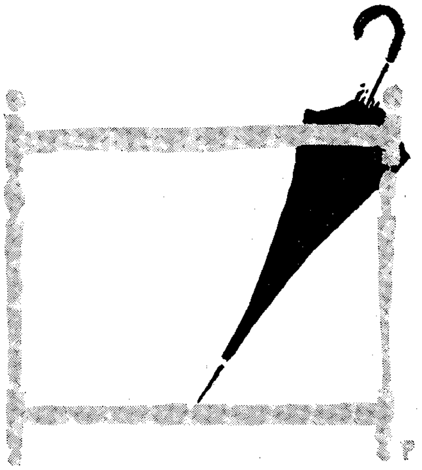
Babuji made inquiries, and discovered that two short people almost always produce short children. After that, one of the first questions he would ask about a prospective mate for any of his children was "How tall?" and when the time came to choose a bride for Lakshman—he was married a year after Dwarka—Babuji found him the tallest girl he could. Lakshman and the girl, Sureshtra, went on to have two tall sons.

About the time of Lakshman's marriage, Babuji found a husband for Pushpa. She was the prettiest of his daughters, with long, thick hair. Babuji found for her a rich, very handsome Punjabi named Payare Lal Tandon, who lived in the industrial town of Cawnpore and, as a partner in a firm of chartered accountants, was a member of a small gentry there. Payare Lal helped to settle Dwarka by putting him onto a job in Cawnpore with the British-India Corporation. (Dwarka worked in its big brush-making concern, and eventually rose to become manager of that concern.) Payare Lal, however, turned out to be something of a playboy, and Pushpa's marriage was the unhappiest one in Babuji's family.

Vimla, who was born the year that Mamaji was married, and became a sort of companion to Promila, Mamaji's oldest daughter, had an easy-going, simple nature. She would say anything that came into her head. Very pretty, she grew up to be spoiled, good-humored, and rather naïve. The family considered her to be one of a kind until she married a man who seemed to be just like her.

CHILDREN

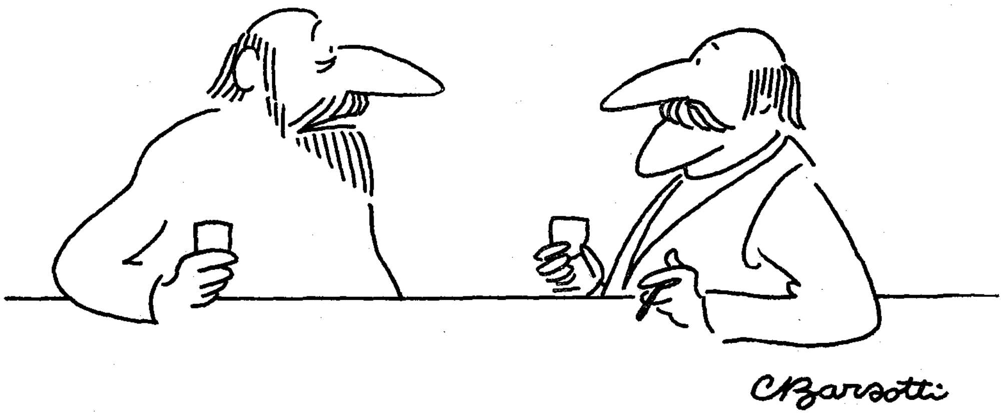
WHEN Daddyji and Mamaji returned to Lahore in 1937, Promila was ten years old. She was tall and thin, and, for an Indian, had very fair skin. She had gone through stages of being in turn like Mataji and like Mamaji, but was growing up to be a sort of understudy to Daddyji's sister, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi. Like Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, Promila was sedate and proper, and was always conscious of her position in the family and of her health. She felt that, being the oldest, she always had to be good and behave responsibly. She went about her household duties with a minimum of fuss, and cultivated a relaxed manner, gently cajoling the servants and the other children to do her bidding. She was very particular about when she went to sleep, when she got up, when she had her meals. If she was awakened from her afternoon nap before she had had the full hour she felt she needed, she would find a chance to make up the missed time with a second nap. Her chief fault as a child was that she was finicky about what she ate. She would push aside any dish with greens in it. If Mamaji forced her to eat a spoonful of squash, which she didn't like, Promila would make a face, cough, and get up from the table. No matter how often she was told that if she didn't eat all her vegetables her teeth would fall out, it did no good. (She grew up with a couple of bad teeth, and married a dentist.) Because she was so methodical, everything of hers had to be in its proper place—her frocks neatly arranged in her drawer, her comb placed in the center of her hairbrush, her picture books arranged by size. If Nirmila moved even the cap on Promila's doll, Promila would call her over and patiently give her a lesson in tidiness—in how the cap had to be just so, and where the doll had to sit on the chest of drawers to be shown to best advantage. Nirmila would giggle uncontrollably behind her hand, but Promila, the tolerant older sister, would ignore the giggling and pat her on the head for being a good little girl.



In contrast, Nirmila, who was nine, was carefree and lackadaisical. She liked to play outside and to stay up late. She had a whole scruffy menagerie of animals and a collection of odds and ends—a chipped clay pigeon, a discolored woollen cheetah, a cracked wooden horse, half of a brass bangle, a bent Egyptian puzzle ring. Nirmila liked to eat anything, and she laughed at everything. She was a soft touch—giving a toy to anybody who asked for one, offering half of her mango to the bearer who served it to her.

Urmila, who was seven, was the sauciest of the children. She sometimes called Mamaji "Sister-in-Law," and said with great pride that she had only Mehta blood. She felt she owned Daddyji's lap. She always had a lot to say and could talk circles around people twice her age. She assumed that she should have first claim on everything, and she usually got her way. She was very fond of spicy food, and would lick her fingers clean. She knew, as if by instinct, the caste and subcaste of all her little friends, and of Mamaji's and Daddyji's friends as well.

Om, who was six, had the large nose of the Mehtas but the retiring manner of Mamaji's side of the family. Since he was the first son, he got a lot of special attention from Mamaji, but the girls never let him forget that he was only the fourth child. Urmila used to tease him by saying that he was more a Mehra than a Mehta, and, indeed, he felt more at home with Mataji than with Bhabiji. Everyone wanted Om to grow up to be good at sports and games, like Daddyji, but although he did play around outside with a hockey stick and a ball, what he liked to do most was to put a record of a film song on the gramophone and sing along with it, clapping his hands and shaking his head like an actor he had seen at the cinema. He said he wanted



"I've lost my customary brio."

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to be a film star when he grew up. If he saw a picture of an actor in a newspaper or a magazine, he would cut it out and walk around with it, showing it to everyone. When Mamaji was getting him ready to go to Bishop Cotton School, in Simla—one of the best boarding schools in the country—he cried and cried and cried, but stopped when Promila told him that the school had "Kindergarten Dramatics."

Ved, who was three, was fair, like Daddyji. He had been an active baby and had cut his teeth, walked, and talked earlier than the other children. (It is an odd experience to talk about myself in the third person, but, after all, this is Mamaji's story, not mine, and must be told as much as possible from her point of view.)

In July, 1937, while Daddyji was away in England on four months' leave, Mamaji gave birth to their sixth child. The baby, a daughter, was born in Babuji's back cottage, which the family had rented. (The Temple Road house was occupied by tenants, and its annex by Bibi Parmeshwari Devi and her family. She didn't want to vacate it until her children had finished their examinations, because she considered it a lucky house.) The daughter was named Vipla, because the name, like Promila, Nirmila, and Urmila, had the "la" ending, which Daddyji and Mamaji found musical. But as soon as Vipla learned to talk, she refused to answer to Vipla and insisted that her name was Usha, which means "Dawn." And that is what she ended up being called.

Mamaji and Daddyji had two more children: Anand, a son, who was born in 1939 and died the same year, and Ashok Kumar, another son, who was born in 1944.

DADDYJI returned from England in August, before Mamaji had completed the forty-day lying-in period following the birth of Usha. He rejoined his department in the Punjab, and later that month he was posted to the unfamiliar town of Gujrat, seventy miles to the north of Lahore. He took Mamaji, the baby, and Ved with him; Om was in his boarding school in Simla, and the girls, so that their schooling would not be interrupted by transfers, had been temporarily entered as boarders in a convent school in Lahore. Daddyji went on his first long tour of inspection the following January, and—since he was taking the car—Mamaji, the baby, and Ved, who was then a couple of months short of his fourth birthday, went along for the fun of it; they took an ayah, Ajmero, with them. The first stop on the tour of inspection was a dak bungalow, little more than a postal address for touring government officers. It was by a canal and was six miles from the closest town, Dinga, which was at the foot of the Himalayas. After a leisurely lunch, Daddyji drove by himself toward Dinga to inspect some villages.

Mamaji expected him to return in a couple of hours, but he didn't. It looked like a nice day, and she thought that it would be good to go out and take a little walk. They had spent the morning travelling in the car, and the dak bungalow was a forlorn place. She left the baby in the care of Ajmero and set out with Ved to meet Daddyji. They walked toward Dinga along the bank of the canal on the open dirt road that she had seen Daddyji take. It began to grow dark, and a cold Himalayan wind suddenly rushed down, catching them up in its sweep. It slapped against their faces, whipped their clothes against their bodies, and swirled around their feet, making walking difficult. Mamaji caught Ved firmly by the hand and quickened her pace. Realizing that she had walked farther than she had intended, in the hope of seeing the headlights of Daddyji's car at any moment, she decided to turn back. She saw a little footbridge leading to a parallel road along the other side of the canal and, because the other road had leafy shisham trees and looked more sheltered, she crossed over.

When she and Ved reached the bungalow, after a tiring, cold walk in the dark (by later reckoning, they had walked three miles altogether), Daddyji was there, watching for them from the veranda. He hastened to meet them. When he heard Mamaji's story, he said that he must have driven past the footbridge around the time she and Ved crossed it, and just missed them.

Mamaji, as was her habit, got up in the middle of the night to check on Ved and the baby. She woke Daddyji. "Ved feels hot—he's got a high fever," she said. She took Ved's temperature. It was a hundred and five. On the theory that whatever medicine helped her would help her child, she got down a bottle of medicine that she had been taking for bronchitis and that had proved effective for the fevers of her children. She dissolved a pill in a glass of water and gave it to Ved. (Later, she chastised herself for giving him the pill, because she was told that it might have masked the symptoms of the illness and delayed the diagnosis.) The fever didn't go down, and around noon Daddyji interrupted his tour and drove Ved, with Mamaji and the baby, to Gujrat. After a day or two, finding that the doctors there were unable to agree on a diagnosis, he went on to the best hospital in Lahore, where the disease was finally diagnosed as cerebrospinal meningitis—or, in Hindi, "neck-breaking fever."

Mamaji sat by Ved's cot in the hospital room. In a corner, Daddyji stood with some other doctors, discussing Ved's illness. The doctors kept shaking their heads. She looked at Ved's face and thought she saw his soul slipping away from him. She remembered how, just a few days before, he had come running up to her holding an egg. He had put the egg to his ear and listened to faint clicking sounds coming from within, and then had watched, fascinated, as the shell cracked and the little wet head of the chick emerged.

AROUND the time of Ved's illness, Bhabiji had taken to her bed on account of her son Romesh. Romesh, a leading architect in Lahore, was much sought after by matchmakers, and Bhabiji had high expectations of arranging a good marriage for him. Family legend has much changed and embellished the following story, so that the facts are impossible to determine, but Mamaji remembers that one day Romesh, returning from a quick trip to Bombay, arrived at Mehta Gulli with a woman on his arm; he took her to Bhabiji's "room"—as her little flat in Mehta Gulli was called—and presented her to Bhabiji as his wife. She was darker than any Punjabi whom Bhabiji had ever seen, and her dark color was accentuated by a black coat she was wearing. She had garlands of cheap flowers around her neck, and she looked frightened. "I've brought you a daughter-in-law, Bhabiji," Romesh said sheepishly. "There was no time to invite anybody. Ours was a love marriage."

Bhabiji, who was sitting on her bed, stood up, blessed the couple, and fainted. She developed a fever. She started talking in her sleep about the black-coated witch in the house of the Mehtas. Everyone feared that Bhabiji might die. Romesh was inconsolable. He would sit by Bhabiji's bed for a few minutes and then run upstairs to his wife for a few minutes.

Bhabiji, in her moments of lucidity, would cry out, "Who is she?"

"Her name is Savitri, Bhabiji. She is my wife," Romesh would say.

"Who *is* she?" Bhabiji would wail.

"She is a Maharashtrian."

"You mean she's not even a Punjabi? What is her caste? Her subcaste?"

"She has none, Bhabiji. She's not a Hindu. She's an Indian Christian."

Bhabiji, in her semiconscious state, had only one comment, which she repeated whenever she thought Romesh was near: "Son, you've put a garland of razors around your neck. Whichever way you turn, it will cut you."

Gradually, Bhabiji rallied, and, gradually, she began to accept the fact of Savitri.

Mamaji remembers going back and forth between Bhabiji's bedside and Ved's. Bhabiji was sick for only a few days, and then was able to walk around, but Ved was sick for weeks and could scarcely move his head. When Bhabiji recovered, Mamaji feared all the more for her child's life, because it was said that if a very old person gets sick and then gets well, the weight of the old person's illness will settle on the shoulders of a small child. She felt resentful, although she often told herself, "As many tongues, so many sayings."

Mamaji remembers that she visited Bhabiji one day and saw her sitting up and spinning, and then went to the hospital and heard Ved ask, "Is it night or day?"

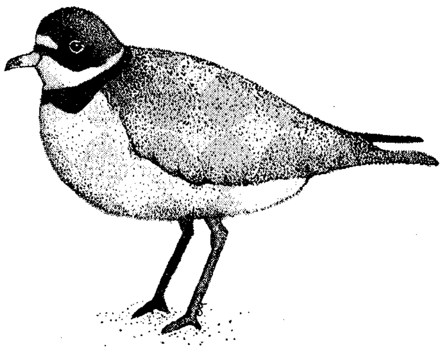
Mamaji couldn't find her voice to answer.

DADDYJI and Mamaji brought Ved home to Babuji's house after he had spent a month in the hospital—they nursed him at home for another few weeks. Daddyji told Mamaji that the final word from the doctors was that the meningitis had permanently damaged Ved's optic nerves, and as a result he would never be able to see again.

Mamaji didn't understand about the optic nerves. She pictured blindness as a filmlike curtain descending in front of the eyes and shutting out the light. At the beginning of Ved's illness, his eyes had become red, but toward the end they had regained their normal appearance. No one looking into his eyes would have imagined that he couldn't see. In the last few days of his illness, she had often folded back his eyelids and looked into his eyes. They looked nearly clear. She didn't see much of a shadow in them.

She couldn't accept his blindness. Blindness was a fate reserved for beggars—certainly not something that the child of a well-to-do family would suffer. She persuaded herself that he could see some. To prove it, she would approach his bed from one side and hand him a glass of milk; then, while he was drinking the milk, she would stealthily tiptoe to the other side, watching him carefully. He would invariably follow her with his eyes, his head perfectly synchronized with her movements, like the needle of a compass, and hand her the empty glass.

Ved's legs had become so thin that they looked almost brittle. Mamaji was afraid that he might fall, and she didn't like him to walk much. But Daddyji insisted that the girls take him out every day and make him practice walking. Promila would choose a spot beside the back boundary wall and direct Nirmila to stand there holding one end of a long rope while Urmila took the other end and walked to the grape arbor in the garden. Then Promila would stand Ved near Nirmila with his hand on the rope and start him walking. Sometimes she would hold him by the shoulders, and sometimes she would crawl along with her hands on his feet, guiding one foot in front of the other, while Urmila called out "Walk toward me! That's good! Straight ahead!" and Nirmila called out "Left, right, left, right!" Each day, the girls would encourage him to walk a few feet farther. Each day, the girls would use a longer rope, and Urmila would walk farther away from the grape arbor, toward the house. As the "rope walk" continued, Ved gradually gained confidence. Then he started walking without the rope, but he had trouble going in a straight line. Daddyji, however, had told the girls to keep on telling him how well he was doing, and they did. Before long, Ved was running about by himself.



ONE day, Bhabiji took the children to a fair that Romesh had organized on the Lahore exhibition grounds. At the gate, she bought Ved a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. She put the string in his hand and told him to hold on tight or the balloon would fly away. "Let me see how it flies," Ved said, and he loosened his grip. The balloon took off. He jumped up and tried to catch it, but it flew away. He started to cry. Afterward, when people would ask Ved what had happened to his eyes, he would say cheerfully, "I lost them, like my balloon."

A little way inside the gate, a barker was shouting, "Come to this booth and see a woman who has been on fire for years! As you watch, she will leap into the Well of Death. As you watch, the water will rise over her head. But when she emerges, she will still be on fire." The barker took Ved's hand and said, "Here, you want to touch the glass of the booth and see how hot it is?" Ved closed his eyes reflexively and shrank back, pulling his hand away.

They walked on and came to a booth called the Witch's Head. In front of the booth was a man dressed in black, who was shouting, "See this head behind the glass? It is the severed head of a wicked queen. It has no neck. It has no body. I brought it back from Bombay, and I keep it as my pet."

The children couldn't believe it. In the booth was a head with dark, long, straggly hair, floating in space. The girls looked under the booth to see if there were feet sticking out. But no, there was just the head, floating in space.

The man called out, "Witch's Head, what do you drink?"

The Witch's Head said, in a chilly monotone, "One teaspoon of Ovaltine in the morning and one teaspoon of cocoa at night."

"Don't look!" Promila called out.

Ved shielded his eyes, just as the other children did.

"What do you eat?"

"One chapatti in the morning and one little child at night."

Ved jumped back and gasped and held his breath, just as the other children did.

"Come here, you little children. Come closer!" the Witch's Head shouted.

"Look! She's moving! Run! Run!" the children cried, and they ran away.

Later, when Urmila was describing the Witch's Head to Mamaji, Bhabiji said under her breath, "These days, you don't have to go to the exhibition grounds to see witches."

VED liked to play with a cocker-spaniel puppy that belonged to Kalu, the boy next door. Ved called the puppy Kalu, after the boy, who wouldn't play with Ved anymore, because he was blind. When Daddyji saw the puppy in Ved's arms, he took the animal from him and told Mamaji, "Don't let Ved go near the wretched puppy. He'll get rabies, like Ishwar Das."

"The puppy has had his rabies vaccination."

"That's no protection if the dog is bitten by a rabid animal."

Ved would wait until Daddyji had gone to the office and the girls were at school, and then he would ask Mamaji to bring Kalu to him. Mamaji could refuse him nothing, and would go and fetch the puppy. The secret of the puppy became the basis of a pact between mother and son. Just as Mamaji didn't tell Daddyji about Kalu, Ved didn't tell Daddyji about what Mamaji was doing to get his eyes back.

When Shambu Pandit, the family astrologer, came to the house, Mamaji showed Ved to him. A big, powerful-looking man, Shambu Pandit sat on the veranda, looked at Ved's eyes, and pored over Ved's horoscope. Then he asked for a glass of ice-cold buttermilk. After he had drunk it, he sighed with satisfaction and said, "There is no shadow in the boy's horoscope. His blindness is only temporary."

Ved said, "Panditji, if my eyes get better I will give you our Temple Road house."

"Son, the house is as good as mine," Shambu Pandit said.

Mamaji waited, but the invisible curtain over Ved's eyes didn't lift. She consulted an elderly Muslim seer who lived just inside the Shahalmi Gate.

"Allah made your son blind because he urinated on the holy grave of Ahmed, in Gujrat," the seer said. "Go, daughter, and donate to charity two gold eyeballs as close to the size of the child's eyeballs as may be."

She took her gold bracelets to the family jeweller and asked him to melt them down and make the two eyeballs. She dropped the gold offerings in the tin cup of a half-blind, leprous beggar who was always to be seen camped outside Nedou's Hotel.

She watched Ved and she waited, but still the curtain didn't lift. She turned to the family *hakim* (practitioner of the Unani system of medicine). Daddyji had forbidden her to have the *hakim* care for any of their children, saying that he was a quack and a charlatan, who would give rock salt for appendicitis. But the *hakim* had been coming to Babuji's house for many years—ever since he cured Mataji of irregular periods. Babuji himself frequently consulted the *hakim* for his digestive problems; he had his father's faith in indigenous systems of medicine. One morning after Daddyji had left for the office, the *hakim*, a thin, elegant Muslim, arrived at the house, carrying, as always, a bulging black cloth satchel, which rattled and crunched as he walked. He lifted Ved up and looked long at the pupils of his eyes and then at the back of his neck. He put Ved down and did some calculations, his fingers and lips moving rapidly. He clicked his tongue— "tch, tch, tch"—and sighed. "It is a very difficult case and will require many kinds of treatment," he said. He took two spice bottles and a newspaper packet out of his satchel. Handing them to Mamaji, he said, "Give him four pinches of salt from this packet of Sulemani Salt with breakfast every morning. Give him one of these yellow pills every night at bedtime. The pill is *terminalia chebula*—the pill of life. Apply this antimony solution to his eyes every morning, afternoon, and evening. Always make sure that he keeps his eyes tightly closed for three minutes after the solution has been applied. Then wash out his eyes with warm water and massage the eyeballs with your finger for a minute or two." Mamaji gave the *hakim* twenty rupees. He folded the notes carefully, pocketed them, and said, "I'm not finished. To exorcise the evil eye, you must gently flog him every day with freshly gathered birch twigs. For a whole week, before the sun is up, you must take two raw eggs and touch them to his eyes and place the eggs on a crossroads. For another whole week, you must put a piece of raw meat under his pillow overnight and, before the sun is up, leave the meat on the crossroads. The eggs will serve as a warning to the evil eye that you are on its trail, and the meat will put the vultures on the evil eye's trail with you."

Mamaji followed the instructions down to the minutest detail. Every day, she gave Ved the Sulemani Salt and the "pill of life." Every day, she faithfully applied the antimony. The solution stung Ved's eyes. No sooner would she approach him than he would start to scream, as if he saw the bottle in her hand. Every day, she flogged him lightly. For two weeks, she got up surreptitiously before dawn, went to Mozang Chowk, and deposited first the eggs and then the meat. Every day, she looked for signs that Ved's sight was returning. Every night, she turned on the light and asked him what he saw. "The light is on," he would say.

After a while, she began to suspect that he was only trying to please her by pretending to see, and that perhaps the click of the switch told him that the light was on. She started testing him by moving the switch back and forth so rapidly that she herself lost count, all the while breathing hard and coughing from the onrush of an asthmatic attack. And yet when she asked him "Is the light on or off?" he was almost always right in his reply.

One day, Mamaji heard that a priestess of Goddess Durga was holding a session in a little *gulli* called Tiliandi-Khui (Small Well of Small Sticks), and she took Ved there. The *gulli* was a cul-de-sac, and its entrance was almost blocked by a broken-down bullock cart. From inside came the hypnotic beat of a drum, and men, women, and children were moving toward it. Mamaji joined the crowd and was swept into the choked, sun-baked *gulli*. Somehow, by expert elbow and knee work, by pushing and nudging, she managed to sit down cross-legged on the bare ground with the rest. Ved, exhausted from the heat, sat almost inert in her lap.

Near the drum sat the hunched figure of a woman, which seemed to be shrinking even as Mamaji watched. Behind the hunched figure stood a young man, perspiring heavily and gesticulating. "Speak, Mother, speak!" he called.

Mamaji began swaying to the

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rhythm of the drum, like everyone around her.

The woman suddenly sprang to her feet. She towered over the crowd, looking wild, as if at any moment she might trample the people.

The drummer stepped up his frenetic beat.

"Speak, Mother, speak!" he exhorted her.

The woman now stood perfectly still and said in a hollow voice, using rustic Punjabi, "There is a sister here whose heart is troubled because her little son's eyes have gone bad."

Mamaji bent forward and listened. The oracle was talking about her.

"Why have they gone bad? Because, the night before her son's illness, she took him on a walk on a road and they passed under a fateful tree. I see the tree. It's a shisham tree. Its shadow has fallen over the child's destiny. Sister, go and find the tree of the shadow, and light four mud lamps at its foot, and keep them burning until the next full moon. Then the shadow will lift."

The Grand Trunk Road, running from Calcutta to Peshawar, was lined for its hundreds and hundreds of miles with shisham trees. The people considered them a blessing. Thornless, with ample branches and leaves, the trees provided villagers living along the road and wayfarers travelling on it with shade during the hot summer months. The wood was used for the doors of huts, for the hulls of ships, for railway sleepers. As children, Daddyji and Daulat Ram used to do their homework sitting in the shade of a shisham tree.

The woman continued, "On the Grand Trunk Road, on the bank of the canal, by the footbridge, there is the tree of the shadow. Go, sister. Do penance to it."

Although Mamaji was afraid to tell Daddyji about the woman, there was no way she could obey the instructions without his help, so she confided in him.

"She must have found out about the walk from Ajmero or one of her friends," Daddyji said, patting Mamaji's hand. "Such people stay in business by having informers in big houses."

But Mamaji cried and pleaded, and at last he gave in and drove her back to the bungalow, the footbridge, and the shisham tree. They walked around the tree and placed the four mud lamps at its foot and lit them. They had picked up the watchman of the dak bungalow, and they arranged for him to keep the lamps burning until the full moon. Then Mamaji and Daddyji got

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in the car and sat for a moment looking at the flames.

It was dusk. The air was still. The crackling, powerful flames at the foot of the tree seemed to draw the color from the orange sky. As the flames grew brighter, the sky grew darker.

They drove back to Lahore.

Mamaji started having asthmatic attacks more often. Her chest would get tight. Her throat would fill up with phlegm. Her breathing would become ragged and short.

Ved, sensitive to all other sounds, was beginning to be deaf to the sounds of Mamaji's asthmatic attacks. He associated them with the pain of the many treatments. Whenever he needed to be taken to the bathroom, washed, or dressed, he would no longer call for her but would shout for one of his aunties. If Mamaji tried to lift him, he would push her away.

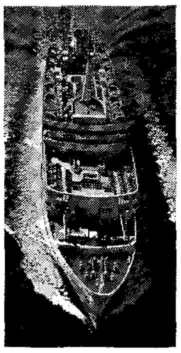
SOME seventeen years after that walk near Dinga, looking for Daddyji's car, and that attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which left me permanently and totally blind, I was in America, sitting behind the wheel of an old, 1948 Chevrolet. Gripped momentarily by a fantasy that I could see, I was driving the car along the eleven-mile stretch of freeway between Pasadena and Los Angeles, which Californians boasted was the best stretch of highway in the world. Next to me was a daredevil girl from the college I was attending. She was keeping an eye on the road. At first, she was giggling. Then, suddenly, she lunged and seized the steering wheel, at the same time climbing over me to get at the pedals. "We'll both be killed!" she cried.

After she had taken over the controls, panting from the exertion of gaining the driver's seat, she fumbled in her handbag for a cigarette and then fumbled with the cigarette lighter on the dashboard. She pressed the cigarette lighter repeatedly, trying to get it to work. There seemed something desperate in her efforts.

It was only at that moment that I remembered, for the first time—and then very fleetingly and without understanding exactly why—the faint clicks of the light switch coming through the sounds of my mother's asthma. It was only years after this drive that I was stirred to find out everything about my mother—her history and my history, and how they came to their crossroads. It was many years later yet before I could bring myself to set it down.

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)



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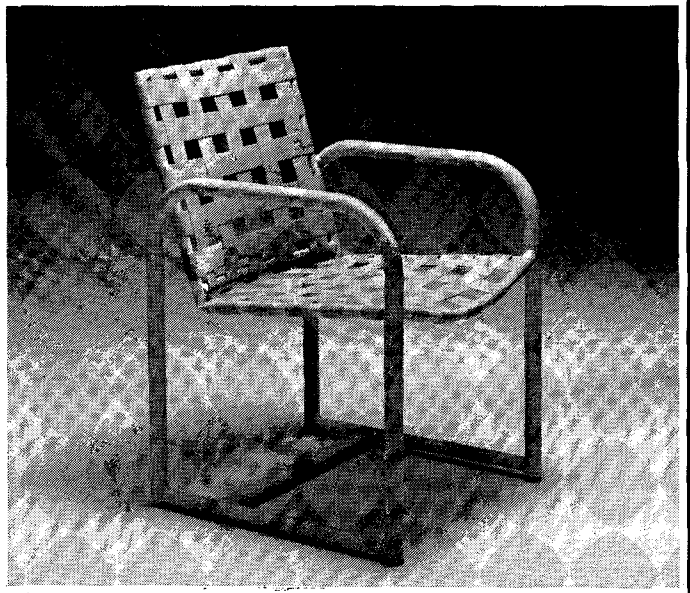

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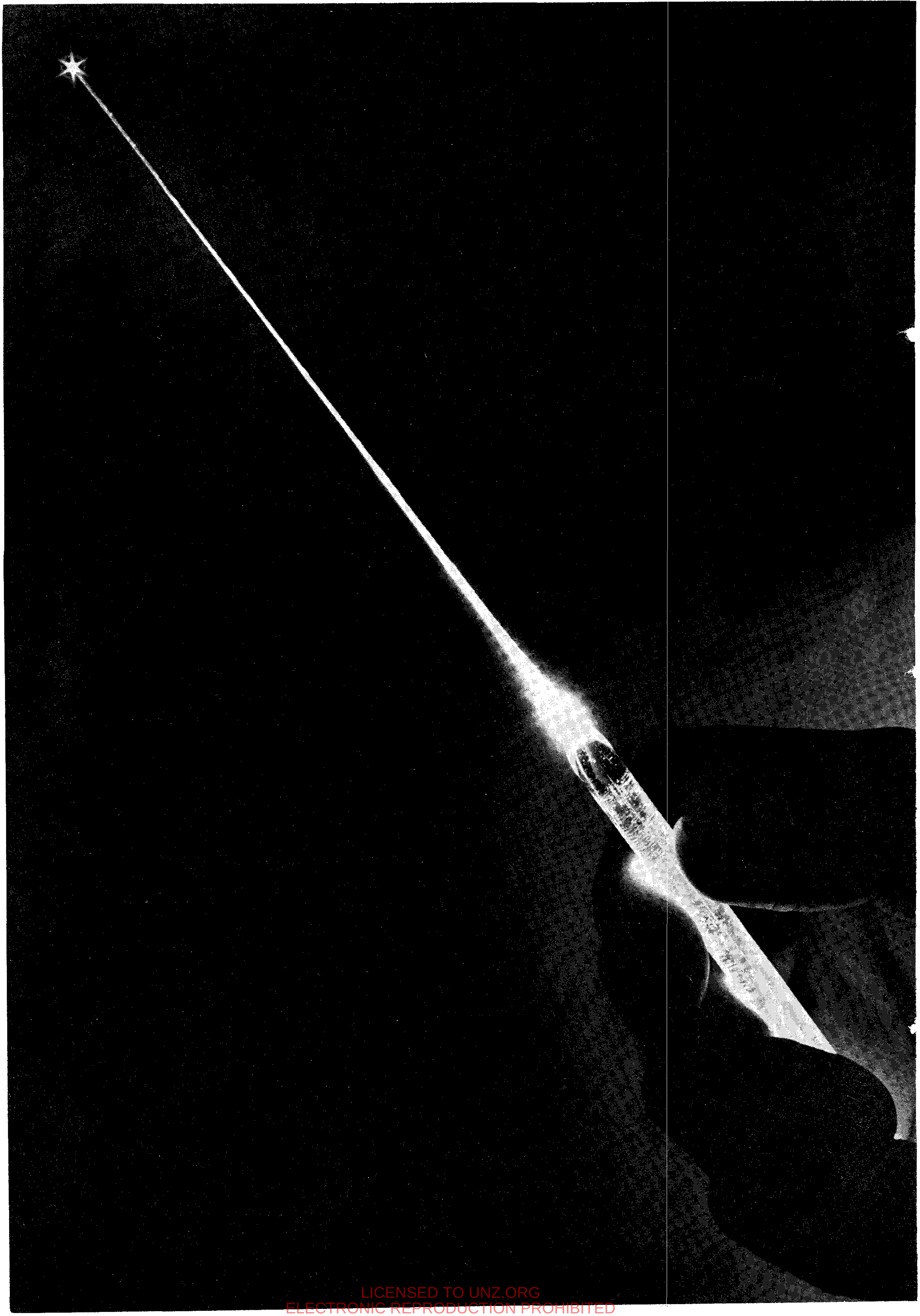

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Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

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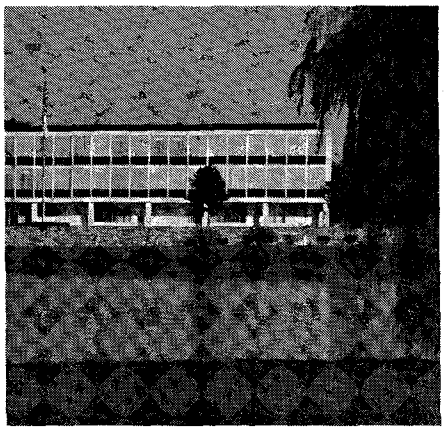

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cubans, Teen-Agers, Vampire Bats

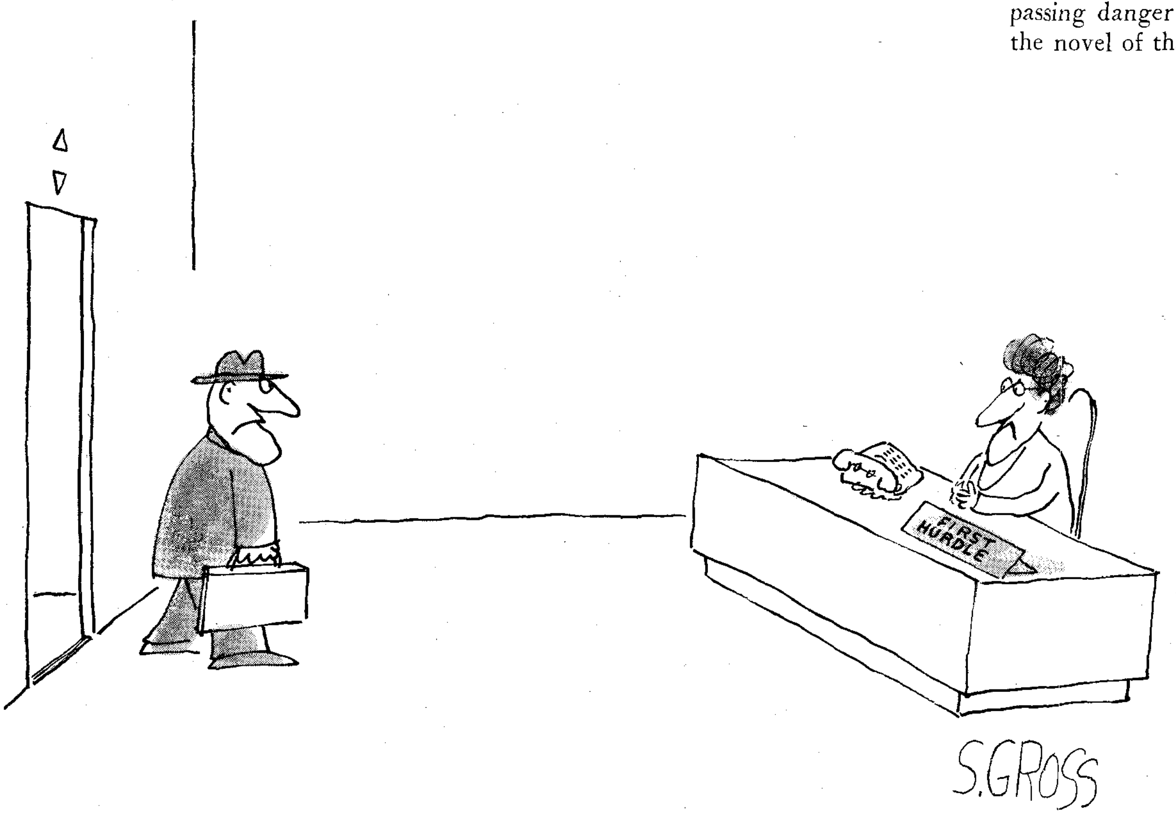
“El Super,” a film in Spanish, written, directed, produced, and partly financed by Cuban expatriates, is singular among its fellows on the rialto this summer for the low volume of its sound, for its equanimity, and for the modesty of its purpose, which is to convey the sadness of an ordinary man cornered by chance and by middle age in a place where the language and the climate are alien to him. Roberto, the title character, is an exile from Cuba who has lived for ten years in New York City, working as a building superintendent. In Cuba, he was a bus driver. There is no telling under what circumstances Roberto and his wife and daughter left Cuba, or whether he is unable or only unwilling to return. Backed into a state of despair with his life in New York, he decides to move with his family to Miami.

In a succession of scenes leading to that decision, Roberto is shown clinging to his apartment on a winter Sunday, eating breakfast and discussing medical bills with his wife, entertaining another couple, complaining about the mail service between here and Cuba, and listening without expression to a friend’s diatribe against Fidel Castro and his tales of lost glory at the Bay of Pigs. At other times, he fumbles through an interview with an earnest buildings inspector inquiring about his credentials; he is obliged to consider the possibility that his daughter is pregnant by one of two men; he fends off an invasion by a door-to-door evangelist; he plays dominoes; he walks by himself through the city; and he learns, on the phone with his brother in Cuba, that their mother has died. In a conversation about the movies, Pancho, the sworn enemy of Castro, declares that he has seen, among others, one pornographic film and “Star Wars,” but that his favorite was “To Hell and Back,” with Audie Murphy. An ironical Puerto Rican called Bobby, a veteran of the Korean War, comments on Cuban insularity.

In the absence of bloodshed, lechery, or custard-pie comedy, the viewer is tempted to utter unduly solemn expressions of respect, which can have the effect of discouraging attendance at a stray film like “El Super” (or like “The Conversation” or “Distant Thunder,” for other examples, which I could never talk anyone I knew into going to see). And it would be a misrepresentation to *hail* it, to wield exclamation points on its behalf, as it would be to try to pin it to a political position. For someone watching the movie, it is nearly impossible to remember that it *is* a movie—that the actors are actors, working from a screenplay, and not just people somehow seen and overheard in the course of real life. It is sketchy; I would have liked even more conversation and less lonely walking, and I wanted to know more about Roberto’s reasons for leaving Cuba in 1968 and his reasons for staying away now. I like to think that there will be a film made about Cuban lives in Miami.

“El Super” was directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, written and produced by Ichaso and Manuel Arce, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. The actors include Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato as Roberto, Reynaldo Medina as the vengeful Pancho, and Efrain López-Neri as Bobby. The music, well matched in its quiet shifts of tone and rhythm to the emotional crosscurrents in the script, was composed by Enrique Ubieta.

Leading adolescents of what I sometimes call my day were Bobby Driscoll, Margaret O’Brien, Sal Mineo, Susan Strasberg, Natalie Wood, and, in an honorary capacity, James Dean and Elvis Presley. This list of names is meant to be a signal of the distance between me and the attitudes and preoccupations of the youthful characters in “The Wanderers,” a mythical account of gang rivalry and sexual initiation in the Bronx in the early sixties. It is the implication of the movie, in which life is observed from the angle of a band of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old Italian-American boys who have named themselves the Wanderers, after a Dion song, that in 1963 the Bronx was a place of surpassing danger and disillusionment. In the novel of that title, which is written in a lurid vernacular style, Richard Price magnified certain adolescent demons to monstrous size to put over the idea of the male teen-ager as a kind of tragic figure, doomed to a violent early death or a brutal adulthood, taking fugitive comfort from pop music, football, and submissive females. Philip Kaufman, who directed the movie, and who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman, has reduced the tragedy to extreme hardship by eliminating or tempering incidents of violence and by playing up the humor of sexual episodes. For example, in the book



one of the adult ogres crushes the bowling hands of two professional bowlers with a bowling ball (he has his reasons), while in the movie just one man's hand is crushed, which I thought was plenty. The movie makes the most of two of the grander figments of Price's imagination—the Ducky Boys, a horde of murderous midgets, and a hairless gang called the Fordham Baldies—and despite the comparative mellowness of the Kaufman revision, the dismal point of the book is only slightly blunted. It is a particularly good adaptation, apart from a forced reference to the assassination of John Kennedy and the inclusion of a scene in which Bob Dylan is overheard singing "The Times They Are A-Changin'," that ominous all-purpose hymn. The cast looks right—not much different from the adjoining Presleyan generation—and the acting is appropriately ungainly.

IN "Nightwing," a horror film about vampire bats in the Southwest, David Warner plays a man who says that there are only five trackers and exterminators of vampire bats in the world and that he is one of them. He claims to be financed by a grant from the World Health Organization. It turns out that he is rather clumsy at his line of work, bungling the big job, which then has to be completed by an Indian deputy policeman in a way that either does or doesn't confirm the truth of certain Indian religious beliefs.

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

THE EEL GROUNDS

On warm nights, the tide out,
my father, uncle, and I
wade the flats above the nun buoy
to raid the eel grounds.

My uncle touches a match
to the windproof lantern
and our shadows flare
halfway across the bay.

The eels boil up toward the light,
knotted thick as mooring cable,
almost knocking us off our feet.

We drag the wire trap
until it can't be lifted,
and lug it ashore.

Secret as bootleggers, we pack
bushels brimmed with ice,
and gun the ancient flatbed
through the saw grass.

—AARON FISCHER

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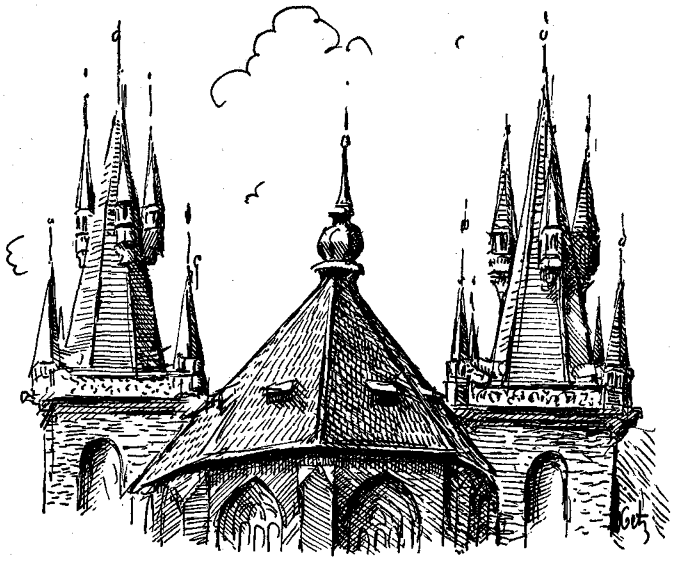
LETTER FROM PRAGUE



NO one was jogging in Prague this spring, no one was skateboarding—though a Frisbee was being thrown one day in the Old Town Square between the memorial to Jan Hus and the former Kinský Palace building, where Kafka's father had a shop. The men who look after the fleets of rowboats on the Vltava River, which bends through the city, launched their freshly painted craft and waited for seasonal warmth to encourage fishermen and oarsmen to hire them. It was a late spring: the red flags in apartment windows and the red-and-gold posters, placards, and slogans on walls and in shops and offices proclaiming the holidays of May 1st (Labor Day) and May 9th (the anniversary of the arrival of Russian troops in Prague in 1945) blossomed before most of Prague's cherry and lilac trees. But spring it was: ducks tended their young on park ponds and river backwaters; young couples held hands and embraced at tram stops. The mellower May light began to warm the faded and rather sombre colors of the city's buildings, which in a great deal of Prague are still mostly four-story or five-story stuccoed houses, often two, three, or four centuries old—their old-fashionedness enhanced, if anything, by the tram wires hung between them and by the rusty scaffolding for restoration work that surrounds many of them. There are few conspicuous modern buildings in central Prague, and the city skyline of Gothic towers, Renaissance spires, and Baroque cupolas remains more or less as it has long been. Almost all street paving is of flat-topped cobbles, and the sidewalks—definitely not for skateboarding—are similarly hand-laid (and often erratically maintained) small stone blocks, chips of Prague granite in mosaic patterns. However, the trams (flat fare of eleven cents a ride) provide decent service to most parts of the city; a new Metro—with futuristic stations and slightly dated-looking but new Russian rolling stock—whisks the citizenry about on two lines, and a third line is soon to open. In intimate bars and spacious cafés, people indulge in drink and discussion. (The Czechoslovaks' position at the top of the world table of alcohol consumption appears to be in danger, to judge from the quantities of tonic and Coke they drink. The Coke is made here under license, and—according to connoisseurs—is slightly sweeter than the American product.) There are a good many theatres for a city of just over a million, and a music festival is now on, with concerts in various historic buildings, so one can walk in the afternoon and hear the sounds of rehearsals coming from windows—most often, appropriately, Mozart, in this city where he achieved more success than perhaps anywhere else. Some Western pop records are on sale in the numerous, if poorly stocked, record shops, but not enough, or of the right kind, to satisfy demand. On Sunday mornings, in Letenské Sady, a park overlooking the river and the Old Town, jeans-clad youths buy, sell, and exchange discs. They tried it earlier in Wenceslas Square, the long avenue in the city center, but the police harassed them and confiscated their records. Now on a rather muddy hillside inaccessible to the cars of Public Security (as the police have been renamed) flower the record jackets of King Crimson and Jethro Tull.

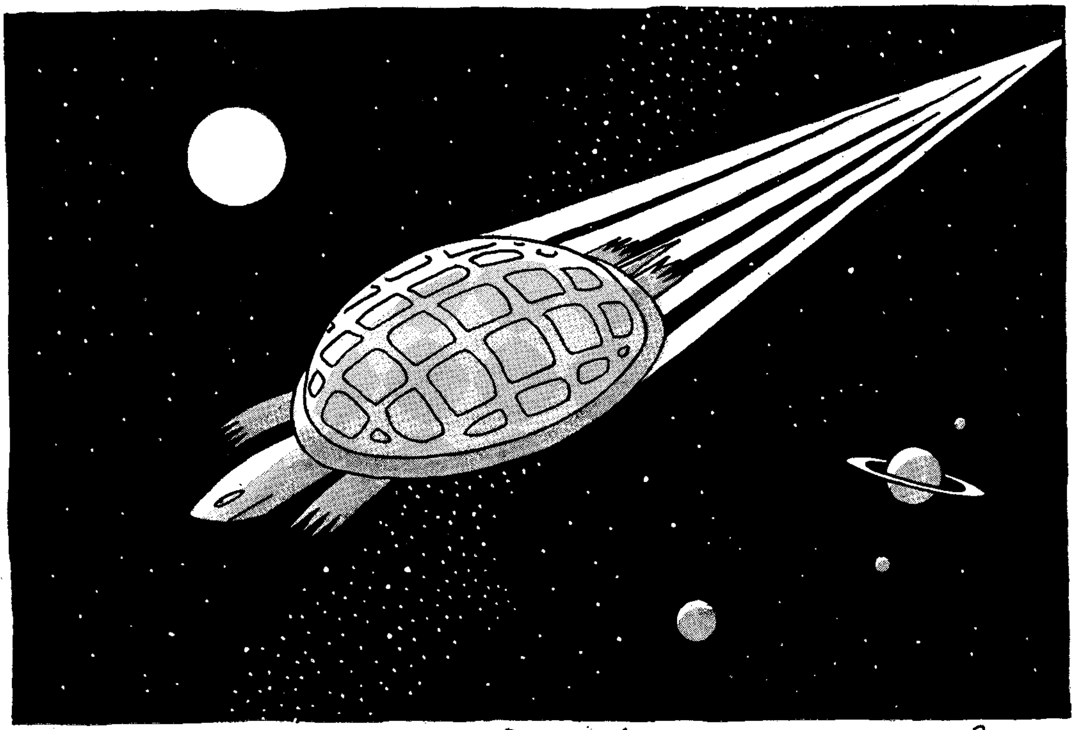
For visiting foreigners, life here has the charm of a place not overrun by international tourism, where the going is still cheap; of a city created by both Western imagination and Slavic patience, not yet saturated with traffic or distorted by speculative building, and with a much-evident past. Czechoslovakia was a free and independent nation in modern times from 1918 to 1939; under the previous, Austro-Hungarian regime, it lacked a ruling class and a landed gentry of its own; considerably but only recently industrialized, it had no urban proletariat. Class and economic distinctions have always been small here. Even now, under the thirty-one-year-old Russian-dominated Communist state, when the average salary is twenty-six hundred and sixty-five crowns a month before tax (or roughly three hundred dollars at the official tourist exchange rate), a city taxi-driver and a junior research chemist both make three thousand crowns, while a senior industrial official makes four thousand crowns. Given the country's current poor economic circumstances—its exceptionally low productivity and its dependence on the Soviet Union for energy—the standard of living seems reasonably high. Scientists complain about having no funds to buy instruments, and factories can't get spare parts for essential machines, but department stores have plenty of merchandise like coats and kettles, even if the variety and the quality are not great. The difference in price between food bought in shops and food eaten in restaurants is small. "We have no advertising to raise our standards of expectation," a well-placed civil servant said to me the other day, with perhaps a hint of irony. Savings are considerable, even though the interest paid on sums deposited for a year or more is only four per cent. Private bank accounts exist, and payments on the installment plan can now be arranged. And despite the fact that gasoline costs more than two dollars a gallon and it takes a year and eight months of an average wage earner's salary to buy the cheapest Škoda car, people do scrimp and save until they have enough to buy one. The parking problem on residential streets here outside the mostly car-free Old Town is similar to that in Western cities—only, once again, the variety of cars available to most citizens is smaller, being limited to Czechoslovak Škodas, East German Wartburgs, Russian Ladas and Moskviches, and Polish Fiats.

Yet there are indications—vehicular and otherwise—of lives led here that do not fit the egalitarian, classless norm. Fleets of chauffeur-driven black Tatra 613s, the Czechoslovak luxury car, wait in the courtyards of government and Party buildings to ferry officials to and fro. Shops called Tuzex sell all sorts of things, including glassware, drink, perfumes, appliances, and even cars, either for coupons bought dearly on the black market with Czechoslovak money or for foreign currency, about whose origin, obligingly, no questions are asked, but which can be earned on tours of duty abroad, sent in by relatives abroad, or haggled from tourists on the streets. The state's need for foreign currency is being slightly alleviated by payments exacted from Czechoslovaks who have defected or not returned from trips abroad and, in order to regularize their position and obtain "emigration passports" enabling them to visit Czechoslovakia legally from time to time, have to pay in proportion to their education and income; one professional couple in Sweden recently paid four thousand dollars for such passports.

Party members—who are thought to total something over a million out of fifteen million Czechoslovaks—form a self-perpetuating ruling class. One can apply to join the Party, but the Party, after considering reports, selects only the candidates it wants, and they must serve three years as probationary members before being fully accepted. Then there are privileges, particularly for the top Party functionaries. People who are not Party members know that in almost all Czechoslovak organizations they can be promoted only so far. Party members have no such limits. There are special hotels and hospitals for the Party brass (though people who are not Party members say sardonically that the doctors are chosen for their Communist loyalty rather than for their medical skills). Children of Party members are favored for college entrance, and are often sent to "finishing school" in Russia (something that not all students regard as a favor). People who are not Party members have less opportunity to take up grants or fellowships abroad. Party members generally have better working conditions, higher pay, and more desirable housing than their non-Party colleagues. Writers and actors who are Party members do not run into normal criticism from reviewers. Yet the Party is more of a Mafia than a freemasonry. According to the gossip about the ruling class which preoccupies Prague, mistrust rather than mutual protection is standard among the membership, and even Party members discussing a particular mistake of Party policy will speak of "they"—"They insisted on doing such and such"—in just the way the rest of the nation does. Some Czechoslovaks dread being asked to join the Party: it will be a black mark in their file to say no, and it will foul up their lives altogether to be taken in and later thrown out during a purge. While one is in, the anxieties are considerable. On joining, a new member finds it necessary to change his place of work, since none of his former associates will talk to him. The head of a government department may earn seven thousand crowns a month, but someone will always have an eye on him. A writer for a television-news program has to report all meetings he has with foreigners and what has been discussed.

In the spring, one has no sense of the Party's lying low. Besides the daily front-page diet of stories dealing with such nonevents as the General Secretary of the Central Committee's welcoming fraternal delegations and announcing dynamic Socialist developments, huge slogans on façades and rooflines proclaim the benefits of Marxism-Leninism, friendship with the Soviet Union, and the advance of the workers. In schools, factories, offices, and municipal departments, there is pressure on Party organizers to get volunteers together to make up the quota of personnel expected to attend the May parades. Some, in exchange for a bottle of wine or a favor owed, manage to get out of carrying a flag or a banner. Some can get away with putting in a quick appearance, while others spend the whole morning in the march along Obranču Miru, the avenue behind the new sports stadium. Many make the best of things, taking the children, buying balloons, and meeting their friends at the hot-dog stalls and having a few glasses of beer. Most are nervous about trying to get away with too much. They explain that the reason they have once again put the little red flag and the Czechoslovak flag in the flag holders (which are fixed to each side of many Prague windows) is that they didn't want to get the building representative into trouble with the authorities, but the real reason is that they think that if they didn't it would be noted down against them.

People keep a keen eye on who collaborates with the Party and how much. Although life in factory or office seems to go on normally or lethargically much of the time, with no direct feeling of oppression, people are careful. "Even if they allow you to take two trips abroad a year, you don't assume anything," a statistician told me. "And you wait to get to know someone before expressing an opinion." There are Party cells in all organizations. "We have a very sophisticated police state—correct in appearance, firm in getting results," says a Prague teacher. The assumption is that all sorts of discreet controls are being operated. "All visitors to the United States Embassy are photographed from a building across the street." "They have a machine now that can read a letter addressed to



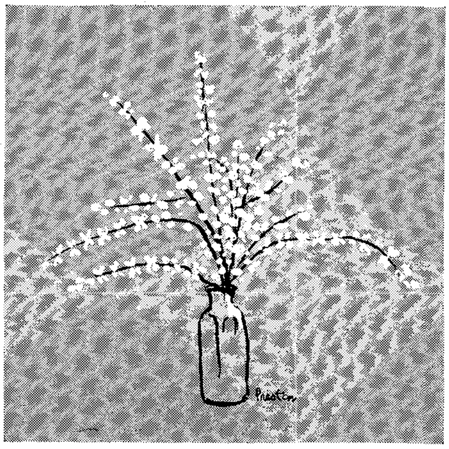
Battlestar Galápagos

someone abroad without opening the envelope." "You should call only from telephone booths, never from hotels, where they record the numbers." The nervousness and fear breed more of the same. "Orwell said it all," says one woman writer, who nevertheless keeps a copy of "Nineteen Eighty-four" displayed on her bookshelves.

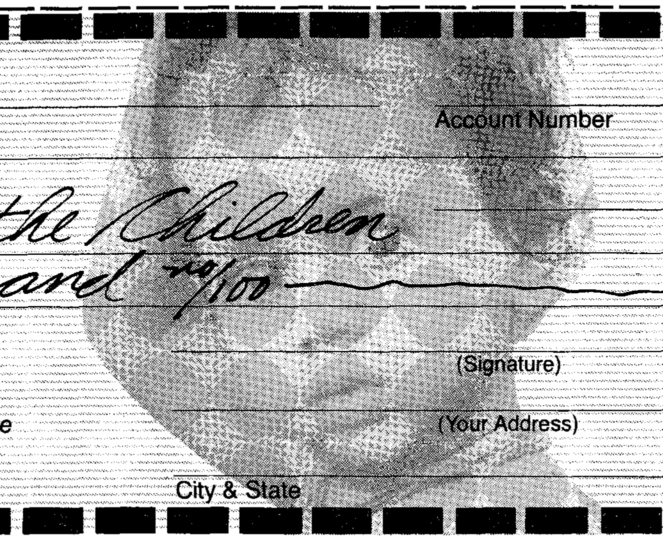
FOR many people in Prague, the problems of daily life are difficult enough without political pressures. Many perhaps avoid politics as much as they can for that reason. Housing is one major problem. Despite a slow-growing population and some construction of new apartment buildings on the city outskirts, there is a great housing shortage in Prague. Almost all housing is now owned or controlled by the state. The fact of having made a down payment on a co-op in 1935 or of having lived in an apartment for half a lifetime does not give one the right to sole tenure. Each person has a space allowance of twelve square metres (equivalent to a room roughly twelve feet by ten). Slightly larger quarters can be had at a premium. A family of three would be entitled to from thirty-six to forty-eight square metres plus a family bonus of six square metres. If the family drops below that number, however, some of the space is supposed to be relinquished—another family member taken in or the apartment exchanged for a smaller one (with an under-the-table cash adjustment). Most people would rather keep the larger apartment, which is not truly big enough anyway, and they practice various deceits to that end, bribing housing officials and building superintendents. The two-bedroom apartment of one woman was put in jeopardy when her husband died and her elder daughter left the country. For a while, she kept up the pretense that this girl was still there. Then her younger daughter acquired a boyfriend, and the woman was able to claim that a marriage was imminent and the boy had moved in. After this relationship split up, before marriage, and the boy (who had never actually moved in) left Prague, they continued to say that he lived with them. Fortunately, the younger daughter did marry before long. The mother is convinced that saving the family apartment was her main reason. A child was born, and their claim was then secure. Still, life in the small apartment isn't easy. Mother and the newlyweds shared a kitchen at first, but that didn't work out; the mother now has her own combination kitchen-bathroom, but hasn't spoken to her son-in-law for a year. The daughter is thinking of divorce.

Yet life with parents or in-laws is what many young Prague couples have to put up with—often into their own middle age. Fortunately, most women work, and so are out of the house during the day. Moreover, small children can be left with Grandmother (if she isn't working, too) or put in crèches or nursery schools. Some grandmothers perhaps like the situation, for they can keep an eye on their children and have their grandchildren at hand. Most Prague children have never known the luxury of having a room of their own. But this doesn't prevent a fairly successful thirty-year-old photographer I know of from feeling now and then that he is going out of his mind still living with his mother and brother in a tiny apartment. And because there is no possibility of political argument on the job, or even of much disagreement there, lest it be construed as political, a number of people work off their aggressions at home—or, after storming out of their apartments, in the local bar. When people of Prague sing the Czechoslovak national anthem, "Where Is My Homeland?," they stress "home."

Among the ways of getting a Prague apartment are these: You are registered as living with your grandmother (for example), and when she dies you "inherit" the place as co-resident. Thus, in Prague one often hears, "Our granny died. Such a shame. But we got her apartment." You can also put your name on a list for a state flat or put money down as a deposit on a state co-op and wait. One man I know has been waiting for ten years; because he is single, he is low on the priority list, and because the co-op is building apartments fifteen kilometres from Prague he isn't sure he will ever want to live there anyway. You can also pay a deposit and join a co-op project where you put in two or three years of weekends and weeknights of construction work—or pay someone to do your share. Or you can try to find a space that can be converted. The photographer acquired the rights to an attic and began to fix it up. But the people down below complained—new pipework would have to run through their apartment—and work stopped. The photographer is now advertising the attic—or the use of it—for sale, "with special circumstances." What this means is that anyone with good connections, particularly a Party member, will be able to cut through the red tape and the impediment caused by the people down below; he has already had a number of sizable offers.



Because women go out to jobs, housework and shopping are an extra burden, made heavier by the fact that many necessities are in short supply. Some women get up at dawn to shop; others shop after work or slip out during working hours. There are frequently long lines in grocery shops, and various items are not always available at the same time of day. Vegetables are often not available at all. In the spring of last year, no potatoes were to be had in Prague for a month or so. This spring, tomatoes and green vegetables were rare. Even in the best hotels, despite long lists on the menu, a skimpy salad is the only vegetable served. And there is no telling what the next shortage will be—kitchen matches, bandages, fishhooks. Not long ago, it was faucet washers. Half the taps in Prague were dripping, and not a washer was to be had. After studies and surveys, a washer factory was built. After distribution problems were solved, the Prague taps were fixed. There is now an oversupply of washers. Because people often can't buy what they want and aren't sure that the things on the shelves today will be there tomorrow, they buy things whether they want them or not. Many give a store clerk their phone number and twenty crowns to call them the moment a certain item comes in. (One woman told me she has been waiting six months for a brassiere of the right size.) Shops are often closed, supposedly for "stocktaking" but in fact because of staff or product shortages. Until the early nineteen-sixties, a huge statue of Stalin, backed up by companion statues of workers, stood on the hilltop overlooking *Svatopluka Čecha Bridge* and the Old Town. The people of Prague used to ask visitors, "Do you know why Stalin is smiling?" The answer was "Because he is first in the line." One woman was recently overheard saying to a whiny child, with whom she had been standing in line for half an hour to buy oranges, "Well, you'll just have to get



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- ☐ Honduras
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- ☐ Lebanon
- ☐ Mediterranean
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3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?
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4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?
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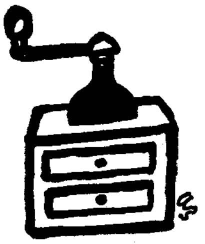
used to it. When you're older, you'll have to line up, too."

For some, there are more serious problems. People who are not Party members can find it extremely difficult to get their children into secondary schools and into colleges. Much of the "collaborating" and compromising that go on are for this reason. Should one join the Party or sign a Party pledge of some sort in order to get a further education for one's children? Or say no and have to face them some years later, when they may be stuck in a manual job and will ask, "Why didn't you do something for me?" Or will they despise one even more if one does sign and compromise? A young artist here—the son of a successful but independent sculptor, whose sales abroad have won him enemies at home—took his entrance exams for art college four times in four years. Each time, he finished in the first three but was denied entrance. On the first occasion, he realized, "So it can happen to me, too—and it isn't my fault." Children of Party members with mediocre results got in. He then applied for and was granted a two-year scholarship at an American art school. The Czechoslovak Ministry of Education gave him permission to go, but the police, to whom he had to apply for an exit permit, and who subjected him to much form-filling, many interviews, and a lot of waiting, said no—his studies in America would not be "in the interests of the state." Although he feels cut off from his contemporaries, who have mostly gone on to colleges and jobs, he has begun to practice as a free-lance designer, and recently, under a nom de plume, he won first prize in a European competition for furniture design.



Most citizens who want to travel to the West have to go through an involved procedure. (Package tours to Bulgarian resorts or cruises on Russian ships present less trouble, and are often sold out long in advance.) Permission is most readily given to those who have close relatives abroad and are past retirement age—the thought apparently being that they will be no loss to the state if they stay abroad; the state will even be able to stop paying their pensions. (A curious result of this system is that people whose sons or daughters fled the country in past years are able to visit them, while others, with "better" children, have no excuse to go.) One woman, a retired nurse, told me what she had to do in order to visit her son in Manchester, England. First, she had to get a written invitation from her son. This had to be endorsed by the police in Manchester, because otherwise the Czechoslovak officials wouldn't believe it genuine. The police in Manchester had never had to do such a thing, but, after a certain amount of phoning around, the son found a government office with a nice big stamp, which obliged. Second, she had to go to her local district legal office, which gave her, after a fortnight's wait and a payment of six crowns, a certificate saying she had never been to prison. Third, she had to line up at the police station for an exit-permit application form. When she had filled this out, she took it with the other things to her local district council, where an official endorsed the police form. This took two lines, on two days—one to leave the forms with the right official and one to pick them up. Then, with all the papers, she returned to the police. Another line—its length depends on the season—at the end of which she handed the papers in and was told to return in two or three weeks. When she did so, she received the exit permit. (She knew from other applicants that if it hadn't been there, that would have meant that a letter of refusal was on the way.) But before she could leave she still had to pay an "exit tax" of three hundred crowns at the state bank. She was allowed to exchange only a small amount in crowns for other currency, and the rate of exchange was punitive. Yet she feels lucky; she is one of the fortunate Czechoslovaks who—at least without bribery or Party connections—can leave for the West once a year.

In Prague, many people assume that the reason they are not allowed to travel freely is not that they wouldn't come back—most of them would, though often with the feeling of coming back into a cage—but that they would come back well informed. To judge by the people one sees on trams and buses, few here are addicted to newspaper reading. Most buy papers for the sports pages—particularly the ice-hockey and soccer coverage—and for classified ads (apartments for exchange, items wanted and for sale, and lonely hearts), for which the Catholic *Lidová Demokracie* seems to be the most popular medium. People regard this paper as marginally less ridiculous on current affairs than *Rudé Právo*, the Communist Party paper; but because of its ads and an occasional sprightly feature article, and the fact that while the paper is not officially censored, its supply of newsprint is tightly controlled, it is hard to find on newsstands. (The elderly aunt of one woman I know here is no longer able to read its print, and has decided to sell her subscription—for which she expects to receive a good sum.) *Rudé Právo* goes in for articles about workers exceeding production targets, and on world news it tends to follow what Moscow's *Pravda* has said the day before (just as other Czechoslovak papers wait to see which way *Rudé Právo* has gone before they give the latest line on Uganda or Iran). Few Western papers are on sale in Prague. The London Communist *Morning Star* used to be widely available, but it fell from favor after adopting a somewhat Eurocommunist attitude. However, a great number of people listen to foreign broadcasts—to Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America from Munich (a hundred and eighty miles to the southwest), the Austrian state radio from Vienna (slightly closer, to the southeast), and the BBC Czechoslovak Service from London. One of the advantages of power cutbacks this past winter, people say, was that there was less jamming of foreign stations. The state-run Czechoslovak Radio has attempted to counter these cosmopolitan temptations by introducing French and English programs; it is, of course, close at hand and easier to hear. Yet even though many listeners assume that the converse of anything announced about the West by Czechoslovak broadcasting is true—and that means a widespread belief that America *is* the earthly paradise—some of the propaganda undoubtedly sinks in. And many areas of domestic interest are little noted. Serious disasters—fires and explosions—may or may not be reported accurately. No one I've talked to here has any idea of how much crime there is or whether it is increasing or decreasing; one of the virtues of the present regime may possibly be that there is little street crime, because of the ubiquitous and officious police force. Still, it is generally regarded as all right to rip off whatever state organization you belong to for as much as you can get away with. A saying here goes "The person who doesn't steal deprives his children."

In none of the many Prague bookshops are Kafka's works available; they have been "out of print" since 1968. Nor can one buy the plays of Tom Stoppard, the Anglo-Czechoslovak playwright. Many contemporary Czechoslovak authors, such as Milan Kundera and Ludvík Vaculík, are published in other countries but not here. The best history of Czechoslovak literature is not on sale in Czechoslovakia. Authors of quite nonpolitical books, such as the current guidebook to Hradčany Castle, feel bound to genuflect frequently to the powers that be—in this case, by stressing "the care devoted by the Socialist state to our cultural heritage." The weekly literary bulletin *Nove Knihy* lists among current publications (which seem to be mostly books on Marxism and Russian technical texts) a few works of belles-lettres, but the majority of these are by Party stalwarts and members of the Writers' Union, which people call the Corps of Cossacks. If it gets about that a worthwhile author has managed to get a book published, lines form. The novelist Bohumil Hrabal, whom many Czechs regard as the inheritor of the satiric mantle of Jaroslav Hašek, the author of "The Good Soldier Schweik," has now compromised in order to continue writing within the present situation—joining the Writers' Union, publishing a "self-criticism" in a newspaper, and agreeing to a recent uncomfortable interview on Czechoslovak television. People don't seem to hold this against him. "The main thing," they say, "is that he writes." After one of Hrabal's books comes out, signs soon go up in bookstore windows: "NO MORE HRABAL." Many writers publish their own work in typescript form, and although they are theoretically allowed to own twenty copies with impunity, they are often harassed for doing so; the writer Jiří Grůša was arrested last year for publishing his novel "The Questionnaire." Several issues of a hundred-and-fifty-page typewritten magazine called *Spektrum* have appeared in Prague recently, with articles on philosophy and history, and short stories, poems, and reviews. Although it is officially considered "subversion" to possess books and periodicals written by Czechoslovaks or Eastern dissidents living in the West, many people here take the risk. One young woman recently brought in a paperback of Solzhenitsyn's "The First Circle" by replacing its cover with that of A. J. Cronin's "Hatter's Castle." The brown-paper wrapper is still useful here. One couple I know are now reading a *petlice*—or "padlock"—edition of a book entitled "Restoration of Order," by Milan Šimečka. The title is a tongue-in-cheek borrowing from the name of the policy of the Russian-backed regime that took over from the Dubček reformers in 1968. Under the brown-paper wrapper, "Restoration of Order" is bound quite normally in cloth-covered boards; the text is in faint carbon-copied typescript. The couple borrowed it from an acquaintance, and in the fortnight they can reasonably keep the book it will be passed around to and read by four or five of their friends.

Films, TV productions, and plays that can be made or shown here are severely limited. "Casablanca," with its melodramatic view of life under the Vichy regime, hasn't been shown in Prague, possibly out of fear that the audience might stand up and sing the "Marseillaise," as people do in the film. "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," the film of Ken Kesey's book about life in a mental hospital, has been seen in East Germany and Hungary but not in Czechoslovakia; its director was Miloš Forman, an expatriate Czechoslovak. A stage production of the novel recently reached the last night of rehearsals in Brno, the country's second-largest city, and at that point the authorities paid their customary visit to see if the show would be "in the interests of the people." The play didn't open. Directors and editors learn unwritten guidelines: productions should be optimistic; there shouldn't be any unsolved problems or any Jewish heroes. (The regime is anti-Zionist.) "Associations" can be tricky: a script that seems anti-Austro-Hungarian can be read as anti-Russian; historical plots and allegorical themes may be too relevant and get the producers into trouble. Part of the problem is that there is little censorship in advance—a policy that makes things easier from the regime's point of view. People don't know where they stand; out of anxiety, they censor themselves, and keep a sharp eye on what happens to someone who tries something different. Prague television circles have been buzzing about a recent TV play in which an elderly history professor has a problem student who disturbs his class but whom he declines to discipline, even at the risk of his job, until his other students force him to do so. At one point, the professor says to the class, "The winners have to respect the wishes of the losers; otherwise, they won't be winners for long." People ask, "How did the author manage to get away with a remark like that?"

As elsewhere, the freedoms that matter are different for different people. For a factory manager, what matters may be the freedom to manufacture and sell a product successfully; for a priest, the freedom to say Mass; for many in Prague, simply the freedom to work. There is no unemployment benefit in Czechoslovakia, and you can be prosecuted for not working. If you belong to a trade union, you are guaranteed employment, which results in a lot of featherbedding. For many who live by self-expression and communication, the regime's controls affect their ability to make a living. There are film directors in Prague who haven't been allowed to make a film in ten years, and who can't afford gas or electricity to heat their apartments; actresses who were at the top of their careers in 1968 and haven't worked since; artists who have been refused an artist's registration card, without which it is impossible to get certain materials from art-supplies shops. One young photographer, on finishing his studies, went with his new diploma to join the Union of Artists—a necessary condition for earning a living—and found that he also had to sign a pledge saying that he was opposed to Charter 77, a movement calling for the restoration of civil and human rights in Czechoslovakia. He needed work desperately. He signed the pledge.

Roughly a thousand people have signed Charter 77, and for them repression and harassment have been the rule. Some are in prison. Some have lost two or three jobs in quick succession; one recently lost the lowest job he'd had—selling ice cream at a Prague railroad station. Marta Kubisova, a popular singer, has been banned from singing in public since 1970; she was detained, with many other dissidents, during Leonid Brezhnev's visit to Prague in 1978, and arrested after making a record for a Swedish firm last year. Ivan Jirouš, the leader of a well-known dissident pop group called Plastic People of the Universe, was recently arrested with seventeen other people at an art show and poetry reading held in a Prague apartment. Several charter signatories have been beaten up by security officers and imprisoned on trumped-up charges. In some cases, telephones have been disconnected or driving licenses taken away. Some signatories are allowed visitors at their homes only if the visitors identify themselves to and allow themselves to be questioned by police stationed outside the chartists' apart-

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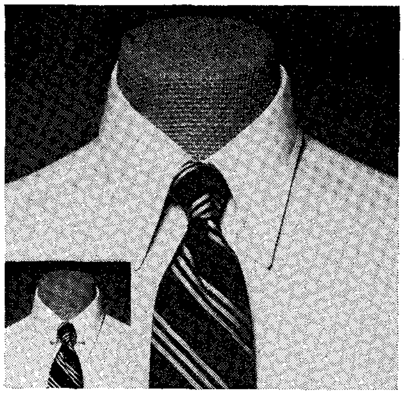

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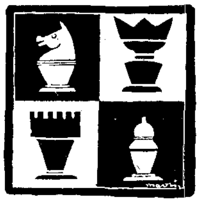
ments. Among the signatories are writers, actors, scientists, manual workers, and even former politicians; indeed, many are from what is believed to be the last generation of idealistic Communists, whose dreams of reform were shattered in August of 1968, when the Russians invaded and drained the blood from the reformist Dubček government. The philosopher Julius Tomin, a charter signatory, hasn't been allowed to teach since 1968; he worked for a time as a machinist's assistant, and now he is a night watchman at the Prague Zoo, holding complex intellectual discussions during the day and reading the few interesting philosophical works he can lay his hands on. His wife has lost her job as an official interpreter, and his gifted oldest son has been refused any higher education.



Clearly, a large number of talented people are going to waste in this country. A national resource is being not simply ignored but squashed and suppressed. Lawyers are working as gardeners. Teachers have been fired by schools and colleges. Scientists are not doing research. Recently, some Prague residents received in the mail an appeal for funds to help the chartists and their families. A number gave as generously as they could, even though some of them feel that the chartists' actions are quixotic—just as they earlier felt that Dubček and his fellow-reformers lacked the practical savvy and the statesmanship necessary to protect the integrity of a small country balanced precariously in the scales of the great powers. But many people here nonetheless admire the chartists for their courage; many are grateful that some Czechoslovaks have it in them to act on principle, to show that there is a moral basis to existence by defying the penalties imposed on them and their families.

For most people, of course, expediency is the rule: being careful; not drawing attention to any unorthodox behavior; organizing ways to make life a little more palatable; preserving as much of a middle-class way of life as conditions permit. Many people lost all their possessions in 1948, when the Communists took over and there were widespread confiscations. Some of these people have also had great ups and downs of occupational fortune; one man went from the post of chief executive of a national industry to the trade of carpenter, and from that to several years in prison, and slowly up again in a new career in law. Two currency "reforms" have wiped out people's savings. But still they cherish their fine pieces of furniture in crowded apartments, arrange plants and flowers on their windowsills, and buy a delectable small cake or pastry to go with their coffee or tea. At work, they arrange their offices to be as cozy and homelike as possible. (One biologist I've met spends a good deal of time at work manufacturing excellent liqueurs in a still he shares with several colleagues.) Although a few drop out, into drink or astrology, a lot more are busy moonlighting or making money on the side from their state jobs. Medical care is free, but people know that you should give a present to the doctor if you want better attention. As for the dentist, people say, "If you don't give him a bottle of cognac, you will never bite again." Plumbers and electricians, cobblers and mechanics all do nicely. Despite the ban on private enterprise, van drivers advertise that they can carry loads for friends (and, naturally, they will accept presents, in cash or in kind, for doing so). Kickbacks and bribes go to tutors before exams and to inspectors of this and that; given a healthy tip, the official who estimates the value of domestic possessions after a death will describe a Persian rug or an eighteenth-century French cabinet as "sundry furniture." Since a huge increase in Prague dog-license fees went into effect a few years ago—an annual license for a poodle now costs a thousand crowns—dog owners have been switching to lower-taxed hunting dogs, retrievers, and watchdogs or have managed to get their mutts examined and certified as such dogs, to the enrichment of dog trainers and testers. People bribe plumbers to come and bribe plumbers to go; in one apartment building, plumbers sent by the housing authority were bribed by residents not to start a re-piping project that everyone knew would result in no piped water for six months. You bribe the girl at the spa if you want a massage in the afternoon instead of the morning or if you want a single room instead of having to share. "Fifty crowns works wonders" is the basic maxim here.

And yet the result of all this is not the atmosphere of resourcefulness and self-help one might perhaps expect but, rather, a shiftiness, a demoralization. The assumption is that everyone has some guilty secrets, and a self-confident person often gets away with a lot by suggesting to those in authority—whether officials saying no to a project or restaurant managers preparing to deny him a table—that he knows something about what they've been up to. "The worst thing about this regime is that it brings out the cheat in people," a young woman of twenty-two said to me, and an older man told me, "Our national vice is malicious envy. We say, 'God, don't give me anything special but please make my neighbor's rabbits die.' " "You grow up shrewd and old, a bit bent, never trusting anybody," says a young pianist. From early years, Czechoslovaks lead a double life: in school, they are taught about Marxism and Communism; at home, their parents tell them this is all nonsense—but best not to let the teacher know you think so. Most teachers don't believe what they are teaching about Communism. In fact, a few bold ones, when they are supposed to be lecturing on Marx, will talk about anything else, from Aristotle to Diana Ross, but make sure that their students have a good idea of what the Marx questions on their exams will be. It is an emperor's-new-clothes condition: you'd think that if people had the nerve to say what they really believe, and point out how things actually are, the whole situation would suddenly change.

But no one speaks up. Security is tight, and the hard-core members of the ruling class hold firm, undoubtedly fearful of the revenge that would be taken against them if they lost power. And, consequently, most people don't try very hard in their working lives. A recent scheme has been launched to improve efficiency in management and to encourage worker participation, but there are no signs of any change in the system that keeps top jobs for Party members; most people would rather not get themselves into a post where the ultimate responsibility is not theirs, and where the means of insuring success for their organization is liable to be fouled up in the end by a Party-approved incompetent. The rigid system causes constant failures in production, distribution, and servicing. Executive jobs are duplicated—the technically competent being given political overseers, and the politically approved needing technical guidance. Materials and machinery are hard to come by, and skilled manpower, too, is in short supply. Since a manager would rather get two hours' work a day from an idle worker than fire him and get no work at all, because there is no replacement, labor discipline is slack, industrial morale is low, and productivity is poor. A woman who works in television told me, "It's a system that suits the second-rate—those who don't have great aspirations or want to try hard." Everything seems to be running at half speed—in scientific-research institutes, in forestry, in car-assembly plants. One engineer remarked to me that he felt immensely thwarted. He likes doing his job well, but it is generally those in charge—"the self-perpetuating mediocrities" who block his actions—who are slowing the country down.

Judith Shahn

"Still, we're not yet totally corrupted," a woman doctor said. "We hate the Russians." Russia's weight is the main factor in the Czechoslovaks' predicament; it deprives them of free will. Another factor is the feeling that the West is nothing to rely on: the memory of Munich in 1938, when England and France abandoned Czechoslovakia to Hitler, is reinforced by that of Prague in 1968. Most people here seem convinced, rightly or not, that America knew Russia would send in the Warsaw Pact troops that August and effectively—over the following year—introduce the hard-line Husák regime. Today, seventy thousand Russian troops are stationed in Czechoslovakia. They aren't conspicuous, although small parties in uniform, with the wide-peaked khaki hats, are occasionally seen in Prague visiting historic sites. Most Russians seem to be aware of their unpopularity, and often—when they ask directions, say—go through linguistic or semaphoric gymnastics to avoid revealing their nationality. (Yugoslavs have a few words that are similar to Russian, and Russians generally introduce themselves in Prague shops and cafés with the well-rehearsed statement, in Czech, "I am from Yugoslavia," which insures that they will get served.) For that matter, there is little love lost between Czechoslovaks and citizens of the Warsaw Pact nations that helped the Russians in the 1968 invasion. Least popular are the East Germans, noisy hordes of whom are now arriving in tour buses. *Dederoni*, the Czechoslovaks call them, making a play on the initials "D.D.R." and "*dederoni*," a synthetic fibre. "You can tell the difference between East Germans and West Germans by their shirts and shoes," they say in Prague—adding that East Germans, besides wearing synthetic-looking clothes, seem to have inherited a full measure of unremembering Prussian

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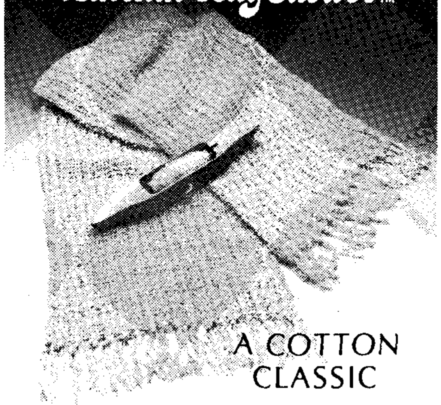

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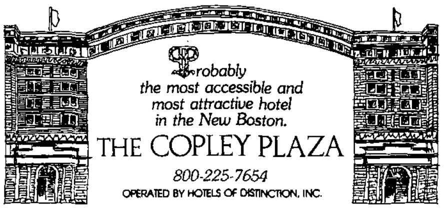

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arrogance, while the West Germans, who have been taught something of their own recent history, go about more quietly.

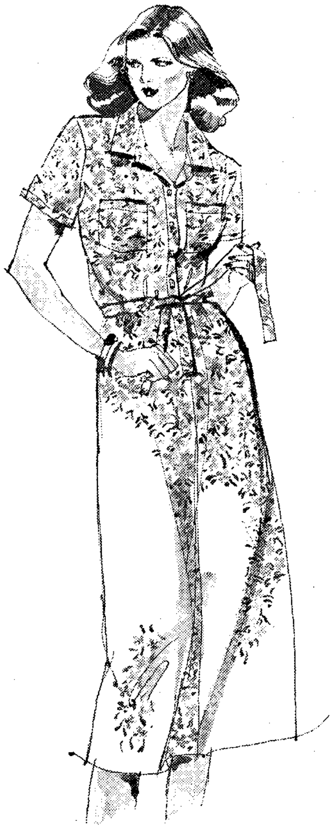
To anyone seeking to measure independent political thought by jokes and other humor, things would not seem very vital in Prague now. There are some attempts to raise a smile by cracks making use of the fact that President and General Secretary Husák's name means "gander" in Czech, with a variety of things in consequence happening to the geese. The resigned Czechoslovak sense of history is evident in anecdotes like that in which Brezhnev meets the Hapsburg Emperor Franz Josef in Heaven. Brezhnev asks, "How did you manage to keep the Czechoslovaks contented so long?" Franz Josef replies, "By not reminding them too often that they were my colony." People in Prague know that they live in a Russian colony. Most see no change likely to occur in that condition. To be sure, they'll say in reference to shortages, restrictions, censorship, "It's not so bad as in Russia." But neither is there, for most of those who think about such things, any cause for optimism about the future. "It is like living in a year without seasons," a government statistician says. "It will go on and on like this." As long as the present world balance of power exists, people feel, nothing will alter in Czechoslovakia. Perhaps, in twenty or fifty years, China will make a difference. Perhaps something will happen that will affect Russia so that it loosens its grip slightly: the world energy crisis; the increase in Russia's Muslim population; a worsening of the Czechoslovak economic situation at a time when Russia couldn't subsidize the Czechoslovak economy. But most people do not believe that there will ever be a return to Western-style capitalism here, and they find it hard to foresee any future "liberalization" in which the Communist Party will allow any genuinely democratic party system, since that could result in the Communists' being turned out of office.

A good deal of fatalism exists, therefore, breeding skepticism and cynicism. A few romantics, possibly with vivid memories of the First Republic, Czechoslovakia's between-the-wars democracy, find themselves now and then looking for small signs of improvement. Someone is given a job after eight years in the wilderness. Officials who have held posts since 1969 retire, and their replacements may make a slight change. There is gossip: "I hear that the top men would like to ease things up a bit, but they don't know how." An article or a play may be interpreted as an indication of movement. But if you talk about such things optimistically to a friend, he is likely to say, "Oh, you're suffering from an attack of normal thinking."

In a place where there isn't much point in "normal thinking," people practice various forms of survival. "A number of us have the self-protective instinct of an animal who has been hurt and doesn't want to lose his life altogether," says one elderly man who has survived a succession of great ups and downs, including three years in prison after 1968. A teacher says, "If we can just go on, survive physically, who knows? Perhaps it will be different for our children." Interest in religion is surprisingly strong, even among the young, although the number of theology students is kept below the number needed to replace existing priests and ministers. One young woman, who has the advantage of being a single, self-employed artist, talks of abstinence as a virtue and an advantage: "It's best not to want anything—once you do, you're in the grip of a corrupt system, having to bribe, or to sign things you don't believe in, or even to join the Party." A thirty-five-year-old technical writer told me, "You have to make yourself a small area to live in, where you can cut yourself off and not let the propaganda penetrate—just get on with your job and look after your summer house."

The summer cottage is one way of escaping from the no-hope-of-change gloom and the confines of city apartments. Just about everybody in Prague seems to have one, or the hope of having one. In the small apartment building where one woman I know lives, and which is occupied by people in a thorough mixture of occupations, nine of fourteen households have a summer cottage, and of those who don't two are one-parent families, two are single, and one is looking for a cottage. A number of the Charter 77 dissidents are living in country cottages, and growing their own vegetables. Unlike city apartments, cottages are a form of property for which one can still—with some difficulty and at some expense—buy land to build a structure on, and eventually one can sell a cottage or pass it on to one's heirs. The most desirable cottages are those fairly close to Prague and yet in real country. In building their cottages, the city dwellers have an opportunity not only to get away from their in-laws or the regime but also to express their own personalities in architecture and carpentry, to expend their skills and hard work, and to spend money for which they have few other outlets. It is felt that the government tolerates the summer cottages because of their value as a safety valve. "All disagreeable economic announcements—like a rise in the price of coffee—are made on the afternoon before a weekend or a holiday at their cottages," a cottage owner told me. Most traffic accidents are thought to take place on Friday evenings, when people are dashing away for the weekend. "Our real life is led down here," one woman said to me in the well-built two-bedroom cottage that she and her husband have constructed over the past twenty years on a hillside above a river, thirty kilometres from the city. "Here we breathe deeply and think—well, almost freely." The problems in the forefront of their minds when they are here are that the lawnmower has to be repaired, that firewood has to be brought in for the stoves, that there is insulation still to be put in the roof space, and that several outside shutters have to be rehung. Perhaps in the evening, if there's time, a walk to the village, and a drink in the inn, where sometimes, among the songs, men who weren't even born at the time of the First Republic sing with affection but no great biographical accuracy about its President: "Our dear little father Masaryk, who liked his pint of beer . . ."

IN Prague, the lime trees unfolded their leaves. On a fine spring afternoon, an old man leaning his elbows on his third-floor windowsill looked down into the Jewish cemetery, where behind high stone walls perhaps twelve thousand bodies were buried over the centuries, the earth forming a layered hill on which the crammed-together gravestones lean and touch, as if supporting one another. One of the graves is that of Rabbi Löw, the sixteenth-century scholar and Cabalist who is associated with the story of the golem—a clay figure that was brought to life and helped stop various persecutions. In the evening, as cinemas and pubs began to fill, people strolled over the narrow Charles Bridge toward Hradčany Hill and the great castle, a few possibly thinking about the watermen of Czechoslovak legend who live under the moving river, waiting to snatch the souls of those who fall in. From a tower—a part of the castle that is now



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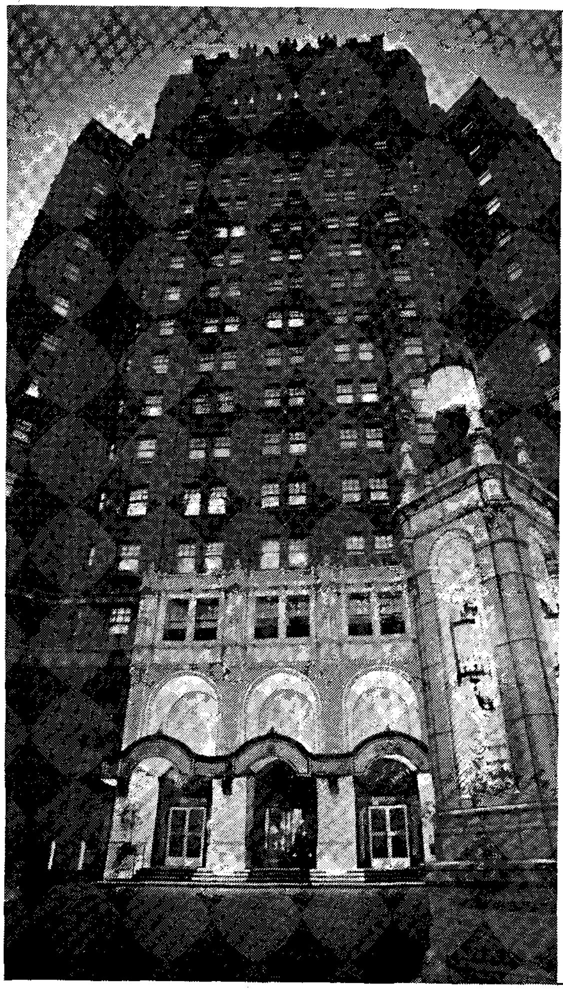

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the Presidential Palace, Husák's ceremonial home—flew the Presidential banner, with the gold lion of Czechoslovakia and the motto, borrowed by President Tomáš Masaryk from the sayings of the reformer Jan Hus, "Truth shall prevail." And at the upper end of Wenceslas Square people waited for trams or for friends by the vigorous equestrian statue of St. Václav, the tenth-century warrior prince—somewhat transfigured in the English-speaking world as Good King Wenceslas—who first bound this country to Christianity and to the West. Here, in 1968 and 1969, numerous demonstrations against the Soviet occupation took place. Here Czechoslovak flags and anti-Russian posters were hung, and crowds celebrated the victory of the Czechoslovak ice-hockey team over Russia. Nearby, the twenty-one-year-old Charles University student Jan Palach set himself on fire on January 16, 1969, leaving a note that began, "With regard to the fact that our nations are at the edge of hopelessness, we decided to express our protest and awaken the people of this country in the following way." A few days later, five hundred thousand people lined Prague's streets to watch the procession following Palach's body through the city. In Olšany Cemetery, tributes are still being left, although his body has been moved elsewhere by the authorities; citizens still come to leave flowers on his former grave.

People continue to congregate by St. Václav on his charger. "Meet me by St. Václav—King Wenceslas," they say to strangers who don't yet know their way around the city. When I was in the square recently, a young man was touching a new, intricately forged chain that has been hung on posts around the plinth to keep people away from the statue. The anxious expression on the young man's face cleared as he looked up at the bronze Prince-Saint and saw that, despite the chain, rider and pacing horse were unchanged—though, obviously, it would take a miracle of the sort that Rabbi Löw worked with the golem for them to waken into life and step over the chain. —ANTHONY BAILEY

●

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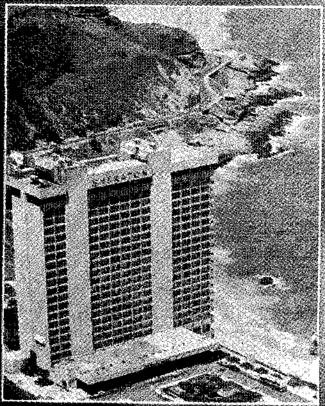

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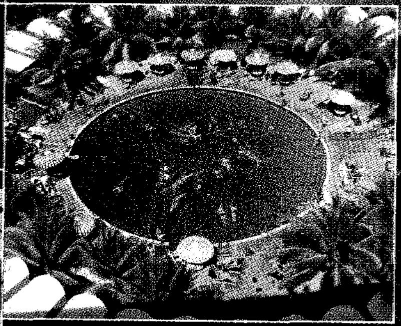

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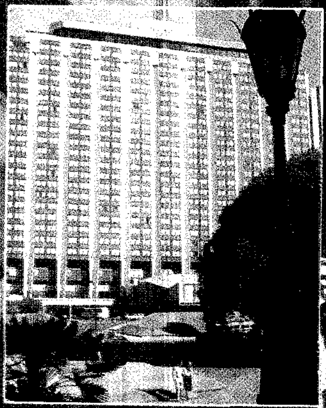

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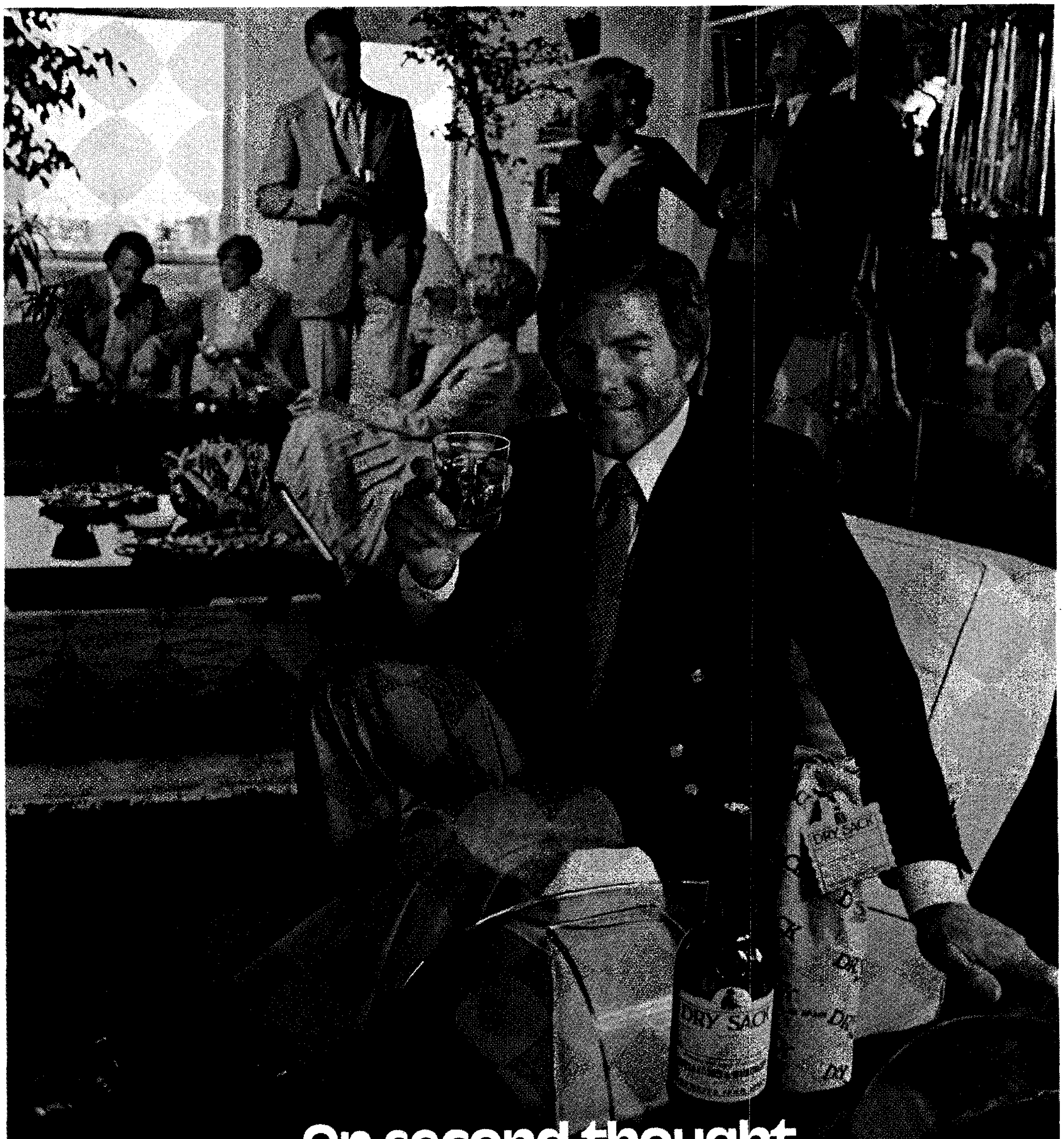

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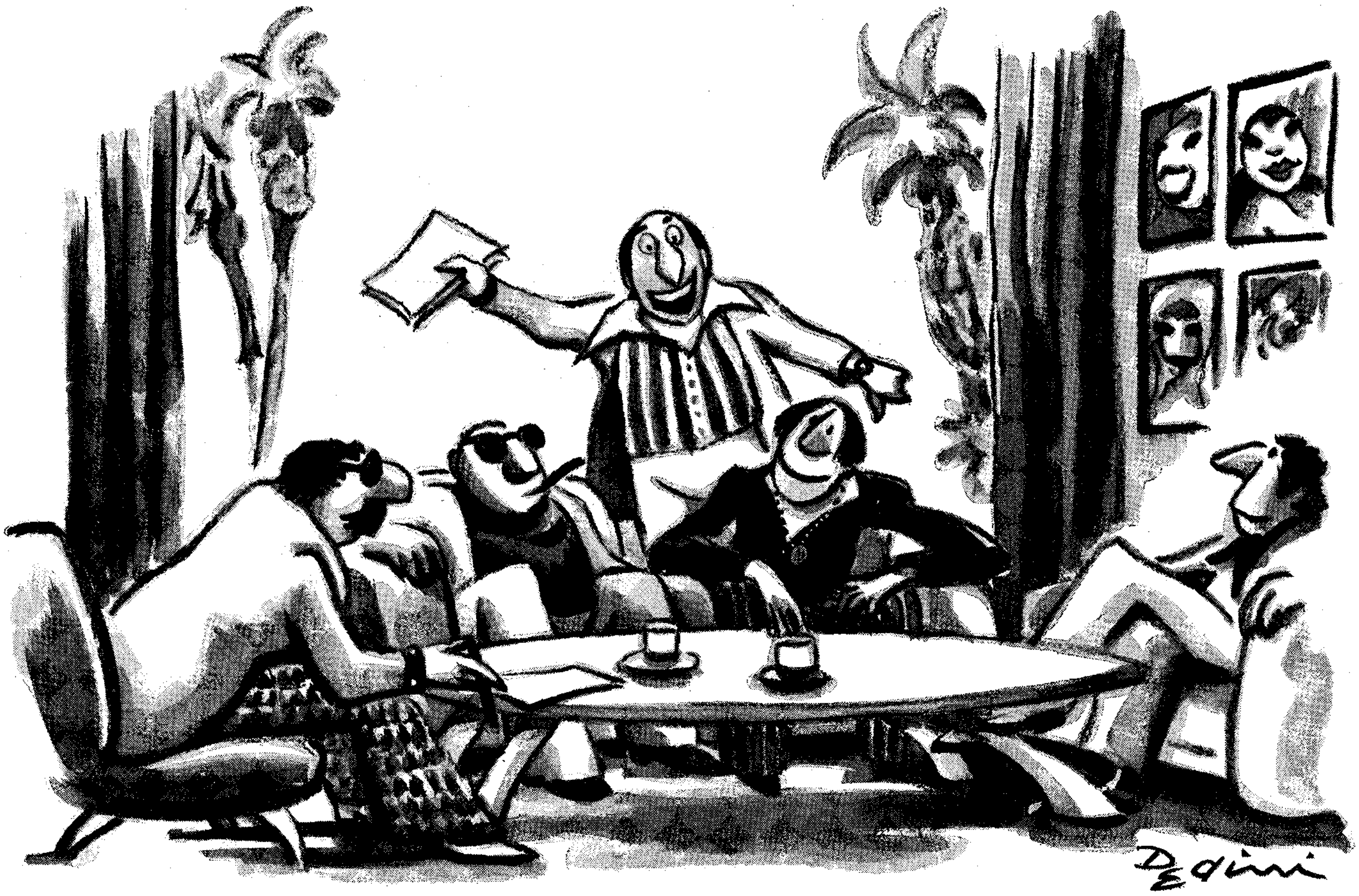
DANCING

Blue and White

IN a poem he once wrote about the New York City Ballet, Kenneth Koch referred to ballets like "the blue-white sea/ Outside the port-hole: Agon, or Symphony in C." The image came back to me in the closing weeks of the spring-summer season as, one by one, "Chaconne" and "Square Dance" and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" appeared, all part of that same blue-white vista, all island realms, cloud-capped Illyrias. The nacreous grotto of "Ballo Della Regina" is part of it, too. With its sparkling aquatic imagery, this ballet is as real and complete a metaphor as nature in Verdi. Balanchine's "Ballo," in fact, is an abstraction of the underwater ballet in "Don Carlos." It seemed a slight, irregular piece when it was first done, eighteen months ago. This past season, it emerged as one of his freshest visions—transparently a mid-nineteenth-century neoclassical seascape, with bravura waves and naiads surging through the foam or glowing like pearls in the deep. A streaking cataract named Merrill Ashley holds the whole thing together. It isn't unusual for Balanchine ballets to hit their peak a year or more after the première; the miracle is that they don't take longer. "Vienna Waltzes" has a huge ensemble and a long, rhythmically complicated finale. Yet the ballet arrived last winter, having taken no longer to find its form than the compact little "Ballo." Perhaps it can be said of repertory companies that all things created in the same moment are equal to that moment. Although "Ballo Della Regina" and "Vienna Waltzes" and "Kammermusik No. 2" and "Union Jack" seem to break down into different categories of Balanchiniana, it may be that in twenty years they'll look alike as products of the late seventies, just as "Square Dance" and "Agon" look alike as products of the late fifties. One might wonder, too, about dancers. Is there a late-seventies breed, difficult for us to distinguish now, which may leave its stamp on the repertory in the same way that Marie Jeanne and Mary Ellen Moylan stamped the forties, Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil LeClercq the fifties, Diana Adams, Allegra Kent, and Suzanne Farrell the sixties? There's already a seventies-model corps de ballet, which we *can* distinguish, because its nucleus is that exceptionally talented group of girls who a year ago graduated into the company from the School of American Ballet. This influx has given the company not only the youngest but perhaps also the strongest corps in its history, and very likely it's what has made possible within the same six-month period the fully developed "Ballo" and "Vienna Waltzes"—ballets that belong to two different sectors of the repertory. (Study the choreography for similarities and you'll see that not even the waltz phrase is the same.) For these revelations and for restoring "Agon" and the "Tchaikovsky Concerto" to form after several disquieting performances last year, one must also thank the supervision of the assistant ballet mistress, Rosemary Dunleavy. The contributions of a fine corps and regisseur wouldn't mean much, though, if it weren't for the italicized achievements of individual dancers—those who lead all the rest. The ones I'm about to name aren't part of any breed or class; they're just the dancers whose progress or prominence has impressed me most in the past two months.

THE characteristic look of Merrill Ashley in the midst of one of her exciting and highly specialized dances is a look of angular intensity. She dances



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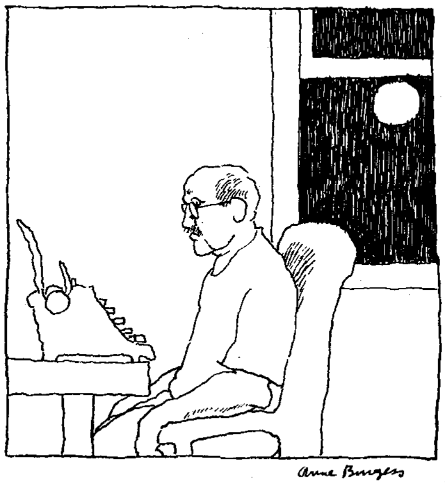
with even force yet with a naturally oblique expression; even in effacé she seems half turned away from you. Or, about to turn away, she'll square off with a suddenness as disconcerting as a full-in-the-face glance from a passerby. Her allegro is filled with rapid-fire monosyllabic interjections; through the brilliance of it audiences sense an understated, all-business style that is specifically and flatly American. This year, Ashley began to open out and show us a more than cordial warmth; she has freed her head so that it floats graciously; she's beginning to get a real ballerina glow. It is a thoroughly happy development. Her phrasing is just as clipped, her angles just as severe, but something about the way she presents herself makes us happy to see her. We can tell she's aware of her sharp edge and ready to use it provocatively. The technician who demanded the audience's respect has become a performer who commands it. In "Ballo Della Regina," "Square Dance," and the last movement of the "Tchaikovsky Concerto," there's even a whiff of comic self-enjoyment.

But though Ashley has developed her performing style, her dance style hasn't changed. Last winter, there were moments when she'd suddenly expand in a slow movement—prolong the start of a phrase or the length of its connection with the next phrase—and she'd look unguardedly beautiful. I haven't seen any of those moments recently. To adagio passages she still brings all her allegro virtues: crisp attack, overswift completion of a phrase, an unwillingness to depend on her partner for support. It's a little as if Ashley thought that her punctuality and surgically clean execution were all that keep her from being a dull dancer—as if speed and more speed could make of her angularity an object of wit. (Actually, she's narrow only from the hips up; her fullest torsion is a one-quarter twist of the knife. Her legs are lovely, even voluptuous.) And she's in danger of settling for some technical strengths at the expense of others because they make her a "personality." Ashley may always be too hearty for "La Source" and "Donizetti Variations," but there's more, technically speaking, to these roles—not to mention "Emeralds" and the "Symphony in C" adagio—than she's interested in exploring right now. There's more to Merrill Ashley, too.

"APOLLO," "Tarantella," the revival of "Orpheus," and the Costermonger pas de deux in "Union Jack" called forth from Mikhail Baryshnikov what certainly must be the widest range ever demonstrated by a male dancer in a single season. Baryshnikov's feat was all the more impressive in that it included the mastery of a role in which he'd been miscast last season. Orpheus is all but invisibly a dance role, and the mime is so low-key that for a Soviet-trained dancer *it, too,* may as well *not* exist. I still don't think Baryshnikov is the right choice for the part; it's against-the-grain casting of the kind that isn't productive, even for the audience. Nevertheless, after his overemphatic performances of last winter Baryshnikov returned to the ballet with a style so changed and subdued that it looked like a conversion. But then his assimilation of new and radically different styles has been amazing from the start of his career in America. As the Costermonger, he instinctively improvised his way through a role that, again, did not need him and that already has two very able interpreters. Baryshnikov wasn't like Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, who is handsome and fatuous, or like Bart Cook, who plays a wizened Cockney. Baryshnikov's personal style is really more Cagney than Cockney. But not even "Push Comes to Shove" prepared me for how funny he was. I expected diabolical glee; I didn't expect such a showering of gags or such a spirit behind it—the wriggling, ecstatic, outrageous, pandering spirit of vaudeville itself. He not only got the gags going, he got Patricia McBride to respond delightfully, and the two worked together better than they have in anything else. In "La Sonnambula," McBride was the Sleepwalker and Baryshnikov was the Poet—another mime role, but one that I believe he is mistaken to perform as passively as Orpheus. Perhaps he appeared passive only because the role, with its links to the tragic heroes of "La Sylphide" and "Swan Lake," doesn't cut across our expectations of what he's like onstage, the way Orpheus does. In any case, as non-dancing roles go, the Poet seemed to me the lesser achievement.

SUZANNE FARRELL went back to the principal allegro role in "Divertimento No. 15" and, for the first time, captured it. She did it by scaling down her attack on the variation and rephrasing it musically. The adagio portion of the role, which is all short lines, small jumps, and supported figures, she lengthened by dancing it as connected events in a single phrase. In the Sanguinic variation of "The Four

Temperaments," another unaccustomed role, there was smooth performing and a fertile array of ideas, which will undoubtedly be developed in further performances. Farrell also returned to the "Tchaikovsky Concerto," a ballet she used to dance in the sixties, and by the end of her first solo, with its heart-stopping unsupported pirouettes into penchée, had repossessed it. After this, the ballerina goes off, and she keeps coming and going all through the ballet. Perhaps because we're used to seeing her hold the stage for long periods and build extended structures, the "Concerto" doesn't seem to give us enough Farrell. But it could become another of her azure kingdoms, somewhere near the polar regions of "Diamonds" and "Vienna Waltzes." If it doesn't—if there were no other ballets for her but those two and "Chaconne"—Farrell would still have a repertory. Her performances are occasions for unique and unrepeatable happenings and have to be spoken of as one-time events: "The 'Diamonds' of Saturday Night Closing Weekend," "The Great Saratoga 'Chaconne.'" Recently, I watched her give the minuet in "Chaconne" with a sly sforzando attack I'd never seen before, brightening each step like sunlight behind a cloud. At the next performance, I don't think I saw any sforzando, but the light was still there. And the delicacy of this effect of illumination came from a dancer who can, when she wants to, lift a leg and hurl it like a bolt of lightning. Her great capacity for extreme contrasts and invisible transitions led Robbins to fashion a Farrell super-variation in "The Four Seasons," which is strangely ineffective. Not that it isn't ingeniously made and brilliantly danced. But it's such a barrage of daredevil effects that we can't get the sense of it as a dance. Farrell has to run off to a spattering of applause in a stupefied silence. (Pe-



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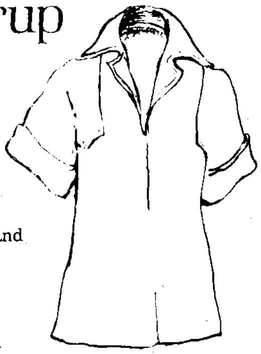

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ter Martins' "Russian" variation, which he now does instead of his "Danish" one, is similarly loaded, and it doesn't get all the applause it calls for, either.)

One of the most commented-upon aspects of Farrell's technique is her aplomb—for example, in the big battements that send her off balance while she hurls those bolts, or in the supported adagios where she doesn't seem to need the man's support. What one notices upon further study is that Farrell doesn't place herself, or her partner, or her audience, at the mercy of her facility in these matters. The battements are an element of syntax, not a separate event thrown in for its own sake, and Farrell often does rely on her partner. Even when she doesn't—when she's thrilling us by not needing his assistance—she never suggests that she doesn't need *him*. The illusion of the ballerina's independence—or of any feat in dancing—will always count for more than the mechanical proof of it.

SEAN LAVERY. Tall, strong, angelically correct, he is perhaps the finest example of the pure danseur-noble type to have been produced by American schooling in a generation. (Not the School of American Ballet this time but the independently run New York School of Ballet.) It's true that at times he dances as if he had all that and more to uphold. Lavery is still very young—only twenty-two—but his propriety makes him look younger and greener than twenty-one-year-old Patrick Bissell, at American Ballet Theatre. This season, opposite Farrell in the double bill of Stravinsky miniatures "Monumentum/Movements," a light seemed to go on inside Lavery. He began to use his upper-body weight like a man's instead of a boy's. He continued to do it as the cavalier in "Ballo Della Regina," and it only increased the fantasy of the role: he seemed to belong to the same order of mythical creatures as the women—he was a Triton, not a mortal interloper. My other picture of the new Lavery comes from "Dances at a Gathering"—the role that is usually done these days by Peter Martins—and there was a premonitory flash earlier in the season in the "Tchaikovsky Concerto," his most becoming role to date. Maybe this is the role he will grow up in.

A BLOND daddy longlegs of a dancer with Danish classical technique, Adam Lüders seemed an eccentric blend of Bournonville and Hans Christian Andersen when he joined the New York City Ballet a few years ago. He was tall and a good partner—assets never to be discounted in Balanchine's company—but it seemed that he would never work out as a dancer in Balanchine's repertory. In addition to his recalcitrant physical proportions, there were serious infirmities of placement and coördination. His looks and a noticeable flair for acting seemed to stamp him a character dancer, of limited usefulness to Balanchine. If Lüders ever does play Coppélius or Drosselmeier, it won't be because he has to. He's unquestionably a dancer, and this has been his year. Oddly enough for a dancer with character sense, his two biggest achievements have been in classical roles. (He was miscast as the lover in "La Valse;" his predatory, fey quality doesn't look right there or in "The Four Temperaments.") Replacing Peter Martins in "Divertimento No. 15," he was wholly admirable. There's a dizzying manège of swinging half turns in the air that alternate direction (it makes *me* dizzy just to think of it); Lüders rolled through it with no loss of focus. He is one of the lanky young men of ballet who seem to be popping up everywhere, and, like the others—A.B.T.'s Bissell and Kevin McKenzie, the Royal Ballet's Mark Silver, the Danes' Arne Villumsen, the Bolshoi's Alexander Bogatyrev—he seems in need of special guidance to complete himself technically as a dancer. But Lüders has already come incredibly far. Who ever thought four years ago that one day he'd take Martins' place in "Divertimento"? Or in "Chaconne"? That it would be he and Farrell meeting in that silence and dancing like two snow leopards?

STEPHANIE SALAND is physically a larger Gelsey Kirkland, and though she's not as gifted a dancer she is sometimes presented as if she were. She did "Square Dance" with Helgi Tomasson, a charming performance overcast by the lengthening shadow of G. (for gargouillade) Kirkland. (Although Kirkland never actually performed "Square Dance," it would obviously have been her part if she'd stayed with N.Y.C.B.) Saland, though, had by the time of "Square Dance" established her individuality in a dozen varied repertory roles, and except for Lüders she's the most improved dancer in the company this year. Long before this phase of progress began, Saland was compulsively watchable, because of the elegant carriage of her head and arms and her warm, glamorous presence. She's still very much an upper-body dancer. The

Violette Verdy solo in "Emeralds" looks second nature to her. Maybe a few more "Square Dances" are needed to sharpen her footwork. Saland is an instinctive actress, and her sense of theatre makes me think of Jillana, a dancer of the fifties and sixties whom she also physically resembles. As the Coquette in "La Sonnambula" (a Jillana role), Saland was all soft malice, and she was also astonishingly precise last winter as a last-minute substitute for McBride in Costermongers.

JUDITH FUGATE, who did the other ballerina role in "Emeralds" (you couldn't miss her pear-shaped points), is always pleasant to see: accurate, musically sensitive, daring. In "Dances at a Gathering," she took the most acrobatic of the women's roles. She was one of a host of débutantes in the ballerina roles of "Divertimento," and she may have been the best. Fugate doesn't project the way she dances; if she did, we might appreciate her even more. Her Beauty in the Beauty and the Beast episode of "Mother Goose Suite" is only a bit, because Fugate's miming before the mirror is vague and unconcentrated. Heather Watts, who certainly does project, has been getting a number of ballerina roles lately. She looked happiest, to me, in the McBride part in "Dances at a Gathering"—really relaxed and happy, as if it were dancing she loved, and not competing with other dancers. But the competition is part of the fun of watching New York City Ballet—fun for the audience, at least. I like to see dancers like Lourdes Lopez, Sandra Jennings, Carole Divet, and Nichol Hlinka get parts. I'm dashed when a potential soloist like Peter Schetter leaves the company and quits dancing, buoyed when he suddenly returns. He's had no brilliant opportunities yet, but wait until next season. Repertory is destiny.

—ARLENE CROCE

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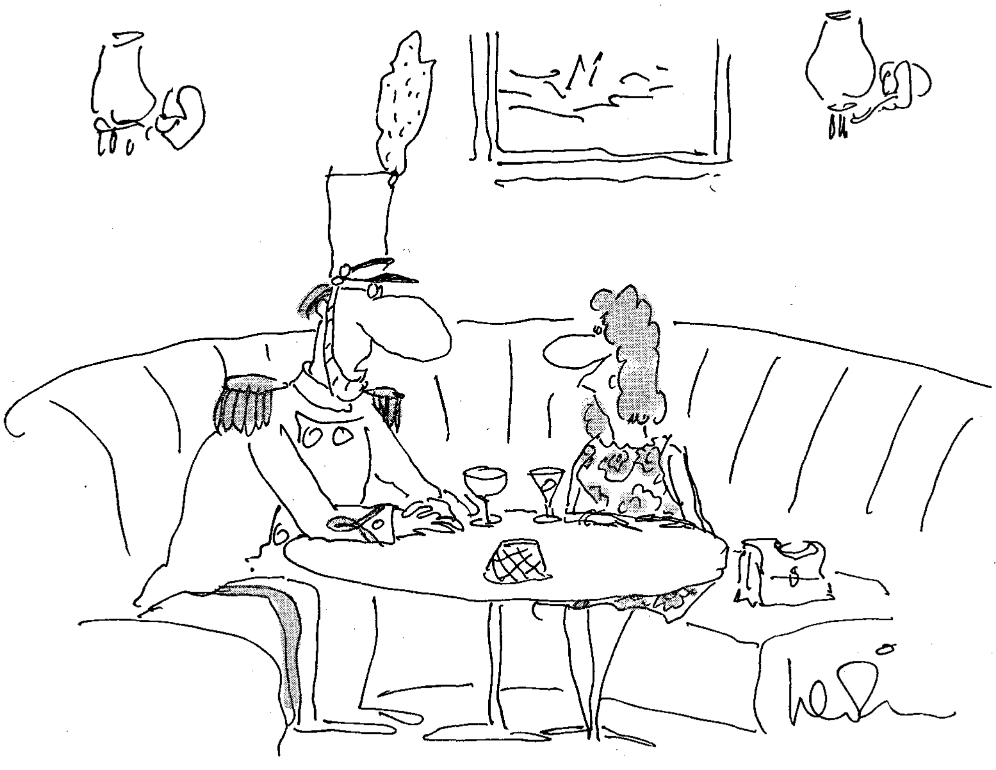
BOOKS

Rousseau as Pedagogue

ALLAN BLOOM's excellent new translation of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Émile, or On Education" (Basic Books; $18.50 clothbound, $7.95 paperback) reads as if Rousseau had written in English, and so allows readers who do not know French to appreciate his irresistible prose—a unique compound of meander, crackle, and lyricism. Rousseau's omnipresence remains as astonishing as his eloquence. He figures in serious discussion of literature, history, political science, philosophy, and psychology, and no year passes without fresh studies of his life, personality, thought, and influence. The fact that so many thinkers today respond to his vision of the good society is a criticism of our own; he remains pertinent in part because *we have not solved problems that* troubled him. Rousseau, who died in 1778, survives for another reason: he is one of the most compelling fantasists in European literature. By calling him a fantasist I mean not to devalue his achievement but to define it. Though much fantasy—pornography, for instance—is hackwork, the literary daydream is a distinct genre. Unlike myth and fable, which are public and instructional, fantasy is personal. But, in contrast to the art of fiction, it is not disciplined by selectivity. Like some naïve painting, fantasy gives details whether they are significant or not. In "Émile," for example, there are many keen small observations of children's behavior; but when Rousseau wants to argue that riches are not necessary for happiness he begins by supposing that he is endlessly rich and can have anything he wants, and he proceeds to catalogue all the possibilities of eighteenth-century opulence in order to reject most of them, and insists on explaining why he chooses what he does—for example, tiles instead of thatch for the roof of his country house. Like every work of fantasy, "Émile" is stuffed with comforting and compensatory ideas.

In his introduction, Professor Bloom (who is a member of the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago) points out, correctly, that "Émile" is much more than a treatise *on* education, for it expounds Rousseau's philosophy more comprehensively than any of his other works. Bloom likens it to Plato's "Republic." It is a surprising comparison, but Bloom is right; the works are dissimilar, but their purposes are not. "Émile" is a series of *contes* interspersed with argumentative, discursive, or reminiscent passages that tell how to mold a perfect man, woman, and family, and, by implication, a perfect society. The last fantasy has been dear to educators ever since men began to think of inventing and willing, instead of simply accepting, their institutions. In *all* modern societies, the road to Utopia runs through the classroom.



"I'm afraid we'll have to call it quits, Irene. I love a parade."

Rousseau imagines that he has been given Émile, the son of a rich man, to rear from infancy to manhood. Over the years, readers who have sought to extract the maximum of rationality from the not very rational Rousseau have pointed to elements in Émile's education as sources of modern or progressive schooling, and some of these—such as the insistence upon plenty of physical activity for young children—are indeed common practice nowadays. Rousseau's scheme, however, is a disaster. He rears Émile in isolation, except as the tutor's manipulative scenarios require the presence of others—to teach Émile to race, say, or to respect private property. This imaginative stage-managing is supposed to persuade Émile *that he has figured everything out for* himself, from the uselessness of tears to the usefulness of astronomy, but in fact the program deprives the boy of any genuine opportunity to think or act for himself, and seems likely to produce a well-intentioned dependent booby, like Louis XVI. Rousseau's fantasy of total domination of another human being is unwholesome. Professor Bloom calls this starting point a "convention." Yet a hypothesis, like a daydream, is a product of a man's personality, and the totalitarian streak that many critics have noted in Rousseau appears in the stringency with which he controls his imaginary pupil. The manipulativeness through which Rousseau disguises his power is common to many modern societies, including our own. We do not feel comfortable about authority and power, and in our dealings with one another we rely heavily, like Rousseau—though rarely with his inventiveness—upon manipulation. Such deceit and self-deceit create new problems, for when authority is not explicitly asserted it cannot be explicitly defined or limited, and we cannot argue clearly the legitimacy of its demands.

Rousseau's most important consoling thought in "Émile" (and elsewhere) is a series of variations upon his idea of "natural" and "nature." As he puts it in this work, "man is naturally good," but "society depraves and perverts men." Since none of us live outside society, this belief excuses us all and allows us to blame society for our failings. There is, to be sure, very little empirical evidence to support assertions about man in a state of nature. This creature is a philosophical hypothesis that has taken on misplaced concreteness; as we sit in our philosophy classes, we envision ourselves, wrapped in hides, cowering with Hobbes, calculating with Locke, plain-living with Rousseau. Rousseau's influence has undoubtedly helped assure that today the word "natural" sells everything from cereals to permanent waves. Since we do not know, any more than he did, what "natural" means, we are often fantasizing when we think we are philosophizing. My own hunch—no more—is that what is truly natural for our species is what Rousseau thinks of as unnatural: sophistication and complexity, not simplicity. I think that we are naturally prone to elaboration, and that where men cannot elaborate materially they elaborate in other ways; since Rousseau's time, anthropologists have learned of primitive rituals and etiquettes far more intricate than those of any eighteenth-century European court.

Most of the academic subjects that mankind has considered important, such as history and literature, are delayed in Rousseau's plan. Émile reads little and late, and his religious and romantic education are also deferred. When Émile is eighteen, Rousseau tells him of a heterodox priest he has known whose faith is "natural" religion—a religion of the heart, without dogma or discipline, which retains, however, the consolations of a loving God and of the soul's survival. This section of "Émile"—"Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar"—caused the book to be condemned by the Paris Parlement, and Rousseau fled France. It is the Deism of the *philosophes* with their ironic skepticism turned into pity for human ignorance and into trust in divine benevolence—a trust that Rousseau's skepticism does not logically warrant. He never proves but only feels that God's power is on our side. Voltaire's response to natural calamity, to the Lisbon earthquake—his no longer popular poem and his still popular novel "Candide"—is more intellectually respectable than Rousseau's optimism, given the two thinkers' assumptions about what we do not know of God. However, it seems to me that Rousseau's amorphous hopefulness has won the day in religion, and that something like his reassuring creedless creed is what many people now believe. On the other hand, when he comes to sex, to the education and the role of women, Rousseau's fantasies run counter to modern feeling. Émile's bride, Sophie, is Ibsen's Nora when the curtain rises on "A Doll's House." Sophies—women "made to please and to be subjugated"—did not exist much before the eighteenth century. Their appearance cannot be attributed to the growth and increasing prominence of the bourgeoisie, because burghers of earlier days expected practical and managing wives, authoritative and competent women; and in higher spheres of society no one admired or desired a shy duchess or a retiring queen. The arrival of the doll woman may reflect a softening of mores in the eighteenth century, for earlier epochs, breeding tough men, had bred tough women, too. In any event, in their undemanding love—their willingness to exist for Rousseau's fulfillment—his woman and his God resemble each other.

Why have adults, from Rousseau's time on, needed so much mothering, nursing, and comforting? Rousseau remarks that "we are approaching a state of crisis and the age of revolutions." This has been true ever since "Émile" appeared, in 1762, and perhaps accounts for our feeling, as Rousseau did, like waifs in search of sympathy. Troubled and troublesome, Rousseau was a gifted youth whose early peregrinations showed him the belowstairs of eighteenth-century elegance, and the force of his personality and imagination was so great that his reveries, unlike the modest daydreams of ordinary folk—another cow, another suit of clothes, another medal—demanded the total remodelling of man and society. When do eras end? Bloom mentions the responsiveness of his university students to "Émile," and points out that Rousseau founded the philosophical tradition that contrasts such values as "sincere/insincere" and "authentic/inauthentic." Are we, despite our sense that the world has changed immeasurably, still eighteenth-century people? It is stunning to find so much of the modern world, of ourselves, in "Émile": our substitution of pathos for tragedy; our habit of manipulating and oppressing people for their own good; our ostensible commitment to material austerity combined with our moral self-indulgence, which allows us the luxury of judging ourselves by our intentions. Rousseau's influence has been enormous, but not, I think, for the best. He is the father of modern wishfulness; we are all lodgers in Rousseau's castles in Spain.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FIELD OF LIFE AND DEATH and TALES OF HULAN RIVER, by Hsiao Hung, translated from the Chinese

Photo by Jerry Bauer

"Irresistible"*

One of England's foremost novelists offers rare insight into the nature of love and marriage as she brings back the hero of the highly acclaimed *The Good Listener*. "Each character is perfectly drawn, the story line true to life. A perfect novel of manners."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*
** Publishers Weekly*

Pamela Hansford Johnson

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The lively correspondence of this internationally celebrated monologist "reads like a novel," says actress Mildred Dunnock. "An astonishing book." ** Washington Post*

The Letters of Ruth Draper

A Self-Portrait of a Great Actress
Edited by Neilla Warren
Foreword by Sir John Gielgud
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"An important new talent"*

brings to life three generations of a remarkable West Virginia family. Says novelist Anne Tyler: "So deftly and subtly written, I hardly noticed how involved I'd become until I'd reached the last page and turned it, wanting more." ** Kirkus Reviews*

Meredith Sue Willis

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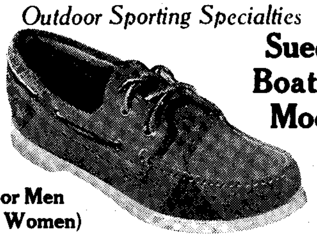

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by Howard Goldblatt and Ellen Yeung (Indiana; $14.95). These two grim novels, set in northeastern China and written by a young woman in the nineteen-thirties, are marvellously cinematic: overviews and closeups convey to the reader every visual and aural detail of life in two bleak and isolated villages, where every day, season, and year has an unvarying pattern; and Hsiao Hung explains each sight and sound as if it were an ideograph. Domestic animals—a horse, a goat, an ox—are treated as characters, since they are valued more highly than children, but they, too, are beaten and worked to the bone. At the end of "The Field of Life and Death," the routines of a threadbare hamlet are disrupted by conquering Japanese soldiers, who threaten the peasants' lives and give them, for the first time in memory, someone besides each other to hate and fear. "Tales of Hulan River" is an autobiographical account of a more cultivated community (it has a crossroads and side streets), where superstition and cruelty are more refined: a child bride's torture and death at the hands of her mother-in-law and a quack witch doctor are, while they last, the neighborhood's favorite diversions. Most touching is Hsiao Hung's one happy recollection, of summers as a toddler with her indulgent grandfather in their enclosed garden, where she was free to laugh, shout, dance, and play without restraint—joys unknown outside the garden walls. Hsiao Hung died of tuberculosis, we learn in Mr. Goldblatt's illuminating introduction, in Japanese-occupied Hong Kong in 1941, at the age of thirty.

GENERAL

DICKENS: A LIFE, by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Oxford; $16.95). This is one of those linear biographical narratives that open with the birth of the subject and close at his death. They can be pedestrian, but this one, because it has Charles Dickens as subject, is not. Many biographers have attempted to come to an understanding of a complicated man who sought acceptance by society and chafed when he got it, who doted on his large family but could not show his affection, who burned himself out at the age of fifty-eight in the frantic effort to earn more and more money, yet made a career of scorning and ridiculing the rich. The MacKenzies have crowded it all in: the astonishing torrent of energy, the calamitous marriage to Kate Hogarth (and the damaging and embarrassing yet vitally necessary liaison with Ellen Ternan), the American trips, the readings, the public demonstrations of mesmerism—everything. They quote from letters only recently made available which Dickens wrote to the Carlyles, Wilkie Collins, and other intimates and which give us an idea of the sound and color of him. Many illustrations.

THE MERCHANTS OF GRAIN, by Dan Morgan (Viking; $14.95). A very good history of the international grain trade; a very good journalistic exposition of international wheeling and dealing in commodities during the nineteen-seventies, with particular attention to the scandals attending Soviet grain purchases and the American dumping of rice in Korea; and, indeed, a very good concise account of world agriculture. In the nineteenth century, international grain trading required little capital, much acumen, and great speed in decision; the founding fathers of today's Big Five multinational grain traders—Cargill, Continental, Louis Dreyfus, Bunge, and André—were poor bright boys who relied upon their relatives for coöperation and assistance, and their companies remain as closely held as mom-and-pop luncheonettes. All these firms have survived enormous changes in politics and in agriculture. The author does not believe that there is a world shortage of food, or that these companies, though smart, rich, and secretive, are responsible for the uneven distribution of adequate supplies. Rather, he suggests, most nations have a low commitment to social justice. American food production appears a muddle—technologically wondrous, but guided by a patchwork of policies partly designed to support distressed farm families and partly lobbied to support opulent agribusinesses.

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Actress Lauren Bacall and French actor Yves Montand arrive at the Cannes Film Festival Thursday night to see the film "Hair" in the resort city of the same name on the French Riviera.—*Atlanta Journal & Constitution.*

Anywhere near Champs Poux?

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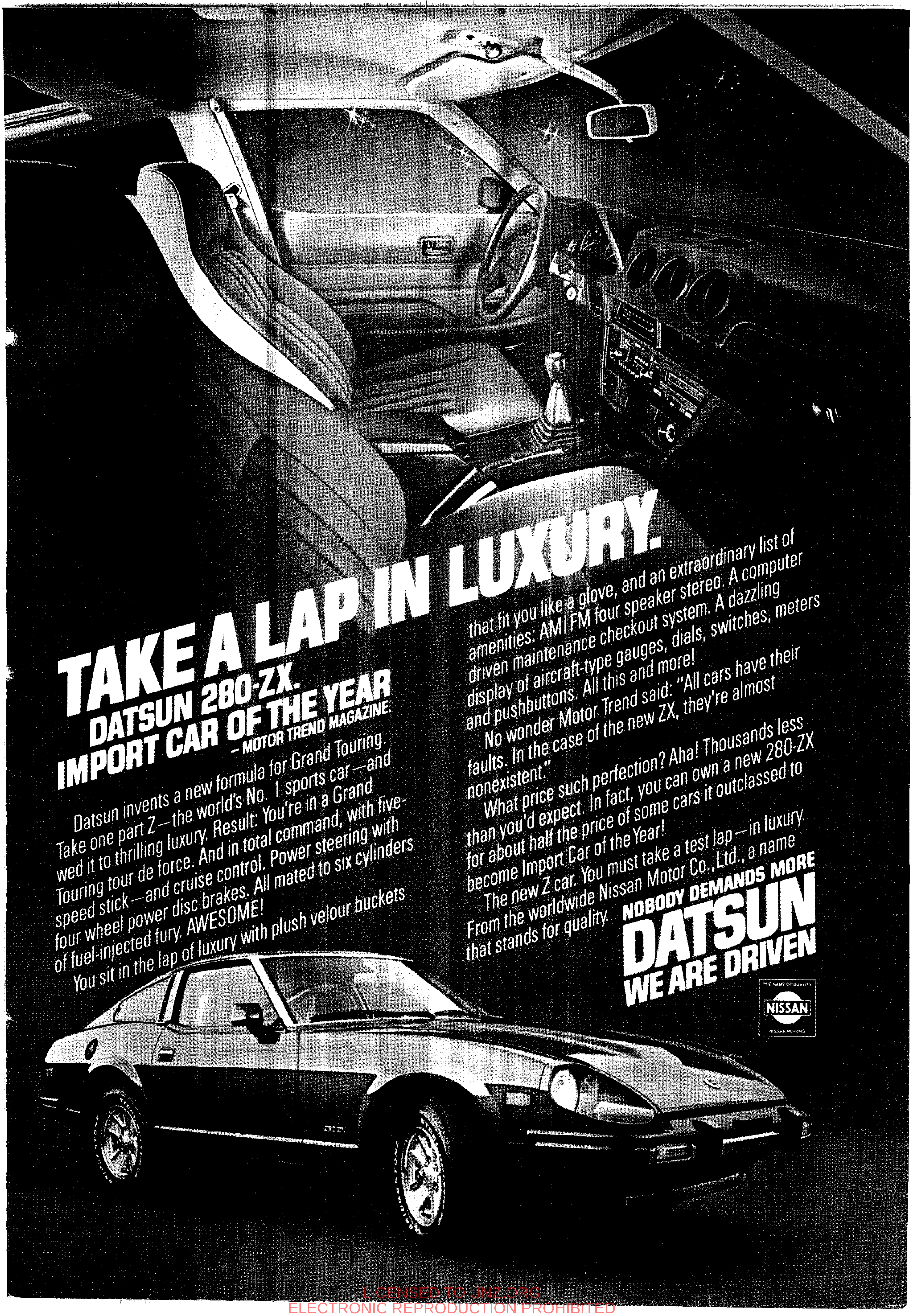
FOR WET BASEMENTS,
KEEP WATER AWAY
—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Noted.



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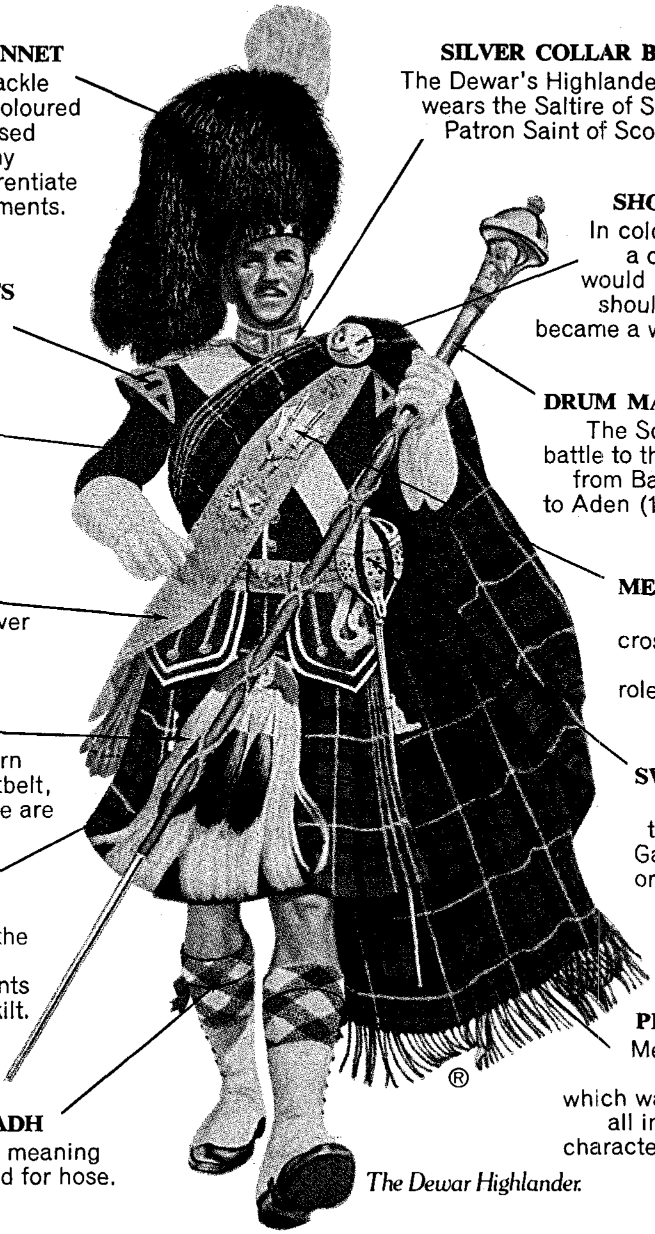

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder.

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt, to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

CADADH
Gaelic name meaning the tartan used for hose.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
With basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in the Gaelic the *claidheamh beag*, or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claidheamh mòr*, or broad sword.

PLAID
Means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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